MY LIFE STORY

BY EMILY
SHAREEFA
OF WAZAN

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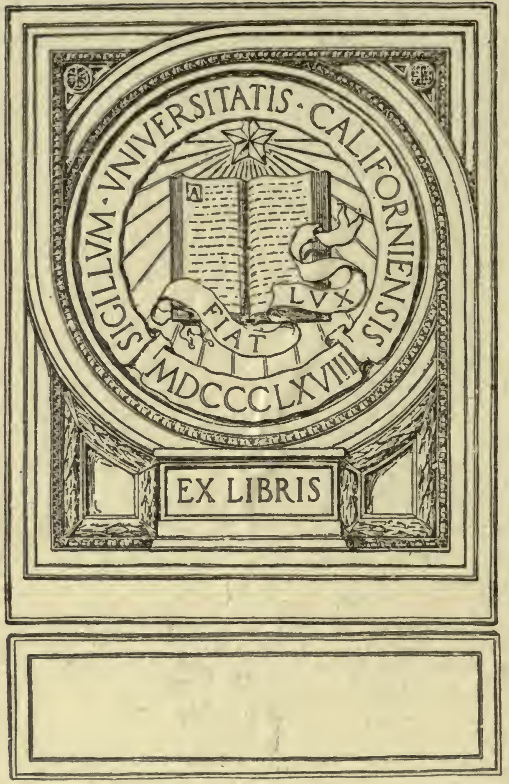
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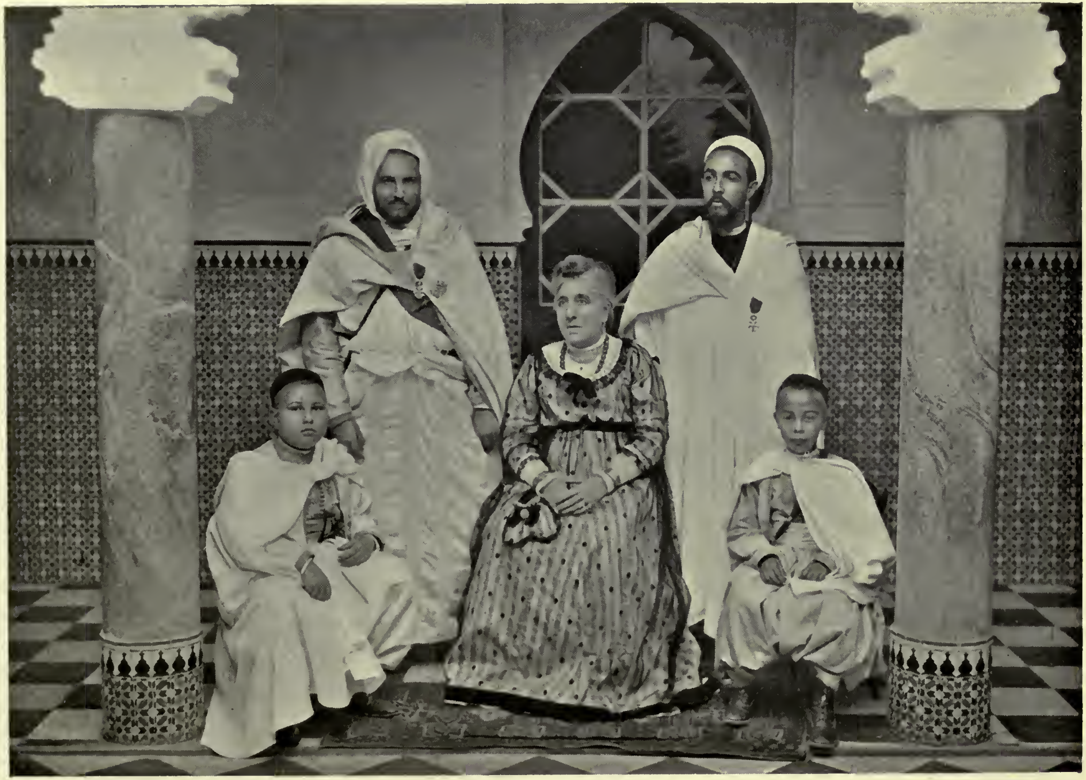

Photo. by Blanco, Tangier.

MULEY HASAN. MULEY ALI. THE SHAREEFA OF WAZAN MULEY AHMED. MULEY ALARBI,

A FAMILY GROUP IN 1911.

MY LIFE STORY

BY

EMILY, SHAREEFA OF WAZAN

EDITED FOR MME. DE WAZAN BY S. L. BENSUSAN
AUTHOR OF "MOROCCO," ETC.

WITH A PREFACE BY R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

ILLUSTRATED

THIRD IMPRESSION

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

LONDON
EDWARD ARNOLD
1912

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TO

H.R.H. PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG

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PREFACE

No one can know the Shareefa of Wazan and fail to be impressed by her. Those who have known her long, and are acquainted with the way in which she acted, in a position somewhat difficult, during the first years of her married life, are filled with admiration for her tact.

All her friends know her kindliness; but few of them suspected that she had the power to have produced so interesting a book.

Some one has said (*kul baz*, the Arabs have it) that every one has a good book in the recesses of his heart, if he will only but sit down and write. The production of the one good book does not of course constitute its producer a writer in the strict sense of the word. Two things are necessary to him who has the one good book in his stomach, as the French say—humour and simpleness of heart. The Shareefa certainly has both, together with a power of observation quite beyond the common run.

Our countrymen and countrywomen seldom are natural either in writing or in speech.

In fact, so rare is perfect naturalness to Englishmen, that it is commonly considered to be affectation, by those who have been affected all their lives.

In what part of the world is to be heard the high, throaty voice, that makes all foreigners turn round and smile, except amongst ourselves?

Where does the pen weary itself with strings of adjectives more than in English current literature?

Luckily, from all these tricks the Shareefa of Wazan is free. She writes just as she speaks, quite naturally, and is not troubled with any fine-spun theories about the people amongst whom she has passed the best years of her life.

Wonderful to relate, she does not patronise the Creator of the Moors and herself by setting forth the difference between them and his own Englishmen. Neither does she seem to consider that she was sent into the world to remedy God's faults. She writes about the Moors as of her fellow human beings, and treats them as of a similar nature, essence, temperament, and being as herself.

Would to Allah that all would do the same. Most people must have been struck, at one time or another, by the superficiality of the majority of books upon the Moors.

Even those who, it might be thought, would have known better, say little but of their exterior, their clothes, type, bearing, and their religious bigotry, unconscious that the latter quality so much resembles that of those who write about them.

That kind of narrative produces the so-called "picturesque" book of travels, and can be written just as well after a week as after twenty years of residence.

At the first sight you see that the Shareefa writes upon a higher plane. Married in her youth to a Moorish gentleman of high and sacred[1] rank, all her book is devoted to the interior aspects of Moorish life, seen by a woman, and therefore much more intimate than any such work could be if written by a man. Even

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[1] A direct descendant of the Prophet in the Eddrisi line.

Doughty's great epic of Arabia has to yield in some respects to this plain narrative of daily life written so simply and in such good faith, by the Shareefa of Wazan. Doughty, with all his genius, fortitude and literary skill, gives us at best only one side of life amongst Mohammedans. It may be said the same applies to the Shareefa's book. That of course is so: but it is just the side so few non-Moslems ever penetrate, that she lays bare.

We see her a young wife, timid amongst the Europeans of the place, only at home (at that time) with the Moors, of whose language she hardly knew a word, and we are lost in admiration, both of her confidence and adaptability, and of their real kindness of heart.

Not once in all her book does she touch on the difference of faith in her own house, but seems to feel, like a good wife, a proper pride in the great estimation in which she saw her husband held by his compatriots.

The position that he occupied was similar to that held by the Popes when they enjoyed the temporal power, but with an added sanctity derived from his descent as a Shareef.

All these Shareefian families in Morocco are held in much respect, but as a general rule their material position adds to the esteem felt for them, and for long ages the Shorfa of Wazan had all been very rich.

The position in which the Shareefa found herself was difficult enough.

On one side were the Moors, naturally jealous at the entrance of a foreigner into the native life. Upon the other were the Europeans, all striving to enlist her husband on their side, for in those days the French were working by degrees towards that position in Morocco which they have since attained.

Young, and with few to help, and none to guide her steps, she steered her course with admirable tact, avoiding every shoal. Perhaps her youth was her best ally, for she appears to have had few prejudices of race or education, much charm of manner, and an unfailing fund of spirit and of health.

Withal, she had a special power of observation, and either must have kept exhaustive diaries, or must possess a memory of most unusual accuracy.

All the events of her innumerable journeys are set down with a vividness quite photographic, and her remarks on what she saw are accurate and just. Inevitably, as must occur to every person of imagination, we see her as her narrative proceeds becoming influenced in some respects by those she lived with, though her strong native sense never deserts her in the affairs of life. She talks about a vision that she had or thinks she had, for all is one, so that the impression made upon the mind be keen enough. Yet a few pages further on, after conversing with some educated Moors, she remarks, had there been but a young Turkish Party in those days, we might have had its counterpart amongst the Moors.

This shows that she saw further than did the diplomatic body in Tangier, a thing not wonderful, for by the exercise of that profession, calling, pastime, or what you choose to call it, men's eyes become like those of fish born in a subterranean river, prominent and to appearance perfectly well formed, but not designed for use.

Through the whole book we see, although she never tells us of it directly, the evidences of her patience and her tact. Now, without patience, nothing can be done amongst the Moors.

Any one who has known them or any other Orientals, know this is a truism. Hurry is the devil, is a saying that Orientals both understand and act upon. Even in Spain, where, as the Shareefa truly says, there have remained so many Oriental traits, to hurry any one is the worst of insults you can give. I almost think, keen as most Spaniards are at a bargain, that they prefer to lose it, than to have their terms acceded with a peremptory "all right." The mania for explanation is extraordinary both in Spain and the East. It has remained in Europe only amongst diplomats and kings. To be as tedious as a king, most people think was a bad joke of Shakespeare's, but I believe it was a simple fact that he enunciated. You cannot contradict a king, or cut him short when he advances something that he knows to be untrue, hence he becomes so tedious, as that wag Shakespeare says.

All Orientals seem tedious to us, and without doubt we all seem rude and barbarous to them.

Hence the great need for patience, and the Shareefa must have possessed it to an extraordinary degree. When we read of the hardships that she underwent, the journeys, that an ordinary man does in three days, spun out to eight or ten, and even then protracted by the multitudes of tribesmen who used to congregate to welcome her husband and herself, one guesses what she underwent. We Occidentals, whose minds are occupied with fifty things all of the first importance, as polo, aviation, the Polar expedition (always in progress with the best advertisement), the size of ladies' hats, some new religion or divorce case and the like, are always anxious to arrive at some place or another, so as not to lose our grip on any of the matters to which I have referred. The Oriental, on the other hand, is only occupied with life: the sun, the rain, the stars (how many of us gaze upon the stars, except a Government official now and then), love, and the condition of his horse, his petty bargains, prayers, hatreds, and jealousies, are what take up his thoughts. He lives for life, and we for things exterior, sometimes superfluous and always rather of the body than the mind. The Oriental thinks for the sake of thinking; we to apply our thoughts to something that we call practical.

Each way is best for those who use it, but our method has resulted in making us dependent on a million external things, of which the Oriental takes no count.

Into this careless, metaphysical, but at the same time material world, the Shareefa of Wazan, then a young and attractive girl, was flung or flung herself, at twenty years of age.

She found herself amongst a people who, when they hate, kill if they can; of women, who when they quarrel, poison each other if they get a chance; and a society in which the vices that we in Europe practise secretly, are hardly covered with a veil. How many times she must have gone in danger of her life, she does not tell us, although we feel her danger in the pages of her book.

A European woman, say in Wazan, or in some far-off zowia,[1] even in her own house in Tangier, crammed full with native women and with slaves, what would have been more easy than to murder her, and throw her body down a well? We must remember that she entered into Oriental life, having made three determined enemies of the ladies her husband had divorced.

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[1] A zowia is the house of a Shareef. Sometimes a mosque is attached to it.

Still, by degrees she made friends of them all, and of their families, though in a measure her children enjoyed most of the father's love.

The wealth of folk-lore scattered up and down the book, indicates not only her perfect knowledge of the people with whom she passed her life, but what is more than that, her sympathy.

In no one instance does she comment on or diagnose any one of the proverbs, saws, or adages she quotes, but uses them exactly as she would have done had she been born a Moor.

In fact her sympathy is the most striking of her qualities. Her collection, in the Appendix, of cookery recipes, folk medicine, and such lore, shows perhaps a more extended knowledge of the subject than is displayed in any book with which I am acquainted, dealing with Moorish life. Her many friends for years have urged her to set down all she has seen and learned in her long residence amongst the Moors, and now that she has done so, she has produced a book which for simplicity and truth is bound to take high rank.

She finishes as naturally as she begins, and leaves us wondering what she might have written had it been possible for one in her position, placed as she is with one foot in each camp, to set down all she knows, both of the worst and of the best of the strange life that she has lived for the last thirty years.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

EDITORIAL NOTE

THANKS to my good friend Mr. Cunninghame Graham, there is no occasion for me to comment in the customary editorial fashion upon the strange story it has been my privilege to introduce to the reading public. He has undertaken the task, and fulfilled it as he alone can. But I feel it is necessary in justice to the Shareefa of Wazan to explain the circumstances under which this story of her career in Morocco has been published. A year or more has passed since she wrote to ask if I would prepare for the press the story of her strange life; her circle is a very large one, and many friends had urged her to give a permanent form to the stories she has told so often in her own house. With delightful frankness and a measure of confidence no less engaging, she placed in my hands a very complete record, asking me so to deal with it that nothing might hurt the living or throw any shadow upon the memory of the dead. The peculiar delicacy of her situation, together with the kindness and affection of the Moors towards one who came to them as a stranger in a strange land, had to be taken into account and were an effective bar to any revelation of a sensational kind.

Reading the manuscript, it seemed to me that there was little to do save to cancel all that was better left unsaid, and to leave the rest substantially as Madame de Wazan had written it. She was prompt to admit that her pen is absolutely untrained, but this defect has its qualities. Hers is a human document, the partial record of a woman who has seen and suffered much. No literary polish would improve this simple earnestness so rarely to be found in an age of universal bookmaking, and the plain unsophisticated narrative of a life that stands by itself in the annals of our time should not fail to appeal beyond the circle of Madame de Wazan's personal friends. She has expressed herself fully satisfied with my rather stringent application of the blue pencil, which, while it has excised much that was intimate and personal, has left, I hope, enough to enable the book to claim a place, however modest, in the record of remarkable lives.

S. L. BENSUSAN.

September 1911.

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MY LIFE STORY

CHAPTER I

MY MARRIAGE

"WOULD the marriage take place?" was a question asked by many in Tangier during the early part of the winter of 1872–73. All doubts were set at rest by a notice posted at the British Consulate—the publication of the banns, in fact. My father and mother had accompanied me from England, also my future husband's friend and secretary, who went with me to London to obtain my parents' consent to my marriage with the Shareef of Wazan. It was a difficult matter, and family opposition was strong on all sides. On 15th January 1873, two public notaries (natives) waited on my father at the Hotel. Most unwillingly he gave his final consent, and the contract, which I had drawn up, was accepted by the notaries on behalf of the Shareef: the only question put to me was whether my father was my representative in the present instance. I replied in the affirmative, and the deed being executed, I was now the Shareef's wife in Mohammedan law. He was much amused when I told him that such might be the case, but I had not yet obtained a husband.

The 17th January 1873 was a lovely morning. Very early my father came into my room, and made a last appeal to me, telling me that, if I wished to retract even then, many friends were ready to help me to get on board a vessel then in the Bay, and a disguise could be easily obtained. His arguments, however, were futile ; I said that I had made a promise and was quite prepared to fulfil it, let the issue be for my future happiness or otherwise. I put on my riding habit of dark blue cloth, a hat of semi-brigand shape, with a long white ostrich feather. The feather rested on my hair, which by the Shareef's express desire was allowed to fall loose down my back and was tied with a knot of red ribbon, the Moorish national colour. The ribbon, had been sent to me by my future husband. I had told him it was not customary to wear the hair dressed in that way, but I had to give way, and after all what did it matter, if I pleased him? At the door of the Hotel, a handsome chestnut horse, with three "white stockings" and a white face, awaited me, also a bran new saddle and bridle *à l'Anglaise*, a red saddle-cloth edged with two-inch gold lace, a riding-whip mounted in silver, and a spur, gifts from the Shareef. Two retainers were there to attend me. My mother and father walked the short distance to the British Legation, for at that time no carriages were used in Tangier. I did not look about me, though I heard afterwards that crowds followed the little procession, and the roofs of the neighbouring houses were covered with spectators. The Shareef had already arrived, and Sir John Hay Drummond Hay immediately put the usual questions to the contracting parties in a civil marriage. In less than five minutes we were pronounced man and wife. One of the witnesses who signed the register was a high officer of the British fleet (Rear-Admiral R. J. MacDonald), the other was H.B.M's. Consul at Tangier, my friend Mr. H. P. White.

After receiving the congratulations of the company, my husband escorted me to the Hotel, and, leaving me to change into the costume I should wear at the wedding breakfast, went off to mosque for his devotions, as it happened to be Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath. He told me he would return in half-an-hour. I believe that over sixty guests were present, and the huge wedding cake, a present from my godfather, was cut with due ceremony. A few toasts were proposed and responded to by my father. After this I retired once more to don my habit, and accompany my husband to his house. In the hall of the Hotel the soldiers of the different Legations were drawn up, and it was a pretty sight to see them, in their uniforms of various colours, saluting as we passed. No small addition to the picturesqueness of the scene were the British sailors from the man-of-war then in the Bay. They cheered lustily, and also assisted in the avalanche of rice and slippers with which we were pelted at the start, much to the amusement of the crowds assembled in front of the Hotel. The Moors were puzzled to know the meaning of this, and the Shareef remarked that he had sufficient rice in the hood of his cloak to make a meal of!

Next day all the Moorish notables were invited to luncheon, the Sultan's representative, the Basha of the town, the Administrators of Customs, and others were invited. Introduction to all these was more than trying, for it was the first time that a Moslem's wife had been presented to the public. I could not reply to their salutations except by a smile; for not a word of Arabic did I know. Imagination supplied what they might be saying. Later on a Frenchman, a friend of my husband's, arrived, and helped me to a little conversation, for he spoke the dialect fluently.

When I rode out for the first time after my marriage, people crowded round the mounting-stone to kiss my husband's hand or garments, pushing by me to do so, whereupon the Shareef said, through his secretary, that whoever ignored me must ignore him. For thirty-seven years that remonstrance has been effective.

Who, then, was this man who has fascinated me? I used to meet him coming from town, or returning to the mountain, where I was staying with friends, and at length I learnt that it was the Grand Shareef of Wazan, but that did not convey much to me. I made a closer acquaintance at some musical soirées, which he attended. I certainly thought I liked him, he was so different from the few other Moors I had met, but the idea of marriage never crossed my mind; in fact, until he proposed, I did not realise that he contemplated doing so. Thanking him for the honour, I refused on the ground of religion, and also because although I admired him, admiration was not love—of the kind that should end in partnership for life. He gave me a month to reconsider my decision, and started for Wazan to attend the marriage of his two sons. His absence taught me that I really cared for him more than I had thought, and such being the case I made further inquiries. A Consul-General, a great friend of the Shareef's, told me who he was and of his European predilections; how he was determined to marry a European, and had even divorced his Mohammedan wives to attain that end. I learned that the Shareef was a lineal descendant of the Prophet

Mohammed—in fact in a more direct line than the reigning Sultan of Morocco, and that his social position admitted his taking a European wife, to which may be added that the Koran acknowledged such unions. It was not until I had persuaded myself that life would be impossible without him, that I made these personal inquiries, for I had no one to make them for me. On receiving a third letter from the Shareef from Wazan, I decided to accept him, whereupon, in order to communicate with my family in England, he returned to Tangier before his sons' wedding festivities were concluded.

CHAPTER II

THE HOME SANCTUARY

After the first few days of married life, I took courage, and thought to put a little European order into my new home. My private apartments were not difficult to rearrange, but the gaudiness of the furniture, though of the best, was trying. However, I subdued the effect with some antimacassars, and when I had made some necessary changes, such as turning a wardrobe out of the drawing-room, and other little innovations of the kind, I made what I thought a cosier room. The Shareef always seconded me in my reforms. My household consisted of an English maid I had brought from England, a Spanish cook, and two Moorish women for my personal service, and as many more as I liked to requisition, for the house was full of women of all kinds.

To a Shareef's house, which is a Sanctuary, rich and poor flock to be assisted in their different troubles. These refugees and suitors would remain for varying periods, from a few hours to some months, according to the time their affairs take to arrange. A mother or wife might be pleading for a son or husband in prison, another might be seeking redress for cruelty from some member of the family, another might have been unjustly imprisoned by Government officials. There we saw the litigant, the deserted wife, the sick, the barren woman, all seeking consolation by blessings. Once the suppliants have taken Sanctuary, all these matters have to be taken in hand by the head of the house, and inquiries must be made as to the authenticity of the several clients' demands. Letters to the Sultan for intercession seldom failed to ameliorate the condition of the person concerned, and interviews by proxy with local authorities, European and Mohammedan, were of daily occurrence. Food and lodging had to be supplied to all those who sought Sanctuary pending the solution of their grievances. Offerings generally in kind are brought by some people. There may or not be a surplus, consequently one's banking account is always at the mercy of sudden applicants for some form of assistance. This custom has existed from time immemorial, and to ignore it would be death to the prestige of the Wazan Shareefs, whose influence is so powerful from one end of the Moorish Empire to the other. To-day the problem is a difficult one; there is no diminution in the several Shareefs' prestige, their personal influence is as great as ever, the people still crowd for assistance, but few bring the substantial offerings of the past to maintain themselves during their temporary residence at the Sanctuary. A Shareef travelling in this direction may dump himself down on you with his retainers, whether he has come on business or pleasure. In any case the Sanctuary is bound to supply him with food and lodging according to his rank. Three days is supposed to be the limit of these visits, and the only method of giving them a hint that you are embarrassed by their presence is to diminish the quantity and quality of their food. Even then there are some too dense to take the hint. In the Shareef's lifetime barley was supplied to the animals of notables, but since his death I gradually omitted that, and now only in very extreme cases do I give sufficient for saddle-horses or mules as the case may be. But for the unsolicited offerings, it would be impossible to keep up a custom extending over thirteen hundred years.

The foregoing has been rather a digression, but the inner workings of a Zowia, or Sanctuary, belonging to the religious community, is so little understood, that I considered a short explanation necessary, especially as some not over-generous comments have been made on the subject.

During the first few weeks of my marriage almost daily excursions were made. The Shareef had a large orange garden near the town of Tangier, and thither we proceeded, lunch being sent on after us. I admired the gardener's baby son, and the mother made me understand that it belonged to the Shareef. I was so taken aback that I hastily returned the child to its parent, and went and sat under an orange tree and wept. At first I did not reply to the Shareef's inquiries for the reason of my tears; on second thoughts, I put on rather an injured air and told him what I had discovered. He was much amused, and told me I had much to learn regarding the little episode. Forthwith he explained to me how barren women, or those wishing for a son, came to the Zowia or Sanctuary for his prayers and intercession with God to grant the wishes of the supplicant. Faith, he said, was a powerful force in the Mohammedan religion, and that for that reason the Shorfa (plural for Shareef) were approached on divers requests, the sanctity of their lineage making them Saints. The gardener's wife had five daughters, and, by wearing an amulet the Shareef had directed to be given to her, she had, for her sixth child, borne a son; consequently he belonged to the Zowia or Sanctuary. I don't think I was convinced just then. My complete ignorance of the inner workings of my surroundings started me thinking, and gave me an impetus to learn Arabic; for I fully recognised that unless I could master that language, the manners and customs would be a closed book to me for ever. I was to live in the midst of Moors for the term of my natural life, and the sooner I could understand all that was being said around me, the better for me. The Shareef helped, and in a few months words became distinguishable; at the end of the year small sentences could be used by me, and then there seemed no progress. I was in despair of ever acquiring the language until a woman related tales to me, in the style of the "Thousand and One Nights and a Night," and helped me considerably in attaining the different modes of expression. A notebook in which I jotted down unfamiliar words, afterwards explained by my husband, was of great assistance. As for writing, I acquired that in a slight degree, but am afraid I neglected to devote myself seriously to the art. A secretary, ever at my command for whatever little correspondence I might have in Arabic, caused me to be rather careless in that respect. To-day I speak fluently the Tangerine dialect, but the purity of my accent leaves much to be desired, and caused amusement to my grandchildren. I am sometimes guilty of grammatical errors, but I must know the language pretty thoroughly, or I should not find myself thinking unconsciously in the same, and my dreams are often in that direction too.

I knew the Shareef had a little daughter of some six summers named Lalla Heba (the Lady Hebe), who was motherless. Before my marriage my husband had promised to bring me this child, but as she did not come from Wazan as soon as I thought she ought, I found her father thought she was better where she was, as he did not want me to be troubled with the care of her. Still, when he saw I was really anxious to have the little girl, she was sent for. Arriving in a closed litter with numerous attendants, I went to the door to meet her. I was shocked to see such a frail piece of humanity, and thought she would not remain with us long. I took her in my arms and carried her upstairs; she was practically unconscious, and in high fever. I learned she had been suffering from malarial fever for three months, and was so emaciated that her bones seemed almost to come through her skin.

With my mother's aid the little girl was nursed back to health and strength, and at the Shareef's instigation I procured her some European clothing. This was a mistake, and was much resented by the household, though at the time I was ignorant of the offence, for no one dared to show their objections to the innovations in the child's wardrobe. In surprisingly quick time she mastered her letters, took a decided interest in the piano. Suddenly the child's intelligence seemed to disappear; she became exceedingly dense. I was disappointed and hurt, and could obtain no satisfaction from her father as to the cause of the change. It must be known that his daughter was practically a stranger to him and to me; there seemed no real parental interest such as I understood should be; nevertheless he was kind and affectionate to her in his way. The lessons gradually fell through, and the Shareef advised me to discontinue them for a time at least. I know he was disappointed. Years after I learned from Lalla Heba herself what she suffered from her *entourage.* They taunted her, saying she was being converted to Christianity, for her adoption of European customs was interpreted by her ignorant attendants as the first steps towards changing her religion. At this time my complete unfamiliarity with the Arabic language prohibited such a course, and since becoming in a way proficient, I have never attempted to force my views on the Mohammedans, have always replied guardedly to queries put at various periods on religious subjects, and to this day avoid all controversies of a religious nature, though I have often rebuked those who were not keeping the tenets of the faith they professed. My remonstrances, I ought to say, have always been taken kindly.

Soon after I was established in my new home the Shareef's two sons, by a former wife, came from Wazan to offer their congratulations to their father on his marriage. They had an enormous retinue, and kept the town lively for a few days. The elder, Muley Alarbi, did not prepossess me at all in his favour. He looked things unutterable, and I know was rebuked by his father for the attitude he had taken up. He was no favourite of his father's at that time, and was in no small way responsible for the great unpleasantness experienced by the Shareef from the Court of Morocco. Muley Mohammed was just the opposite, a remarkably intelligent-looking lad of about seventeen summers, adored by all, and his father's favourite. His demeanour towards me was the most cordial, and continued ever the same up to his death, which took place three years after his father's demise (Oct. 19, 1895). My visits to Wazan were always a pleasure, for Muley Mohammed did his utmost to make me as comfortable as possible.

Visiting Wazan on private business almost immediately after becoming a widow, I was quite overcome by the kindness and consideration this step-son showed me, even to the extent of offering to build me a European house and furnish it to suit my taste, if I would consent to reside some months in the year with them. He assured me that during my residence all would be subservient to my will. It was kindly meant, but at the same time I thought it more prudent to remain in Tangier. The hostile attitude of Muley Alarbi subsided to a great extent as years went on, and we were good friends, especially as I did him some real service on more than one occasion.

CHAPTER III

MY FIRST-BORN AND CEREMONIES ASSOCIATED WITH HIS BIRTH

At that period there was not much distraction in Tangier society, and the evenings were generally devoted by us to music. The Shareef loved his violin, and although he held the instrument like a 'cello he played well, and taught me many Moorish and Spanish airs, which I accompanied on the piano. He had a lovely tenor voice which would have made a fortune if it could have been cultivated. On Sundays the English Church service was read at the British Legation. Chairs were placed in rows in the hall, a harmonium was upstairs in the gallery, and here the Shareef sat while I was at my devotions.

I had scarcely been married a month when the Shareef told me that we must repair to the French Legation, as, from certain letters he had received, the Sultan, Sidi Mohammed ben Abdurhaman, was making himself more than objectionable in consequence of our marriage. We remained at the Legation for some time, four or five days. A series of indirect persecutions had been going on, and the question of the marriage was really only a pretext to add insult to injury. For some time the Shareef had contemplated living in Europe, and for that reason had divorced his Moslem wives, and decided as already stated to take a European, the Koran permitting the union. The Sultan wished the Shareef to attach himself to the Court permanently, as his father had always accompanied Sidi Abdurhaman, the former Sultan and great-grandfather to the present one, in his progresses from one chief town to another, such as from Fez to Rabat or Morocco city. The influence of the Wazan Shareefs was second to none among the tribes in those days, and had always assured a peaceful journey for the Sultan and his army.

The Shareef continued these good offices for some time after his father's death, and on the last occasion he was detained for many months against his will, and became aware of a plot to constitute him a State prisoner, his European tendencies being looked upon as dangerous to the welfare of the Empire.

The Shareef accordingly left Morocco city without taking leave of the Sultan, and was soon followed by dignitaries of the Court with inquiries as to what had offended him. They offered large sums of money and grants of land to bribe him to return, but all to no purpose. The Shareef pleaded ill-health, and returned to Wazan. Muley Alarbi, his eldest son, then replaced him, and eventually the Shareef's nephew, Sidi Mohammed ben Miki, took up the post permanently. Nevertheless, although on apparently good terms, the spark of suspicion of ulterior motives never died out on either side, and to this day no particular affection is felt between the reigning family of the Filali Shareefs and the Shareefs of Wazan. Consequent on these patched-up relations, the necessity for migration to Europe ceased.

To my mother the shock was very great when this decision was arrived at; for she had remained with us to accompany me to my new home in Europe and assist me in arranging it. As for myself, it was a matter of perfect indifference. I had a husband who seemed to worship the ground I walked upon, affectionate and attentive to all my wishes, and I enjoyed the prospects of a happy life with him. The choice of residence seemed quite a secondary consideration, for I was very much in love with my handsome partner.

"Ought we to visit her?"—this was a question mooted in Tangier, and many held back, but Sir John Drummond Hay and his family, though perfect strangers to me before my marriage, proved the truest of friends after. To one lady in particular, then Mrs. Blott, I am indebted for her efforts in establishing my status in European society. She introduced herself after the marriage ceremony, coming to the Hotel for that purpose. The fact that I was a complete stranger to Tangier, made me feel all the more grateful for the unexpected visit. Her promises of support and advice on that memorable morning were more than faithfully carried out, during the time she remained in Tangier. To this day she counts as one of my dearest friends, together with Sir John Hay Drummond Hay's surviving daughter. Later on I knew Sir John Hay Drummond Hay's daughters, and the intimacy gradually increased with succeeding years. His wife's delicate health prohibited any great intimacy in the early years, but the last fifteen years of her life she, in conjunction with her daughters, became the truest and staunchest of friends.

On the first anniversary of my wedding day a dance was given in our house, and under the greatest difficulties; for I had but two European servants, and more Moslem ones than I knew what to do with; in fact, they were an encumbrance rather than otherwise, but with the aid of this new-found friend my difficulties were much smoothed and my eighty guests seemed satisfied with the entertainment offered them.

Once it had been decided that my permanent home was to be in Tangier, I proceeded to set my house in order, or rather my private apartments. The remainder of the house was practically beyond the question of arrangement, as that had to be given up to retainers and refugees, though even out of that chaos I did effect a more systematic arrangement of affairs than that which existed. It took time, and proved most up-hill work. The daily cold bath caused much amusement, being practically unknown in a Moslem household, where the steam bath is in general use. The Shareef, ever fond of little jokes, said to me one day, "I had no idea my wife was a fish." As time went on, a layette had to be thought of. Being a fairly good needlewoman, I preferred making all the little needful things myself, to the great amusement of those surrounding or visiting me. The Moors make no preparations whatever for the little stranger expected in a household, except the new hangings for the mother's room, so that she may be resplendent when her friends commence to call upon her to offer their congratulations the first day after her accouchement. A friend or perhaps a near relation receives the guests, who are offered tea and cakes. The baby is invisible as a general rule, and not seen until the name-day, when it takes its first bath before an admiring crowd of female friends and acquaintances. I have used the word *bath*, but in reality it is only a wipe down with little water and less soap. The infant is then dressed in new clothes, its hands put down by its side, a woollen, or perhaps cotton kind of shawl is put on over the clothes, and the little thing is wound up like a mummy. On the day of birth, khol is fully applied to the eyes, and the eyebrows marked with the same cosmetic. After the child has been well wiped, the little body is rubbed all over with a mixture of henna and oil, a linen cloth is rolled round, and after that a woollen one, a band across the forehead keeps a handkerchief over the head in place, which in turn passes under the chin. The real idea is to prevent the brain being displaced! The first time I saw a Moorish baby in this rig-out I was horrified, and longed to take it out and make it comfortable according to my ideas, but it was early days even to make a suggestion. In spite of most primitive arrangements mother and child seem to thrive, and I have known many a woman up and about her household duties within the week. An old Shareef, a great friend of my husband's, was much exercised about the bringing up of the future baby Shareef. Among suggestions of the most undesirable kind was one that immediately after birth the child should be despatched to Wazan, failing that, a native wet-nurse must be provided. The Shareef used to tell me Sid Mohammed's latest, but at last he lost patience with the man, and told him to mind his own business, saying that as the child would have a mother, she would have to be consulted, and that her wishes would be paramount. A close friendship was marred by this incident, though no open rupture took place.

My mother arrived in May 1874, and on 6th June my first-born came into the world. The rejoicings on the birth of my son were unprecedented; people came from all parts of the country, and for three months a constant flow of presents in money and kind came pouring in daily. My husband expressed a wish that I should name the child, as he knew English mothers always had a voice in the matter. He had asked me to name his first grandson, six months previously, and Muley Ali, the name I gave the child, sounded such a pretty one that I suggested our own should be named likewise. I am sure many a hundredweight of gunpowder was spent in powder-play, for it was a case of bang bang from morning to night, while musicians and dancers never seemed to rest. Not finding a regular nurse available, my mother and the midwife attended to the baby, and with the help of my maid all went on well. Mother always washed and dressed the child, and a few days after his birth she invited an old retainer, a Moorish woman over eighty years of age, a woman whose mother and grandmother had also been in the service of the Wazan family, to be present at baby's bath. She squatted down, and seemed to be interested in the undressing process, seemed to perk up when soap and sponge were applied, but when the child was placed in a bath, she rushed suddenly from the room, down the stairs with the agility of a girl of fifteen, and without any ceremony into my husband's bedroom. Though he was fast asleep she shook him vigorously, saying, "Oh, Sidi, Sidi, do come at once; the Christians are killing your son!" A few minutes later the Shareef entered my room, breathless almost, and sat or rather fell into an easy-chair; he looked at me, then at my mother, who, like myself, knew nothing of the old woman's visit to him. Mother was dressing the baby by this time, and handed the child to him to be kissed. He began to smile, then to laugh, finally he fairly shook from

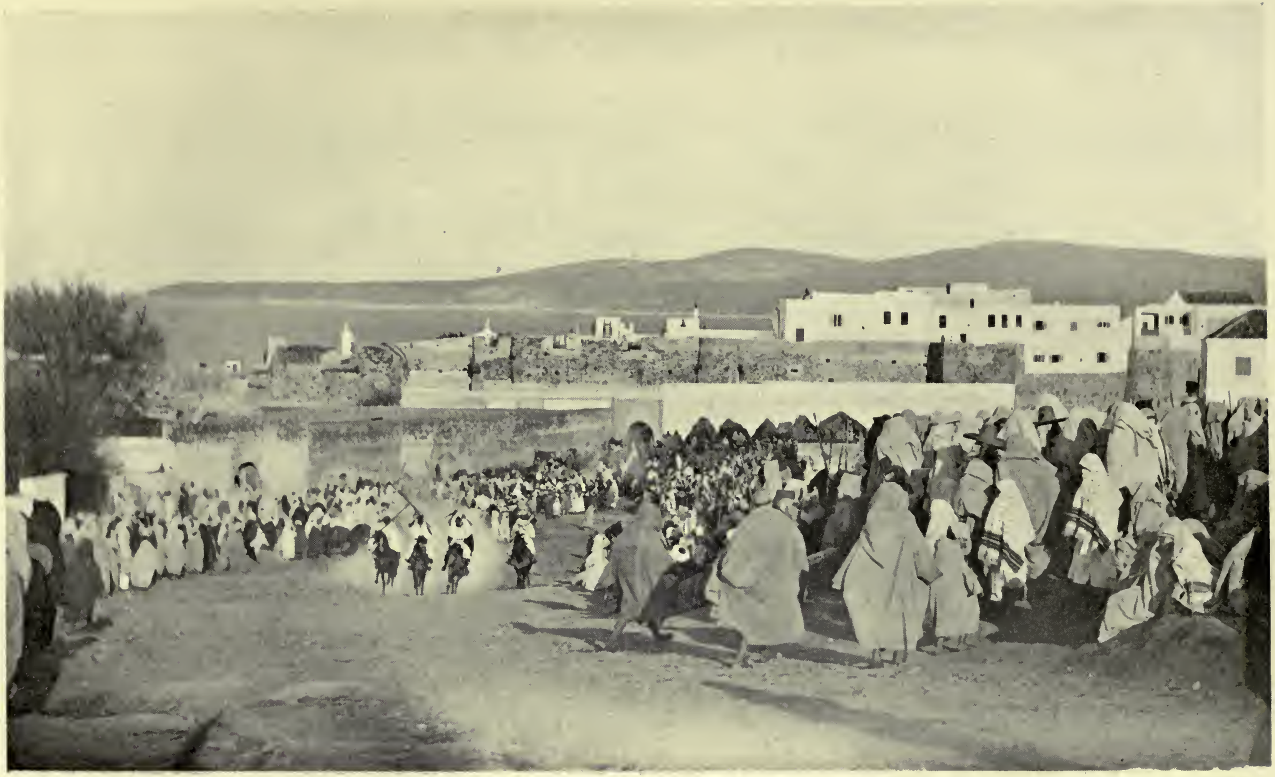

Photo. by H. E. White.

POWDER PLAY AT TANGIER.

head to foot with the exertion, the tears rolling down his face. We wondered what had happened to the Shareef, who at last found his voice and related the scene that had taken place downstairs. Then we all joined in the merriment.

Meanwhile I heard a scuffling outside my door; what was it? The household had been roused to such a pitch of curiosity as to what was really going on in my room, that the whole of the staff and many others who were there to assist in making the cakes, &c., for the name-day had gathered to the doors. They went off to their different departments quicker than they came, when they found a tragedy was not being enacted the other side of the door. Nothing less than the dead baby was expected, and I hope they were not too disappointed.

After this many mothers came to see me, requesting me to instruct them how to bathe new-born infants, and there is many a man in Tangier who had his first bath from my hands. I will not say the custom is in general use at the present period, though soap and water are much more appreciated to-day than at the time of which I am writing. Even at Fez and Wazan I have instilled a little hygienic reform into the people on behalf of infants.

The name is given to a Moslem child on the eighth day of its birth, though I believe the seventh is the right date. On the morning of the ceremony a large ram is sacrificed, and this is generally slaughtered by a near relative, who pronounces the child's name when cutting the animal's throat, in presence of invited guests. After, the male guests assemble in a large room, where tea and cakes form the first portion of the feast. A sumptuous luncheon follows. When the guests are numerous, as in the case of Muley Ali's fête, they are served by relays, and I was told that it was late in the afternoon before all were supplied. Their number amounted to several hundreds, and the poor were not forgotten. Inside the house the lady guests assembled; a few were brought to my room to congratulate me personally. Although I did not see the densely packed rooms and the ladies in their gorgeous dresses, decked with jewels, I heard the noise, for the female musicians were seated in the centre of the house. The continual din can well be imagined, for Moorish instruments are untuneful and primitive. My mother, taking advantage of a lull in the rejoicings, carried the baby down to show to the guests. She little expected such an ovation as she received from the people, who started the music and "zahrits," or joy-cry, to their hearts' content. Fearing to startle the child, my mother beat a hasty retreat, which was no easy matter. Never had a Shareef been exposed to the public gaze so early in his life, for fear of the evil eye. The women especially are very superstitious; the Shareef was not so at all, though I know many men who believe most implicitly in this influence, attributing to it sickness and other disasters.

For a fête of any description in Morocco special invitations are necessary, and the same formula is used on all occasions. There are women whose profession it is to invite people, and when an event is to be celebrated, the future hostess sends for one of them and names the people she wishes to receive. This functionary is usually accompanied on her rounds by one of the household slaves or a menial; if not, the woman herself provides a substitute. New shoes are given to each, and a new silk handkerchief of variegated colours pinned round the shoulders over the outdoor garments. When they arrive at the various domiciles, the reason of their mission is apparent, and they are ushered into the presence of the lady of the house. After exchange of compliments on both sides, the professional inviter delivers her invitation something in this style: "Lady so-and-so, wife of Sidi so-and-so, requests the pleasure of your company, dressed in your best, on such and such a day, being the occasion, with God's blessing, of a fête." The cause is then stated. The invited guest replies that if it is written[1] she will attend, or send a representative, at the same time invoking benedictions on the family who have thought of her and her family. Two male friends are generally requisitioned to invite the male guests, but they have no symbol of office. It took four days to summon the guests to my son's name-day fête. Exclusiveness does not exist in Moslem society, and your washerwoman may receive an invitation, and accept the same. The people are wonderfully generous in lending clothes and jewels to their poorer sisters. I know rich women who take a pride in dressing up really poor girls to enable them to have an outing at some function or other. Abuse of confidence in the loan of jewels and garments seldom occurs, though cases, sometimes serious, are not unknown, but really it is wonderful how careful they are with one another's property on these occasions.

The baby Shareef went out for his daily airing, accompanied by an excellent Spanish nurse and a Moor in attendance. The regulation cloak and hood was worn, and in no time the Moor became an adept in manipulating the long clothes, and very proud he was, too, of the honour. I always bathed and dressed my child, his father often sitting by and watching the proceeding. He was a fairly good pupil and handed me the things as wanted, when he happened to be present. He simply adored his little son. His sons by his former wives were seldom seen by him, and then perhaps only for a few minutes at a time. At first the little bundle was not recognised, but when his status dawned upon the faithful, the child came in for his share of public adoration like the rest of the family.

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[1] *i.e.* in the book of Fate.

CHAPTER IV

JOURNEYS TO TETUAN, CEUTA, AND GIBRALTAR

I HAD longed to have the experience of living under canvas, but the Shareef had during the first two years of our wedded life only taken me out for a day's shooting, and at last, however, it was proposed that an excursion should be made through the Angera Hills, near Tangier, and on to Ceuta. How excited I was, and what a lot of unnecessary things I took; in fact I might have taken more, if sufficient mules had been available. My sister, being on a visit, was included in the party; baby had an English nurse, and his faithful Moorish attendant Mohar carried my bonnie boy, now sixteen months old, on a mule, with attendants on either side.

The Shareef's secretary, one or two friends, a long line of baggage-mules, servants, retainers, slaves, and camp-followers made an imposing cavalcade. Tents were pitched some three hours' journey from Tangier. We were met on the confines of the village by the headmen, and, as we drew near our camp, women came bearing basins of milk, which were handed to my husband. I noticed he dipped a finger into the basin, and to my surprise they came to me, so I did as the Shareef had done. Then the basins went among the retinue, and were returned empty to their several owners. This occurred at every village where we halted for the night, and chickens' eggs and milk were brought in abundance.

The women, always more excited than the men, crowded us out sometimes, but a word from the attendants induced them to retire to a respectful distance.

We were met at a short distance from Tetuan by the Khalifa and other officials of the town, and conducted to a large house in an orange-garden. The entrance was not attractive; much primitive stabling was the first thing we noticed by the door, then up a small flight of steps, tiled once upon a time with blue and white tiles about two inches square, we reached the garden proper. All the paths were of the same pattern as the steps; overhead was trellis-work on which jasmine and roses were running riot with each other for supremacy. Everywhere were orange trees laden with fruit just turning to a golden hue. Watercourses ran on either side of the pathways, and about the garden were one or two large tanks containing gold-fish. From the garden to the house of two storeys the way was by more steps, broad and perpendicular, and to arrive at the guests' apartments was no small effort. The rooms were very long and lofty, with divans all round, and multi-coloured silk and cloth cushions in profusion. The walls were covered about a yard and a half up from the floor with red, blue, green, and yellow cloth, formed into dados, called by Moors "El Huiti," used generally only in winter. In a large recess the divans and cushions were repeated, and on a slightly raised platform stood two gilt double bedsteads, ornamented with a huge crown, from which depended voluminous silk curtains, these in turn covered with embroidered net. Three woollen mattresses went to each bed, over the top one a sheet was stretched, and the sides of the mattresses towards the room were draped in embroidered silk of Tetuan work. Each mattress had silk of a different hue—one was yellow, and the embroidery was of variegated colours; another was pale blue, and another green. The pattern was carried out exactly the same in each piece of coloured silk. Pillows were also of different-coloured silks, some with a muslin cover in addition, and two heavy, coarse woollen blankets called "haiks" were doubled up at the foot of the bed. These are to cover oneself up with at night. Round the bedstead on the outside, and at part of the foot of the same, was a white valance embroidered for about a foot up with white silk and gold and silver thread. The general effect was gorgeous, and the other bedstead was dressed in practically the same way, only the colours varied in some respects. The floor of the room was of blue and white tiles, and the pillars going down the centre of the room were decorated with Tetuan mosaic, the colours of which were dark blue, ochre or yellow, black and white; the arches were also outlined with the same.

The whole of the room for about two yards from the ground was decorated with mosaic; there was also about a foot of the same round the eight windows that looked on to the garden. The windows were small, and each had a recess wherein a teacup could be placed. Though so high up, these windows were protected outside by strong iron trellis-work. Water was everywhere, for even on the upper landing there were tanks and taps. There were four other rooms on this storey, all well furnished, and close at hand a steam bath with good appointments. All the notables of the town came to do homage to the Shareef, and the baby boy came in for his share of affection. He was an attractive child, and, though only sixteen months old, could speak baby English well, and was not a bit shy. He never seemed to tire of roaming from room to room, nor did he resent the number of caresses expended on him. Wearing European dress did not seem to be regarded by the Moors as a disadvantage. I suppose the Fez cap and *burnous* counteracted the innovations.

On the morning of the third day in Tetuan we started for Ceuta, a day's journey only which merged into three, the villagers *en route* begging the Shareef to rest at their places, so we halted for the night twice. At the frontier the Shareef was received with military honours; a salute from the batteries announced his entry into the town. The first part of the route was lined with the military, and towards the Governor's residence the marines continued the line. Our cavalcade was preceded by the officers of the Governor's household, who in turn met us at the gates of the city and conducted us to his residence. A guard of honour was drawn up. Nothing was left undone by the Governor's wife and family to make our visit pleasant and agreeable, and we were honoured with a round of fêtes from morning to night.

The only thing that upset my equilibrium was the bull-fight. The opening was a pretty sight, and the Governor's *loge* was beautifully decorated. In it were seated the Governor, his wife and daughter, the latter in Andalusian costume, and a brilliant staff, some of the members being accompanied by their wives. All the ladies wore mantillas, some black, and others white, and all carried fans. A flourish of trumpets announced our entrance with the Governmental party, and a handsome bouquet was presented to me. The band struck up, and a parade of the toreros and richly caparisoned mules opened the proceedings by march-

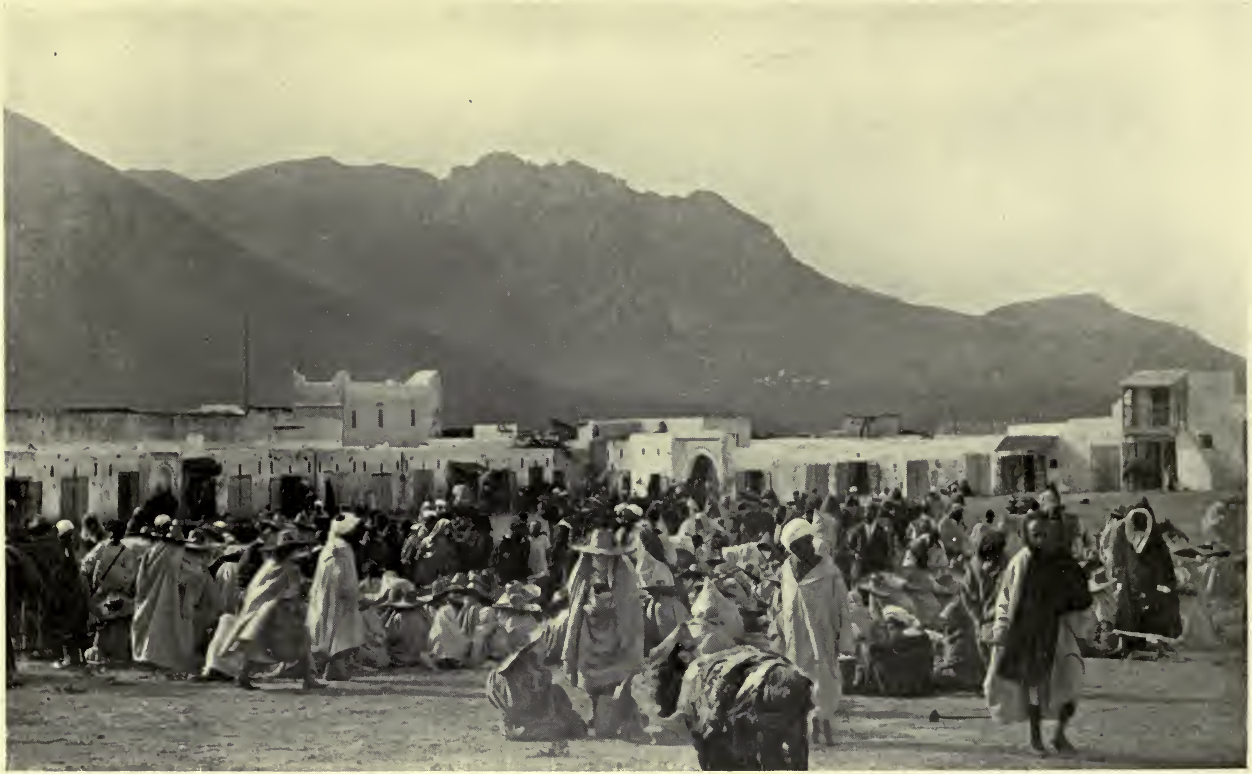


Photo by H. E. White

THE MARKET PLACE OF TETAUN.

ing round the arena. The chief torero then walked up to the front of the *loge*, and asked permission to give a performance. Thereupon the Governor's daughter came to the front and handed the key, giving the order for the sports to commence. Loud applause followed from the two thousand people of all classes assembled, redoubled when the first bull made his appearance. Some clever and pretty play commenced with flags, and it was a marvel to see how very neatly the toreros extricated themselves from what appeared most difficult positions. Then there was a performance with the cloak, or capa. By this time the beast began to be infuriated, especially when squibs were hooked into his hide. The excitement of the public was beyond description as the performances went on. I felt I had had enough, and turned my head away for the remainder of the entertainment, so that I do not know how all ended, except when the key was returned to the Governor's daughter by the chief torero who headed a procession formed for the purpose. I watched the pretty sight, at the same time longing to retire, for my nerves were unstrung.

That evening there was a ball, and the town was illuminated, an excellent band performed, and the small hours of the morning found us in our rooms. A whole suite had been placed at our disposal in the Residency, so we had not far to go to seek the much-needed rest. Next day the town was visited. The military portion naturally interested the Shareef, who remarked that it was altered since his first visit some years previously, when General Prim came expressly from Madrid to receive him. It was then an exchange of swords took place. I have General Prim's in my possession. The words used were, "De un valiente a otro valiente"—

(from one hero to another)—each buckling on the other's sword.

In 1859-60, at the time of the Espano-Moro War, the Shareef commanded the Shareefian army for six months. No success was obtained by either side; the Shareef was commanded to take Ceuta, which he found rather a big order and one involving useless loss of life. The apparent inactivity of the Shareef annoyed the Sultan, Sidi Mohammed ben Abdurhaman, who sent his brother, Muley Abbas ben Abdurhaman, to take over the command. In ten days or a fortnight the Spaniards entered Tetuan.

Ceuta is a Spanish penal settlement and faces Gibraltar, which is some three and a half hours distant by sea. The prisons were visited, and in several instances the Governor kindly remitted some sentences passed upon prisoners for neglecting orders. I also bought a collection of articles carved in bone by prisoners. There was a Chinese there who made matchboxes ornamented with most delicate carving.

The good Spaniards certainly know how to entertain, and all the townspeople vied with one another to see that we should not have a dull moment.

At the end of three days a Government steamer arrived to take us to Gibraltar. The horses and baggage animals returned overland to Tangier. The Governor and staff accompanied us to the pier. The route was lined with military and marines as before. Some officers went on board with us, and a salute of nineteen guns boomed forth as we pushed off from the pier. The vessel was decorated with flags. The captain received us, presentations took place, and we bade adieu to our escorts and started in a choppy sea, which was not conducive to our comfort.

The visit to Gibraltar was not a brilliant success, though the Shareef expected great attention, being his first visit to the Rock. The only honours were an exchange of visits with the Governor and the use of a gunboat for our return to Tangier. In less than forty-eight hours we were once more at home. I suppose it was tame after the Ceuta visit. I was more pleased than otherwise, for I felt shy with the English. To this the impression left on me by the Press comments on my marriage contributed, and at that time they still influenced me when I met a compatriot who was a stranger to me. As time went on, however, the feeling died out. Some time afterwards the Shareef was going on a shooting expedition and asked me to accompany him. I was keen to go as I had never seen a wild boar except at the Zoo. The baby's presence would not be advisable under the circumstances, and it was rather a cold December into the bargain, so my sister, who was on a visit, and the English nurse were to be entrusted with the precious boy. I was leaving him for the first time. At the last moment even the Shareef was inclined to throw up the little expedition, and the special injunctions he gave over and over again for the welfare of the baby during our absence were numerous. A courier was despatched daily during our ten days' absence to bring news of the child. Despite natural anxiety, I enjoyed the sport immensely, and the Shareef being a good shot brought down several boars. There was also plenty of partridges. When we arrived at Djebel el Habib the cold was intense. At this place a stray bullet passed over my head, and if I had not been stooping at that particular moment these lines would never have been written. On inquiry, a beater was found to be the culprit; the hunt was stopped, and a return to Tangier ordered at once. The Shareef's wrath knew no bounds at the infringement of hunting rules. Consternation among the villagers made them come with their wives and children to beg the Shareef to remain, and they were loud in their promises that they would punish the unfortunate man, even to shooting him, if my husband would not send him to prison. The end of the affair was that we remained one night, the man was pardoned, and we started for Tangier next day.

CHAPTER V

A DIPLOMATIC MISSION AND SOME EXPERIENCES ON THE ROAD

For some time previous to January 1876 proposals were afoot for the Shareef's good offices to be solicited with regard to an Algerian Chief named Si Sliman ben Kaddour of the powerful tribe of the Oulad Sidi Sheik. The incursions into Algerian territory made by different members of the Chief's family had cost the Government many precious lives, to say nothing of enormous pecuniary expense. Si Sliman ben Kaddour belonged to the younger branch of the family which counted as ancestor Sid Boubekir, father-in-law to the Prophet Mohammed. His daughter was the childless Christian wife, named Aisha, though she afterwards became, with her father, a convert to Mohammedanism, and also the most staunch supporter of the Faith, both devoting their large fortunes to the cause. The tribe is classed among the Mohammedan nobility. Though most of the tribes follow the teachings of several sects, principally the Senussi Brotherhood, Si Sliman was a Tiabian and acknowledged Sid Hadj Abdeslam, Grand Shareef of Wazan, as his spiritual chief. Letters from the Shareef, my husband, having had a salutary though not permanent effect on this turbulent frontier chief, the Emperor of Morocco and the French Government, through the intermediation of Sir John Hay Drummond Hay, decided to request the personal good offices of my husband to induce Si Sliman to reside permanently in Morocco, when a subvention for himself and followers would be given, and, in addition, land and seed for agricultural purposes.

This end was attained, but the Emperor of Morocco soon broke faith, and reduced the chief to almost absolute penury. Consequently Si Sliman with a few followers decamped, and again began raiding the frontier. Some years after he, together with twelve friends and relations, was assassinated by one of his own retainers, while taking lunch with some friendly tribe. His head was taken to the Emperor of Morocco, Muley el Hassan, by his slayer, to claim the two thousand dollars reward, but whether he obtained the sum history relates not, and the inference is rather to the contrary. I certainly have my doubts. Si Sliman was alternately friend and foe of the Algerian Government, and held at one time a high position in the service, with a good salary, but his warlike propensity and love of nomadic life kept him from abandoning his love of roving and pillage. The Algerian Government certainly displayed an immense amount of patience with the whole of this most powerful tribe. To-day they are all practically subservient to the French, and the acknowledged chiefs enjoy from the Algerian Government a subvention worthy of their high position.

I have digressed considerably from my narrative, but, having accompanied the Shareef on this first delicate mission, I have thought it worth while to explain who the personage was whom he was asked to approach on the question of surrender. Years after, the Shareef went on a second mission to other members of the same tribe, and would have been equally successful but for the bungling of some authorities, which caused the disaffection to recommence when all arrangements were being completed. Naturally the Shareef was blamed, but he vindicated himself in a most satisfactory manner, and enjoyed the full confidence of the French Government until his death in 1892.

In January 1876, negotiations commenced with regard to the Shareef's proposed mission to Algeria; he was to proceed to South Oran, to negotiate on behalf of the Emperor of Morocco and the French Government for the surrender of Si Sliman ben Kaddour. On the 17th of February we embarked on board a French man-of-war named, I think, *Le Cassard.* She had been the ex-Empress Eugénie's yacht when her Majesty attended the Cairo fêtes. A luxurious boat the vessel was. We landed at Oran some thirty-six hours after quitting Tangier, and were received by Government officials and conducted to a very good hotel in the centre of the town. There we found most comfortable and luxurious apartments reserved for us, and an appropriate suite. Here too I had an insight into the great veneration in which my husband was held by his co-religionists out of his own country.

The people worked themselves up into a perfect frenzy of delight at his arrival among them, and the hotel proprietor was put quite beside himself by the overwhelming crowds that invaded his premises. As a last resource the doors were locked. The police drove away the crowds only to find them entering by another route. At length the excitement subsided, when it was announced that the Shareef would receive the faithful in batches, and that one and all should have the benefit of his personal benedictions. Until now I had not fully realised what his exact position was in the Mohammedan world. I knew he was of noble birth, a lineal descendant of the Prophets, but that did not appeal to me in any extraordinary sense. Now it came home to me with a rush, and I found myself wedded to a man with an influence I never dreamed he possessed. I had then been married two years, and was only just beginning to express myself in a few Arabic words. Before then I had never met any Moors from whom I might gather any knowledge of their manners and customs or, the most necessary of all, of their language. Spanish was spoken all round me, and in three months I acquired sufficient knowledge to converse with the people, so it is not to be wondered at how completely I was taken by surprise at all these demonstrations out of Morocco.

The scenes I witnessed were extraordinary: strong men with tears rolling down their cheeks came for the Shareef's blessing. Some carried mysterious little bundles, at the contents of which I made wondering guesses; some of these contained a little flour, others wheat. This person would have a handkerchief, that some garment, and what for? To be touched by the Shareef, and thereby convey a blessing to the owner, who perhaps was prevented from coming personally. The flour might be to mix in the soup of a sick person, the wheat to be mixed with seed so that a good crop might be expected at the next sowing. With something akin to fascination I watched from a window this motley crowd—all was so new, all so different from anything I had ever seen or read of. Soon it was known that the Shareef's wife and little son were also in the hotel, and I had to lock my door, for the people poured in without any ceremony, in spite of the door-keeper. They were respectful to a degree, but I knew not a word they said, for the Algerian dialect, and especially that used by the Arabs, differs very much from that used in Morocco. Money and other presents were thrust upon us, and there was no chance of refusing or returning the gifts, which were thrown into my lap or anywhere. His offering made, the donor hurried off.

A noted Kaid came, by my husband's permission, to see the child. He kissed the little hands, and, pressing them to his heart, asked for the child's blessing, but the infant knew no Arabic and told the man to go away. But merely to hear him speak pleased the Kaid, who gave him some money. The boy rushed to me with it, saying, "Mama, sweeties." This called the man's attention to me, and he immediately put a packet into my hand containing twenty-five louis, and was gone. My indignation knew no bounds. I went to my husband and told him I considered myself insulted by this monetary present. The Shareef was highly amused, and told me to take his advice and not reject the food the gods had sent me. For a long time he loved to tease me about my first "Yiasa" from the faithful, and years after he used to ask me, when an expedition had been completed, how much I had returned to the donors.

It was the custom and I had to recognise it, for the people would have been hurt indeed if I had rejected their unsolicited offerings. A very rich Kaid from Blidah presented me with a handsome ring set with brilliants. I felt shy, but a look from the Shareef caused me to thank the man in French, for he spoke that language, and then the Shareef congratulated me on being reasonable for once. It took me, however, a long time to get accustomed to the gifts, and I suppose that no less a sum than £600 might have augmented my banking account but for my diffidence.

The Shareef's wardrobe was minus more than half its complement before we returned to Tangier; people begged a garment to keep in their homes for good luck, and my baby boy too had to make presents of his garments for the same purpose. The women used to beg my handkerchiefs. We remained some days at Oran, during which the Shareef had several interviews with the French authorities on the object of his mission to Si Sliman ben Kaddour. At that time there was no railway to Tlemcen, and the journey was accomplished by diligence. The Shareef, myself, with my sister, the baby boy and English nurse were inside, in the coupé two secretaries and the valet, the rest of the suite clambered outside, and closely packed they were. Several additions to those from Tangier had been made in men, considered necessary for the latter part of the journey, which would have to be made on horseback and baggage animals.

Large crowds witnessed our departure, and the first hour or two passed very pleasantly, but with nightfall it became rather monotonous, especially as the only illumination was a tiny oil lamp badly trimmed. And how cold it was, how cramped we were! The first change of animals was at Ain Temouchents, and dinner, which had to be bolted, was ready for us. Then we thought to get five minutes' walk before remounting the diligence, but, in spite of gendarmes, the curious so pressed upon us that we had no choice but to take our places. There was another halt a few hours later, and a concoction supposed to be coffee was offered us. It was hot and gave us a little internal glow, for, in spite of numerous rugs and plenty of warm clothing, we were half frozen. This time we were able to run up and down to exercise ourselves.

Off again, and we were as cold as ever. Fortunately the child slept the whole night, the jingling of the bells attached to the mules' harness having, I suppose, a soothing effect, and I managed to keep him warm. We reached Hammam Bougrarah about dawn, and here hot coffee, milk, cakes, and many other things were brought by the Arabs of the district, which appeared rather a wild one. A strong smell of sulphur was in the air, and I learnt that not twenty yards from the hostelry were hot springs impregnated with the mineral. Little did I imagine that in twelve years' time that hostelry would become the Shareef's property, with many acres of arable ground. He wished to purchase the baths as well, but they are the property of the Algerian Government, and are leased every three or four years to the highest bidder. We were delayed here far beyond the scheduled time, in consequence of the enormous concourse of Arabs that had collected, and I do not know how the Shareef reached the diligence without having his clothes torn off his back. The coachman and his assistants, storming and raging all to no purpose, threatened to leave us behind, but he was practically powerless to move.

At last we got away, and after three hours' journey arrived at Lalla Maghnia. Here another halt was called, to leave the post-bags; there were further demonstrations, and more struggling to get on! From this last-named place the journey takes about six hours, but this day the post for Tlemcen was quite three hours late. If the driver did get a start for a distance, he would suddenly find the leaders held up. The Arabs in their frenzy of delight at having their spiritual chief amongst them became reckless, and on more than one occasion nearly overturned the ponderous vehicle. It was the time of almond blossom, which together with roses and other flowers was showered upon us; money too, tied up in rags, and other articles were thrown at us; one risked a blow at every turn. A window was smashed, so we let down the others to avoid further broken glass. Some European ladies and gentlemen in a dogcart drove up to the diligence and handed me a lovely bouquet, but I have never been able to trace the donors. Baby was hard to keep out of sight, for he was a determined little fellow though so young, and a man nearly succeeded in kissing him. Failing in his object, he pitched in fifty francs in a yellow silk handkerchief, which caught me on the forehead, and just escaped the child. One poor fellow had his foot crushed. I heard this after my arrival in Tlemcen. There were also several minor accidents, and my wonder is there were not more. At last the belated diligence reached Tlemcen, and to this day I do not know how we got into the hotel, but, once in the rooms, the Shareef locked the doors, hoping to get a little quiet, for we were all thoroughly tired out.

Baths there were none, and the washing-basins were more like thimbles. We took off what dust we could, and at night the Turkish bath, not very far from the hotel, was at our disposal. A concert went on during ablutions, in a room the other side of the bath-house. Again we had a scramble to get back to the hotel. I became anxious as the Shareef did not appear at once, then I learned that he had remained to give benedictions in the hall of the hotel, so that the masses could be dispersed. The approach to the hotel was practically impassable. We now considered it more feasible to migrate to the Zowia (Sanctuary) of Muley Taib, which we found furnished in semi-European mode. It was a medium-sized Moorish house, all windows facing a patio, open to the skies, a fountain in the centre, and an ancient grape vine trained on the walls, and on overhead trellis-work. Being in winter garb it did not look ornamental, though in later visits I found the produce of the vine excellent. We remained at the Zowia several days, during which time preparations were being completed to send us on our journey.

The time passed in being fêted day and night by the Moslem inhabitants. The Shareef generally accompanied me, but if business prevented him, I went with the baby, my sister, and Moorish attendants. The French authorities were also most attentive; we dined with the General commanding, and at other houses the ladies I met were particularly charming and courteous. At the Zowia the musicians succeeded, I thought, in making plenty of noise; but then my ear was not educated to this style of music, and the different tunes were impossible to distinguish, except one or two the Shareef had taught me in Tangier, and even they seemed different. Among the men were some really good voices, but oh, the grimaces! It did not do to study their distorted features. One man, the leader of a Jewish band, really played well, and performed intricate passages with a masterly skill. I cannot compliment the female band, and they are not worth describing. Companies of different sects came to do homage, such as Aissowas, Hamatchas, Derhowis, and many others. All these sects have their spiritual chief; at the same time they recognise the Grand Shareef of Wazan as the head of all—in fact a Pope would be the nearest designation of the post my husband held.

A Moorish luncheon or dinner is a real trial to one's digestive organs, and if four or five families are visited in the course of the day, it becomes an ordeal. Ten to fifteen courses are the number prepared. You must touch a dish when placed on the table, even if you don't partake of it. It offends the host to see the dish untouched, so I soon learned the trick: take a piece of bread and dip into the gravy, breaking the symmetry of the food, and then request the dish to be removed. It is quickly replaced by another.

From our table the courses go to other guests. No one but the Shareef's family eat at his table, and the host becomes one of the waiters for the time being, in conjunction with his brothers or relations as the case may be. Then the host's family partake of the dishes, and they go from one set to another until the remains are distributed to those assembled at the street-door, when a regular scramble takes place to get a mouthful, if only of bread. The food is considered as blessed from the fact of the Shareef's having eaten in the house. Grace is always said before a meal; the word Bismillah, "in the name of God," must be pronounced before taking the first mouthful, and "El Hamdoulillah," or "thanks be to God," at the termination of a meal. A glass of water taken at any time is always preceded and followed by praise to God—in fact a Moslem never eats or drinks without uttering the foregoing formulæ.

During the Shareef's stay at Tlemcen, he was busy despatching couriers with letters to locate Si Sliman ben Kaddour, whose nomadic life made the task somewhat difficult. At last a mission did come from him, and the final preparations were pushed on with great rapidity, in view of the arduous journey to be undertaken. Military transport waggons were the mode of conveyance as far as Sebdou—a very uncomfortable arrangement in spite of rugs and cushions. The roads were bad, and the diligences that plied between Tlemcen and Sebdou could not take half our numerous retinue, to say nothing of the baggage such a journey involves. However, after much thumping and bumping over undulating ground, and the usual demonstrations *en route*, we arrived at the residence of Captain ben Daoud, member of a noted family living in Oran, and one of the strongest supporters of the French Government in Algeria.

When we were in Oran, Captain ben Daoud's father, Kaid Abdullah, entertained us right royally. At one semi-European dinner thirty-two courses were served. We were over three hours at table, and they were rather hurt because my baby of eighteen months old was not brought to table. They could not understand that an eight-o'clock dinner was rather beyond his capacities.

Captain ben Daoud conducted us into his house and placed a suite of four rooms at our disposal, the retainers being accommodated with tents in the surrounding property. At Sebdou it was very cold in the morning and evening, and some rain fell. Good wood-fires were available, so we were very comfortably lodged. Heavy meals were the order of the day, and plenty of them. I don't think I cared for the Arab cooking here.

I wondered where it all came from, and learnt that the Arab families, some really at quite a distance, sent several dishes daily. These were all passed in review before my husband, the name of the donor being mentioned; to these he sent his thanks and blessing. Captain ben Daoud was married to his cousin, a charming woman who spoke a little French; consequently my visit to her was very pleasant. I saw her first in Algerian native costume, of ruby velvet richly embroidered with gold thread, and plenty of gold lace. It resembled somewhat the upper part of a pinafore dress, the short tight sleeves, from which escaped flowing gauze sleeves, of the angel-wing pattern. The neck was slightly bare, but so much covered with rows of pearls and other jewels as to be scarcely perceptible. On her head was a jewelled cap, much like a fez, only more pointed and coloured, with handkerchiefs folded and wound round the head. On her arms were several gold bangles and bracelets, French and native work; her fingers were covered with handsome rings, mostly of French manufacture. She wore silk stockings and velvet slippers embroidered with gold thread. She changed her toilette several times in the course of the day, and I saw her once or twice in a Paris toilette, which so altered her general appearance that I failed to recognise her. The day we left she wore a very chic dressing-gown, and on saying adieu she unclasped a pair of Algerian gold bracelets and put them on my wrist as a souvenir of our meeting. I am wearing them to the present day. I saw much of her years later, when her husband had become a colonel, and they resided in Oran.

CHAPTER VI

THE MEETING IN THE DESERT

We jogged along on horseback when leaving Sebdou, and every now and again came to a full stop, for the Arabs were at powder-play in front of us, and the usual crowds were to the fore to get a blessing or glimpse of the Shareef. On the top of a hill, half-way to El Arisha, luncheon was brought; it consisted of whole roasted sheep, French and native bread, couscous, and many dishes of meat—mutton, I think—chickens, and plenty of hard-boiled eggs, milk in pails, fresh and sour. The natives drink large quantities of the latter; it is really butter-milk made in skins. Milk is put into large jars, and, after standing four days or more, shaken well up in a skin, the butter is extracted, and this butter-milk, with a slightly acid taste, often serves, together with a hunch of bread, for a meal to many of the poorer classes. When I saw the sheep coming, and plumped down on to a large round table about a foot from the ground, I wondered how we were to tackle it, especially as no knives or forks were forthcoming; but I was not long left in doubt, for a tall Arab, in a brown *burnous*, came forward with a formidable knife, off went the head, and he cut from neck to tail and then crossways, saying Bismillah at each cut. The meat was steaming hot and had a most savoury odour. The man attacked the prime pieces, and we sat round the table to have them handed to us, a hunch of bread held in the left hand.

The Shareef preferred to help himself, and asked me to do the same, which I did. I never wish to eat a better dish, especially when the sheep has grazed upon a certain herb called Shehh, which imparts a most delicate flavour to the meat, and the fat can be eaten without fear of indigestion, no matter how much you take. Shehh is very much like wild thyme. It perfumes the air wherever it grows, and the Arabs say it gives both health and strength. There were some two hundred people to be fed, and every one was fully satisfied. The meal was provided by the different tribes *en route*, so that accounted for the large quantity presented.

We arrived at El Arisha, which was at that time a French military station. The place where we lodged was not much to boast of, but we made ourselves comfortable, and the kindness and attention of the officers there contributed much to our enjoyment. There was only one street and a few native shops. I do not remember any Europeans, except the military staff. Here also a stay of some days was made; the exact direction in which to find Si Sliman ben Kaddour and his camp was not known, but we were on his track. We had a great fright here, as the baby was taken suddenly ill with slight convulsions. I thought the Shareef would have gone mad; he cried like a woman over his little son. Somehow the child had obtained a hard-boiled egg, and had evidently bolted it, for, when vomiting commenced, pieces of unmasticated egg showed the cause of the disaster. The doctor on the station was very attentive and stayed all night. Next day the child seemed nearly himself, though naturally a little pale. I fancy the Moor in charge gave him the egg when the nurse went to have a rest, not with any evil intention but from sheer ignorance. This man had care of my two sons from their birth, taught them to ride, and accompanied them in later life on several expeditions. He lived to carry my grandsons out in their long clothes as he had done for their fathers, but died before he could teach them to ride, which he had hoped to do, although he was over eighty years of age when he passed away in 1905. At last the long-expected courier arrived, and preparations were made for our journey to Ain Beni Matha, where Si Sliman ben Kaddour and the tribe were to meet us.

The excitement was great, and many were sceptical even at this stage. They doubted that the Shareef's mission would be crowned with success; even he himself had his doubts at times, as he knew what a wily customer he had to deal with. The route was practically treeless, and, I may say, almost waterless, though Alfa grew in abundance on every side. We had the usual demonstrations *en route*, and plenty of mutton; beef is seldom eaten, except when the cattle are too old to plough. The continual rush of the Arabs somewhat impeded our progress; nevertheless our caravan always stopped, so that the poor creatures, some coming from many miles away, might receive the blessing of their spiritual chief. Among the people were to be found many sick, some with loathsome diseases, many blind, the little children with hip disease, ophthalmia in all stages. One's heart ached to see so much physical suffering and misery.

At last we reached the district mentioned by Si Sliman as a possible place for a rendezvous. He was nowhere to be seen or heard of, nor did he give any sign that he was or even had been in the neighbourhood with his followers. Emissaries were sent hither and thither, all returning with the same reply, or that he was in Figuig or some other remote region.

Naturally the Shareef was annoyed at what he considered a great want of faith, to say nothing of obedience to the spiritual chief's commands. It was a bad time for every one all round, and we were further troubled by the question of where night quarters were to be procured; for the place was very, very lonely and offered no protection whatever. As far as the eye could see it was sand and nothing but sand, with a patch of scrub here and there. Some one had the good luck to descry a horseman on the horizon (what long sight the Arabs have, and how acute their hearing is!), so we still went forward, and came to some spring. The horseman caught us up, and then we learned we were on the wrong track, not so very much, but sufficient to give us another extra hour or two's journey. Then we saw Ain Beni Matha in the near distance, and pressed our tired animals on, for a sand track is more than trying to man and beast.

Ain Beni Matha was picturesque; large boulders gleamed like pure marble in the sunlight; the track curved rather at this spot, so it was impossible to see far ahead, and there was no Si Sliman here. While the Shareef was debating in his mind what the next step should be, we heard a tramp of horses, a jingling of what proved to be arms of all descriptions, and, above all, the chant—"There is no God but one God, and Mohammed is his Prophet." This was taken up by the people on our side. Anything more grand it it impossible to imagine; the wildest of wild surroundings lent much impressiveness to the scene. The Shareef and I

Along the Country Road.

Preparing for a Boar Hunt in the Angera Country.

moved slowly forward, and, without a moment's warning, a white-robed figure, on a magnificent horse adorned with green and gold trappings, appeared. He carried a long curved sword at his side, a gun slung over his shoulder, and on his head he wore a large turban, covered with the hood of his *burnous,* which was bound down to his temples with yards and yards of camel-hair cord, in which was woven a little green silk and gold thread. Inside his numerous *burnouses,* when thrown back, gleamed a thick, green silk cord across his breast, falling under the left arm, the Koran was attached, wrapped in a silk handkerchief, and in his belt gleamed the heads of a couple of pistols. He came full gallop towards the Shareef, and for a moment I thought we should either be scattered or possibly unseated, but no, the horse reared till he was straight on his hind legs a few yards from the Shareef. We had found our man.

Si Sliman dismounted, threw himself in front of the Shareef's horse, and kissed the horse's forelegs; then the Shareef's slaves raised him, and he came to my husband's side, caught his hand and covered it with kisses; tears streamed down his face, and his whole frame shook with sobs. Profound silence reigned on both sides for some seconds, but to me it was a long time. I felt a little out of place in my European dress; but Si Sliman came and shook hands, and said a few words of welcome in French, remounted his gallant steed, which had not moved from the spot where his master dismounted, and led us into a valley where quite an encampment was pitched. It had not been observed by any of our party, so well was it hidden from view by the tall brushwood and the many boulders in the vicinity.

His seven hundred followers remained like statues while their chief made his submission to the Shareef, and, when on the move, both foot and horse scrambled to touch the spiritual Head. Powder-play on a grand scale commenced immediately, and continued almost to the doors of the large marquee prepared for our reception. The marquee contained comfortable mattresses and cushions, arranged most invitingly for tired travellers, for one and all, except the baby boy, felt we could move no further. The tea-tray appeared by magic, so to speak, boiling water was on the spot, and a welcome cup was soon brewed, and revived us considerably. Si Sliman was requested to join us, and in he came, a man of about 5 feet 10 inches, rather swarthy complexion, and the sharpest of beady black eyes. You almost imagined he could interpret your innermost thought, so piercing was his look. He was still in white, and must have put on everything new, for there was not a stain or speck of dust on his garments. He prostrated himself before the Shareef, his head touching the ground and his hands behind him; he was helped to rise by one of the Shareef's retainers. After kissing my husband's hand, he then shuffled on his knees to me and saluted me in the same fashion; ultimately he squatted in front of the Shareef, who had requested him to be seated on a mattress. He took a cup of tea, but so overcome was he with emotion that his hand trembled as he lifted the cup. The Shareef asked me to pass him two letters, one from the Emperor of Morocco, Muley el Hassan, and the other, I believe, from the Governor-General of Algeria. Si Sliman took the former, and with a penknife opened the missive; he then kissed it, pressed the seal to his forehead, and proceeded to read.

I wondered what was passing in his mind; he read and re-read. Meanwhile the Shareef chatted to me or his secretary. Si Sliman frowned, looked pleased, then doubtful; at last he handed the letter to my husband, and, prostrating himself before him, said, "I am your slave; do what you think best." He then read the Governor-General's epistle, and said he conformed to all the terms mentioned therein. Here I was able to study my man more. In addition to the beady eyes that spoke volumes, he had a short black beard, which he was fond of stroking, a scrubby-looking moustache and an apology for whiskers, decidedly untrimmed. His usual pose was dignified; he looked every inch a chieftain who was accustomed to be obeyed in every particular. The mouth spoilt him, as it was a cruel one, and yet when the face was lit up in some animated conversation there lurked a very kindly look. The man was attractive and certainly fascinating. It was difficult to realise that he was the author of many cruel deeds, had sent a bullet through a general's brain, and had routed an army of superior force to his own followers.

He told me some time after, I think in Tangier, that he never intended to pose as an opponent to Algerian government. One of his lieutenants had disobeyed his orders, and he, Si Sliman, was not credited with the truth of his statement. So as all blame was to fall upon him, he determined to harass the Algerian Government, so that, if a punishment was to be his lot, he would merit it on his own account at any rate. He had therefore departed into the wilds without obtaining the regulation permission to move from the post he held.

The telegraph had failed to arrest him, though worked day and night. He left Tlemcen with an armoury consisting of bullets in his turban, different parts of his body were encased in cartridges, and he eluded his would-be captives on a very swift horse. "Poor horse!" I exclaimed. "No animal could carry such a load and gallop for dear life as you describe." "I called on God," he replied, "and Muley Abdallah Shareef (patron saint of Wazan) and Dar de Mana (the house of protection—such is the appellation to all sanctuaries belonging to the House of Wazan), and obtained spiritual aid."

Such were Si Sliman's words to me. The fact that he was a fearless horseman and an excellent marksman served him many a good turn. On one occasion he was in one room, and some officers were in the next, but even then he was able to escape: at another time he put on female garb.

Having had all these details from Si Sliman, I just mention them, without vouching for the truth of his communication to me. Another pretty speech of his was when I asked him why he had decided to accept the terms to reside in Morocco: "How could I do otherwise when Sidi Hadj Abdeslam came to fetch me, and brought his wife and child so far from their homes for a humble slave such as I am. I am but clay, mould me as you desire."

How I have digressed from my subject! But these little episodes have interested many in years gone by, and perhaps may in the present instance interest a wider circle.

Once the tea-tray was removed, the regulation roast sheep appeared in a huge flat basket, placed on a low wooden table before us. We had no chairs but divans, and were very comfortably seated. This time

I had to hack pieces out with a penknife; nevertheless a good meal was obtained. Then followed many dishes. I wondered where all had been prepared; I had seen no smoke from fires, nor had any culinary odours reached me. My Arabic was limited, so I felt reticent about making inquiries. Curiosity made me ask my husband. The kitchen, I learned later, was in a hollow half a mile away! My husband found this out by sending a slave on a voyage of discovery to please me. As far as my memory serves me, I think we rested the next day, during which there were several interviews with Si Sliman. Many of his chief followers took part in these. The Shareef told me all had been arranged to the complete satisfaction of both sides, and packing up commenced immediately.

Next morning a memorable scene took place. The baggage animals were being loaded and the tents had been struck, when suddenly, from somewhere, hordes of Arabs appeared, some mounted, some on foot. They arranged themselves in a semicircle on the green sward, those directly in front squatted and those behind took up poses as they felt inclined. The horsemen completed the outer ring. A rush towards the Shareef followed upon a prolonged roar as from one throat; it was the usual salutation when new-comers arrive. The crowd controlled by our retainers approached by dozens to receive the benediction. When that ceremony was over, there was a dead silence for a second or two; then Si Sliman stepped forward. The Shareef and I remained a little way behind him. He looked a grand figure as he stood there wrapped in his *burnous*. In his hand he carried a long staff, which he placed in front of him as support. He held the end of the *burnous* wrapped round the staff, and leaning slightly forward he harangued the people. Some wept bitterly—their sobs were distinctly audible—and all the while they kept swaying their bodies after the Arab custom, one that is followed particularly by the women, of whom there were some in this gathering. I think Si Sliman addressed them for some twenty minutes, in a rich, clear, and sonorous voice. At the conclusion of the parting speech one and all came up to Si Sliman, and but for the timely interference of his retainers I don't think much clothing would have been left on him. As it was, his turban tipped on one side and gave him rather a grotesque appearance for the moment. We mounted at once, and put our horses at a sharp canter to avoid further demonstrations, but many followed for miles, keeping up with our animals, and the Arabs can run. I turned several times to see the majority of this little army going from us across the plains, and knew that many took an aching heart with them, for they really adored their Shareef. I believe telegrams were despatched from El Arisha, announcing to the Algerian Government the success of the Shareef's mission. At Sebdou, Commander Ben Daoud was more than elated, and showed us more deference, if that were possible, than on our former visit. People had been so pessimistic as to the issue—in fact many openly declared that it would end in failure—that the accomplishment of the mission in a successful manner came as a surprise.

Si Sliman had nice apartments allotted to him, but I noted there were many more spahis (Algerian native soldiers) than on our former visit, and my husband was treated as an honoured guest. From here, if my memory serves me, we went to Lalla Maghnia, in order to settle some tribal disputes on the frontier, which had been in process for several years between Angad, Beni Snassen, and Mehia, and the inhabitants of the town of Oujhda, the latter having been almost in a state of siege for two years. It was preferred that the Shareef should have taken his charge direct to Tangier; at the same time he felt that his prestige compelled him to accede to the prayers of his co-religionists, and perhaps put a stop to the enormous amount of useless bloodshed going on almost without intermission for so long a period.

Long before we reached Lalla Maghnia (now called Marnia) deputation after deputation accosted us *en route*. We went to a hotel and found everything in readiness for us. The Commander of the troops garrisoned there met us not far from the town, and naturally a large concourse of natives. The uniforms of the French officers and the red *burnouses* of the spahis made a brilliant scene. The day was very hot, and all were glad to find shelter within hospitable walls. Here, too, extra precautions seemed to be in process, whether on account of Si Sliman's presence or the number of Arabs massed in the town I do not know; but soldiers seemed to be everywhere, no matter which way you turned.

Marnia is an important military station about three hours and a half from the frontier. The road from there to Oujhda at that time was very unpleasant; to-day it permits of motors and other modes of conveyance. Luncheon was announced, and as we were to have some visitors, I went into our private dining-room to see that there were seats for all. To my great amusement I found in the centre of the table a huge ham, most profusely decorated—a real work of art. I managed to whisk it off in time to my own sitting-room, where I and my sister and the nurse testified to its excellence in private. The Shareef was amused at our making sandwiches for our tea, and as he never objected to my partaking of food which his religion prohibited him from joining me, I never had to procure anything clandestinely. He was far too liberal a man to object. You never heard him scoff at a person because his religious tenets were different to his own. His principle was to "live and let live," and this being misunderstood gained him many enemies. In the early days of my marriage a surprise dish of bacon and eggs would be put on the table, for my husband thought I was too shy to order it. These little attentions meant much more to me than Europeans can realise.

After a few days spent at Marnia in interviewing the chiefs of the several tribes with regard to peace conditions, it was decided we should proceed to Oujhda, which is about a three hours' ride. Our escort arrived. Oh, the rabble, the chatter! I thought they must fly at one another's throats sooner or later; but no, it was only the excitement of the moment, and all calmed down when once we were on the march. Powder-play commenced outside the town and continued to the gates of Oujhda.

From a short distance this town appeared nothing but a heap of ruins, and I wondered where the houses could be. We seemed to wind round and round an ill-kept road, on either side of which were tumble-down walls built of mud and stone. Water seemed abundant, and the olive groves were numerous. There was a constant scream of "Balak! balak!" (get out of the way). As we drew near our destination the crowd became more dense, and the people did not seem to care if the animals trampled them under foot;

they would die for the sight of their religious chief. If it was written, such was their destiny. My habit gave way at last with the continual tuggings; how I kept my seat I don't know. The horse became restive, and his poor tail was completely spoilt by people plucking out hairs to carry away as souvenirs, or amulets perhaps. Between them all I had much difficulty in preserving some remnants of my clothing. The Shareef, too, lost much of his jelab, a kind of overcoat always worn out of doors, and people gathered the earth where his horse's hoofs had left the impress, some actually ate it, others smeared it over their bodies, the face and hands for choice. At last we reached a house, but the scramble to do so passes all belief. Skulls must have been cracked and bones made very sore, for cudgels had to be used. The frenzy of the populace can be better imagined than described. The outside of our temporary habitation was not inviting, but the inside was better than I anticipated. But where were my baby boy and my sister? I was told they had gone ahead with the English nurse and Mohar, the child's Moorish attendant, also an escort. I was distracted for some minutes, but they soon appeared and told me that in consequence of the tumult they had taken another route to the town, and arrived almost unperceived. I set to work to make our rooms comfortable, with the aid of my sister and nurse and plenty—too many perhaps—of willing hands. We had been warned that all would be in a most primitive style, but good carpets were forthcoming, and really it was better than I expected. With the addition of our camp furniture and plenty of multi-coloured cushions, we made quite a respectable room. Some others were turned into bedrooms, and a large landing opening on to a long verandah, one side of the house, was enclosed, by using tents as screens, to serve us for a kitchen. The view from this apology for a verandah was superb over hill and dale. A little further off were mountains and olive groves, also fruit-trees in bloom as far as the eye could reach, interspersed with waving green corn. The moonlight was glorious, and cast weird shadows over the town. In the evening desultory firing was heard. The people of the town thought it might be feasting in our honour, but the noise increased, and then we realised that a fight was in progress on the route we had traversed a few hours earlier, half a mile or less from the town. The firing increased further, and then it was apparent that a really serious combat was afoot in and near the olive groves. Thinking themselves protected by the great saint within their walls, some Oujhda men had ventured out to the cafés beyond the walls, where they met some new arrivals from the interior belonging to the tribes at variance with them. The men of Oujhda were the aggressors and picked a quarrel, which passed from words to blows, and gunpowder was freely spent. Others mixed in the mêlée, and friend or foe was not recognised in the tumult. The town gates were barricaded, and when the inhabitants who had remained outside sought admittance they were refused.

Then arose tremendous commotion inside. The women shrieked, the children cried, some men wished to force the gates open to let in a son or relation to seek shelter from butchery outside. The authorities were almost powerless, but were in the long-run able to assert themselves. The Shareef sent to say that the safety of the whole town depended upon the barricading of the doors. Some men climbed on the ramparts, but were pretty quickly hauled down, for if they had fired from there the outsiders would certainly have returned their fire. It was impossible to tell the number of combatants, and if they had been minded to rush the town, those ramshackle old doors would not have afforded much protection. The Shareef was disgusted at the turn of events, and threatened to leave there and then if they did not cease firing. How Mahmoud (a chief slave) reached them with a letter and came back skin whole he never knew himself. Next morning the several chiefs came and said it was the work of the shepherds, the keepers of the flocks of sheep, and herds of camels and cattle.

The wailings of the Arab woman once heard can never be forgotten. At the outset you think she is going to sing some melancholy song; then she begins to sway her body backwards and forwards, uttering most heart-rending shrieks, calling upon the relative whose death is mourned, at the same time scratching her face until the blood trickles down; or she will roll in the dust, knock her head on the ground, bite herself, and do herself serious injury unless prevented by persons near. I have seen a woman in deep grief suddenly jump two feet off the ground perpendicularly and throw herself forward full length, and this without any apparent bodily harm. Hysteria in its worst form must account for the convulsions and twisting of bodies and limbs on such occasions.

In Oujhda on that memorable night the wailings kept on till nearly daylight. When the Shareef sent out to reconnoitre, our men returned. There were still excited groups about seeking for the dead and wounded. Later, when things grew quieter, the Shareef and his suite were able to receive the chiefs who composed the mission of peace. Many apologies were offered for the disturbances which arose from misunderstandings between the lower members of the tribes in question. A truce was concluded and kept for some years by the masses. It was curious to see those who were mortal enemies an hour before giving their hands in form of salutation, the younger men kissing the heads of the older ones. After a hasty cup of coffee we started on our return journey, glad to be away from such unhappy surroundings. The burial of the dead was in process as we passed the cemetery, and we saw many a corpse uncovered, though the majority were decently obscured from view among the palmettos. These were shrouded in their jelabs (overcoats) or under a haik (blanket). It was sad to encounter such scenes, but there was no avoiding them; the only course open was to steady our nerves and get along as fast as possible. Nevertheless I was haunted by the memory for some time.

Our camp was situated almost in the thick of the fight, but not a man or baggage animal was even grazed. It proved most difficult to restrain the horses from stampeding. Plenty of grooms and camp-followers prevented a catastrophe, and the belligerents evidently respected our property.

The day after our arrival at Marnia we went to Hammam Bougrarah to see the sulphur springs. Every shrub and tree in the vicinity appeared to have a faint tinge of yellow, and near the baths the sulphureous odour was very strong. At the source an egg could be boiled easily. Naturally I tried the experiment. The springs and baths are Algerian Government property, and, as I have already remarked, are every year or three years leased to the highest bidder at an auction held for the purpose. I believe a light of some kind is held while the bidding is in process, and the property falls to the highest figure when the light is exhausted.

The lessee reaps a benefit from the Arabs who come from all parts to cure real or imaginary diseases. Some come to request the saint who is buried there, named Sidi Bou Grarah, to help them in their difficulties, whatever they may be, and pray at his tomb with that object. The men's bath is much better constructed than the one for the women. There is also a private tank, which is used by the officers and officials of the Algerian Government. We brought our luncheon and took it in a garden, the scent of orange blossom pervading the air. There were plenty of Arabs, many having followed us from Marnia, all with the object of obtaining the Shareef's blessing for the ills of the flesh and others. The return journey was very pleasant, and the lights and shades of a spring evening were magnificent; the snow was apparent on the distant Atlas Mountains, and another range much lower and including the fastnesses of the Beni Snassen tribes stood well out.

We spent another day or two at Marnia, where I received a shock. A man of some importance was supposed to have been killed in the Oujhda fight, as he was missing and mourned for accordingly. I was playing with my baby boy when this man appeared in the doorway. I thought it was an apparition, especially as the man did not speak. He was, I suppose, absorbed in the child's frolics and did not wish to disturb us. At this moment the Shareef came out on the balcony, and after replying to his astonishment at seeing him there, the man, Sahalli by name, explained that he was suddenly called on business to another part of the country, thinking to be away a few hours when he had been detained some days. My white face was remarked by the Shareef, but he did not seem to be affected in the least. Sahalli had been much with our suite, so that I knew more of him than many others who had attached themselves to us to render what services they could, particularly at Tlemcen.

A private carriage and the diligence took us back to Tlemcen. We had a noisy send-off as usual from Marnia, men and women crying hysterically and following us, but once beyond the crowds they were outstripped, and we reached Tlemcen after a tiring but pleasant drive of some hours in lovely spring weather, the air laden with the scent of many flowers, orange blossom then in perfection predominating. I need not repeat the reception, which was the same as on former occasions, an ordeal certainly, but by this time I was quite accustomed to the repetitions of these demonstrations usual among the Arabs. The only exciting incident was when a woman thrust herself half-way through the diligence window with a baby on her back. The infant might have been crushed, if my sister had not come promptly to the rescue as the mother was pulled back by those in the road. Si Sliman went from Tlemcen, with one of our secretaries and the attendants, to embark at Oran for Tangier to await the Shareef's arrival, our party going to Algiers to report to the Governor-General.

We left Tlemcen, and *en route* several accidents occurred. One man thrust his head through the window, and though badly cut clung on until he had touched the Shareef; another had his foot crushed. But enough of these horrors. I simply mention them to show that the frenzied state of the people will make them run all kinds of risks to get near their worshipped spiritual chief, in order to obtain the blessing or only to touch his garments. At one place where luncheon was served the military were requisitioned to enable us to return to the diligence. There were always Arabs running along *en route* for miles, and many fell down from exhaustion. Reaching Oran, I think we remained twenty-four hours, but my memory fails me sometimes, recounting events of thirty-five years ago. The journey from Oran to Algiers took at that time nearly fourteen hours, and it was nearly 11 P.M. when we reached the hotel where apartments had been retained for the Shareef and his suite by the Algerian Government, by whom some officials were sent to receive us at the terminus.

Next morning the Shareef called on the Governor-General, General Chanzy, who was then in office. On his return I saw the Shareef was not over-elated. He sat thinking, then he marched up and down the room, but did not communicate to me then what was troubling him. Knowing his objection to be questioned, I bided my time, for I knew I should hear the reason later. General Chanzy and staff returned the Shareef's visit. I knew official business was to be discussed. I made excuses about my child, and retired discreetly after receiving an invitation to call on Madame Chanzy. The Shareef was most anxious to proceed to Paris and also London, and it appears that the French Government considered he should complete the mission undertaken first, viz. to return to Tangier at once and then take Si Sliman to the

Emperor of Morocco; for it was feared that the individual in question might repent, make good his escape, and recommence the troubles on the Algerian frontier. The sacredness of Si Sliman's oath whereby he had made himself a voluntary state prisoner removed all doubt from the Shareef's mind that where he had ordered Si Sliman to remain there he would be found even if he waited months. He was lodged in our town house, and roamed about the town at will, in company of one of our secretaries and attendants of his own. A polite request to postpone his European visits irritated the Shareef considerably; in all his life he had been accustomed to have the most trivial desire indulged, even before the wish was uttered, if that were in any way possible. We went together to call on Madame Chanzy, who, surrounded by quite a small Court, received us most graciously. On leaving, the Shareef was told that *Le Cassard*, the man-of-war we came in from Tangier to Oran, was at his disposition, and at the same time a request was made that a few days should be spent in Algiers, an invitation he declined with many thanks, remembering pressing business at home which recalled him immediately. He was more than anxious to visit Europe, and, above all, to give me amusement.

Early next morning, accompanied by members of the Government staff, we went on board *Le Cassard*. Somewhere between Algiers and Oran a champagne luncheon was given, at which the Shareef was decorated with the Order of Grand Officier de la Legion d'Honneur, by the Commander of *Le Cassard*, in the name of the French Government. This being unexpected somewhat soothed his wounded feelings, though if it had been presented by General Chanzy or, better still, by Marshal Macmahon in Paris, would have had much more value in his eyes than it had at that moment.

When we arrived in Tangier, after a fairly good passage, and had disembarked amidst the boom of cannon from *Le Cassard*, by whose officers we had received the most courteous attention on board, the first person to greet us among the crowds awaiting at the apology for a pier which existed in those days was Si Sliman, all smiles and bows. He wanted to carry the child, but the little man objected to leave his manservant Mohar. He was so alarmed by the noise of cannon and flint-locks that he had to be hurried away as quickly as the crowds at the Custom House permitted. Then came a series of fêtes of welcome home, which lasted for another ten days or a fortnight. I longed for a little peace and quiet, for I was really worn out by the excitement of the last three months or more.

CHAPTER VII

BIRTH CEREMONIES AMONG THE MOORS

WHEN Muley Ali was born, I told the Shareef that it was necessary to have a private residence. I felt that all the coming and going of sanctuarists, often diseased, would expose the child to many things to be avoided, for in Morocco contagious maladies are thought nothing of. The Shareef agreed with me, and a house not far from the sanctuary was hired for the time. On our return from Algeria, a house on the Marshan that we had often looked at was put up for sale, and the Shareef immediately purchased it for me. There were several alterations to be made, which delayed my taking possession until after the Shareef's return from Court. He was supposed to leave immediately on arrival from Algeria with his charge. Muley Hassan, the then reigning Sultan, became impatient and wrote to the British and French Ministers to use their good offices to induce the Shareef to complete his mission. Excuses were made on various pretexts—certainly the preliminaries took some time—and when all was really finished he would not hurry us. The fact was an event in our family was near at hand, and he did not wish to leave me until the little affair was over. I was not so well as I should have been; the fatigue of the Algerian journey had told on me, and the Shareef was over-anxious. Evidently I was the principal excuse for the continual postponement of the journey. Nevertheless

I was unaware of all that until I received a letter begging me not to place any impediment in the way. This kind but rather severe missive rather perplexed me, for I had been using all my influence to induce the Shareef to finish off the business, especially as I was getting the blame, which annoyed him extremely. It had, however, a beneficial effect, and in a week or ten days he started for Mequinez, extracting from me a promise that I would send a special courier when he had been a fortnight at Court. Whilst there he knew his good offices would be requisitioned in whatever tribal dispute might have occurred, and a visit of perhaps months incurred, so that was the reason some prearrangement was made and this time really legitimately. Good terms were obtained for Si Sliman, a pension of fifteen posetas per day, a house rent free, arable land and seed, and also leave that those of his followers who wished to reside in Morocco should be invited to do so at the Government expense until such time as they could provide for themselves.

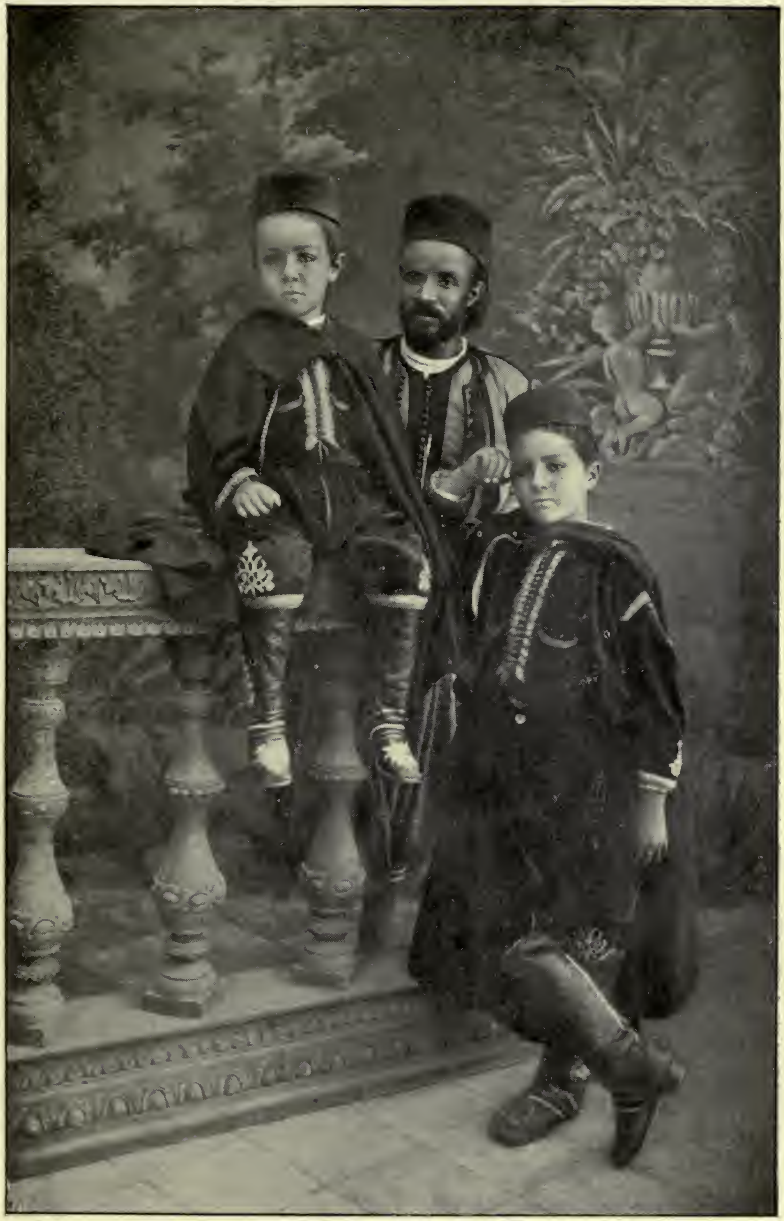
Some months after, a large number came, and my house was inundated with Arab women inside and men outside awaiting transportation to their new homes. Practically they were all relations by blood or marriage, and there were plenty of children, who, I should imagine, were complete strangers to soap and water.

The Shareef reached Court, and the Sultan received him in a manner worthy of the occasion. Commands were issued from Court that nothing was to be left undone that would conduce to the Shareef's comfort, and also that of his personnel. Negotiations dragged on like everything else in Morocco, where everything is postponed until "to-morrow, if God wills it." But an end was precipitated by the arrival of my courier.

Naturally the Sultan, Muley Hassan, was not particularly well pleased, but under the circumstances he was gracious enough to cause some firmans to be handed to the Shareef during his farewell audience.

For a time Muley Hassan kept faith with Si Sliman and the Oulad Sidi Sheik, who had followed him into exile. But intrigue followed intrigue, concessions were gradually withdrawn, and life for the exiles became practically unbearable. It led to Si Sliman making good his escape about five years later with a few adherents, and ultimately ended in his assassination, as I have related in a former page.

The Shareef was back in August; he travelled quickly and by night on account of the oppressive weather which is particularly trying in the interior during the months of July and August. However, he was in plenty of time, as my second son, Muley Ahmed, was not born, nor his twin-sister still-born, until 6th September 1876. The fêtes in honour of this second son's birth were almost identical with those given on the occasion of his brother's birth, though not of so long duration. I continued English methods in my nursery. The baby went out daily in his long clothes, and the elder boy was promoted to an infant's chair-saddle on a donkey. The latter innovation was much commented upon at first, poor Mike not being considered worthy of carrying such a precious burden; nevertheless I continued to mount him thus, dressed as an English child, except for the embroidered fez cap. The Shareef as usual acquiesced in all I did, more especially where the children were concerned. He was the same in that respect up to the time of his death. For a long time I think the Moors wondered what the bundle of lace and muslin contained, for



Taken in Ceuta.

AN EARLY PHOTO (1883) OF MOHAR WITH THE SHAREEFA'S TWO SONS, MULEY ALI AND MULEY AHMED.

Mohar carried the child more often than the English nurse. It was better so; for the man was more capable of warding off the people, who in their anxiety to kiss the little mite's hand might not be so gentle as the necessity required. Many were the inquiries as to the method of bathing new-born infants, and now that my knowledge of Arabic was increasing I could comply with the requests for information with greater facility. A detailed account of native customs perhaps would not be misplaced at this juncture. They are curious, and the wonder is that many infants survive the ordeal; and yet one sees innumerable fine specimens of humanity especially among the lower classes, where the ignorance of the women is beyond conception.

Being anxious to learn the customs in use before and after the birth of a child, I attended personally. My presence was considered a strong proof that all would go well with expectant mother and child, especially as a male child was much desired. Three girls had come in succession; now, as luck would have it, a boy was born. The usual demonstrations of welcome took place when I went to visit a Moorish family, and I was ushered into the mother's room, accompanied by musicians, women holding lighted candles. I found the room full of women, relatives and friends of the invalid, who was seated on a low stool,[1] covered with a blanket. One woman sat on the ground in front of her and another behind; her business was to support the invalid's back. The woman on the floor, I learned, was the midwife. During a rigour the assembly sing songs of invocation to saints to implore their assistance in the present emergency, or dirge-like chants, and incense is continually burnt. Inquiring the contents of a basin which I noticed were now and again given in a spoon to the woman, I was informed that it contained a mixture of oil, cummin seed, and honey, with the idea that this mixture accelerated the birth. I also saw some broth given. A basin of water which a living saint had blessed and dipped his finger in was also exhibited, and oil from a sanctuary was used to anoint the woman. The room was dreadfully stuffy, and the buzz of conversation from surrounding friends more than trying; but I was determined to see everything, and put up with the personal inconvenience. Amid silence, except for the poor woman's wailings as she asks every one to forgive her, especially Allah, and assures every one that death would release her, the midwife announces the birth of a son.

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[1] *Cf.* Exodus i. 16.

"Zahrits," the joy-cry of the women, springs from every throat. The news is communicated to the father, who may possibly be with friends in a neighbour's house, or in an office, if he possesses one. In high families the announcement in those days was signalised by the firing of many flint-locks; to-day that custom is abolished to a very great extent. The child is wrapped up immediately and handed to a woman, and all attention is given to the mother. Should no complications arise, she is lifted on to her bed, and a basin of broth or whipped egg is given to her. In case of twins, the advent of the second child is hidden as long as possible, fearing the evil eye. In very rare cases of triplets the woman is regarded almost with sanctity.

Considering the primitive methods used in complications, also rare, it is a wonder so few lives are sacrificed. The child is now taken by the midwife and thoroughly cleansed with cloths, then smeared over with a concoction of henna and oil. It is next rolled in old linen, over which is put a piece of native blanket (haik); over that a cord of linen or silk is wound round from shoulders to feet. On the head is put first a strip of linen, coming across the temples and fastened low behind the head, to keep the brain from being dislodged! Over that comes a cotton handkerchief tied under the chin, and a piece of blanket that has been left loose for the purpose completes the covering of the head. Next, the eyes receive attention, cleansed first of all with rags, and then khol is freely applied with a native pencil to the eyelids. Eyebrows are simulated in the same manner, the mouth is cleansed with oil, and walnut juice in which a copper coin is placed is applied several times, and the grotesque little image is placed at its mother's side after receiving the homage of the assembled company. Soiled linen is removed as becomes necessary, but the cloths put on at birth were not removed, in those days, until the eighth or name day. To-day more attention is paid to cleanliness in and about Tangier, but no doubt these conditions exist in many places in the interior from sheer ignorance. Infant mortality is very high there, but much less in Tangier than it was over thirty years ago.

Next day the room is dressed in readiness to receive visitors who come to offer congratulations. The bed is draped in silk and net or muslin curtains; a piece of net or muslin is drawn across the lower part of the bedstead from head to foot to screen the new mother from view, as sometimes she does not feel equal to the strain. The honours of the tea-tray are presided over by a near relative or personal friend. The tea-tray is quite an institution in rich and poor families alike, and no visit is complete until the sweet, much-scented beverage is tasted. These visits continue for a period of seven days. On the evening of the seventh the mother is taken to the hammam (vapour bath). If one is installed in the house, then no necessity arises for hiring a public one. To the accompaniment of derbouga or tom-toms, a kind of drum, incense, and many lighted candles, the young mother and specially invited friends reach the bath, and all the time she is there the musicians entertain whatever other guests may be present.

Purification terminated, the return journey is made with the same ceremonies. During the mother's absence the bed has been arranged with clean linen, and in some houses even the curtains of the bedstead and doorways are replaced by new ones, the mother being also attired in everything new. A supper is offered to all, and the cook remains at work all night to be ready for the early breakfast to the male guests when they assemble on the morrow at 8 A.M. for the naming of the child. To these guests invitations have been conveyed by two male relatives, friends or secretaries as the case may be. All being assembled at the house appointed, congratulations and invocations are offered and pronounced, and by preference the nearest relative slaughters a ram by cutting its throat, pronouncing the name of the child as the knife is thrust into the animal. Prayer is then offered, and all return to the guest-chamber, as the above ceremony has taken place at the principal entrance to the house. Tea, native biscuits, and cakes are now served to the guests, and after three or four courses of meat and chickens the meal ends with coffee. During the meal, male musicians perform on instruments consisting of violins, guitars, and tambourines; others keep time with hand-clapping, and sometimes a brass tray with a few cups and saucers on it is tapped with the fingers to keep time with the rest of the musical company.

Meantime the sheep is dressed, put on a wooden table with high rims, and covered with a cloth and a coloured silk handkerchief. A negress hoists the table on to her head and goes into the house amid female musicians, "zahrits," and the invocations by which all are informed of the name bestowed on the child. The negress wends her way to the mother's room, where she receives a "gratification," and then deposits her load in the kitchen, where the meat is prepared for the women's fête to be held in the afternoon. Invitations to this fête have been issued with due ceremony in the following manner. Two professional negresses are summoned, or, if preferred, one and a personal slave of the house are commanded to call at certain residences in the name of the lady by whom they are sent to request the presence of one or more members of the family, or at least a representative, on a certain date. The invitation is always accepted, and good wishes returned for the completion of the auspicious event. In cases where excuses have to be made, a person is deputed to offer a gift in kind or money to the hostess, equal to that given by her when she was an honoured guest on a similar occasion. The give-and-take system is vigorously enforced, especially on the occasion of marriages. I have known a few very rare cases where people have asked the law to intervene when the debtor has omitted her contribution! To-day in Tangier it is not insisted upon, but all the same it is expected.

After the lady guests have been entertained by female musicians and dancers, regaled with tea and cakes followed by a sumptuous dinner, they are invited to see baby's first bath. The mother, gorgeously attired, sits on her bed. A large basin is brought on a brass tray; the water is lukewarm with a sprig of scented herb in it. The henna and oil stained garments, or rather the apology for these, are removed. The infant is well wiped all over with a towel, and then a pretence at bathing is made. Soap seldom figured in the accessories at that time, and any damping of the head was carefully avoided. To-day soap and flannel are mostly used, even by those who object to daily ablutions for babies, and it is surprising the great number who to-day adopt the bath from birth. The number of sensible women who favour this necessary custom increases tremendously.

The bath finished, baby is dressed in brand-new clothes, a miniature costume of the country. It is again swaddled, then shown to the guests, who bless the little mite, and each throw a piece of silver into the bath water. This money is the perquisite of the midwife.

CHAPTER VIII

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF MOORISH LIFE

I HAVE assisted personally at many Moorish banquets. At first the difficulty of manipulating the food was very great, as only fingers are used, and the couscous, a granular food made of semolina, the native dish of the country, baffles me to this day. The manner of procedure is this. Round, low wooden tables are brought in, and about these eight or ten guests take their seats on divans or cushions. Then a slave brings a brass hand-basin and jug containing lukewarm water; the right hand is held over the basin, water being poured on it, the towel is taken from the slave, and when the hand is dried you pass the towel to your neighbour, until the cleansing process has been accomplished by all at the table. A dish of chicken or meat is placed in the centre of the table and uncovered, while one of the guests will take loaves of bread and break them up into pieces, passing them round until each guest has at least two pieces or more in front of her. Then a sippet is broken off, and saying "Bismillah" (in the name of God), dip into the dish, and commence eating. If the hostess is present she, in a dexterous manner, parts the chicken. You can then help yourself. Sometimes a choice bit is placed before you by some one. It is bad form to refuse that particular morsel. It is not etiquette to touch anything at meal times with the left hand except the glass of drinking-water.

When change of dishes takes place, all rest the right hand on the table. This is also done when the meal is ended. The hand-basin is again passed round, and this time soap is produced and both hands are washed. The finger and thumb, touched with a little soap, are used to cleanse the teeth, and a little water taken in the palm of the hand to rinse the mouth three times. Your neighbour does the same, and so on. The Moors do not restrain themselves from making audible guttural sounds after meals, which rather shocks those uninitiated to this rather unpleasant custom.

Black coffee generally ends a meal, and orange-flower water is added, or cinnamon. This is quite a matter of taste in different families.

For years the people considered me quite an authority on their different ailments, particularly those of infants. My medical knowledge was very meagre, and I am particularly indebted to many medical men who lived in or visited Tangier for affording me invaluable advice. I was able to increase my little pharmacy, and have the satisfaction that many an infant had possibly had its sufferings assuaged by timely aid. Men and women from all parts flocked to me once it became known I had a medicine chest, and by practice I gained a certain amount of knowledge. With the advent of medical missions, I endeavoured to persuade the people to patronise them, feeling sure they would obtain much better advice than I could offer them. At first this method was very difficult, and many a bottle of medicine or box of pills was brought to me to assure the owner that it contained no poison, as they had been told that the object of the Christians was to annihilate all Mohammedans. I have often been present when with pestle and mortar they have broken up pills, and shown me with an air of triumph that the black stuff inside was assuredly injurious. I have known them give a part of the liquid medicine to a dog and watch the effect. Naturally I refer to the time of the first establishment of dispensary; to-day medical aid is more sought after, but the want of public support prevents more good being done.

The native, even of the higher class, generally expects to be treated gratis, though there are many conscientious enough to pay a doctor's fee for home attendance together with the chemist's bills. As to vaccination, no trouble was experienced when I first introduced its use over twenty-five years ago. A foundling, a female child, had been brought to the house. I was not quite sure if I could ask the medical attendant to vaccinate. It suddenly occurred to me that by procuring lymph I might be able to produce the desired effect myself. The Shareef was most enthusiastic over my proposition, and wrote to the then Moorish Consul at Gibraltar for vaccine lymph, which duly arrived between two pieces of glass. As luck would have it, the operation was successful, but how I trembled, how sick I felt, and mentally wished I had not suggested doing it. Seeing the happy results, the Shareef suggested that other children should be presented for the operation. It was sufficient for him to make the proposition, for people to bring me children of all ages that had escaped the scourge; for smallpox was rife in those days in Tangier, and epidemics of frequent occurrence. I soon gained my nerve, and have sent away forty to seventy patients with the requisite scratches on their arms. They returned voluntarily on the eighth day to know if the results were satisfactory. People from all parts came, some making two and three days' journey. The Sus people are particularly susceptible to smallpox if, on arriving in Tangier, they come in contact with a sufferer. The malady is unknown in Sus. Many a greybeard has solicited the preventive immediately on arrival here. At Wazan, Fez, Mequinez, Zarhoun, Beni Hassan, and other places I have operated on hundreds of men, women, and children, and often I have had letters asking me to forward vaccine lymph to outlying districts, they sending men to receive instructions on the method of procedure. At Fez, I was on a visit, and some children of my hostess being particularly healthy chicks I experimented with the father's permission. The mother was not to be informed. As I pretended to be brushing off a mosquito, the children were not impressed by my operation, sweets having distracted them. A few days later the mother was distressed, thinking the children had contracted the dread disease, and when I told her what was the real cause, she expressed herself more than grateful, especially for not telling her beforehand, as she was so nervous. During the remainder of my visit I think that over six hundred children and women came to me. Unfortunately I could not satisfy all. On subsequent visits crowds came, and I think they are now convinced that the missionaries are quite capable of doing the same good offices, minus the baraka, or blessing, which I was supposed to possess from Sidi el Hadj Abdeslam, their spiritual leader.

To-day my patients vary from fifteen hundred to two thousand per annum. Even if I wished to cease receiving them, it is out of my power to do so. I essayed the attempt, and, not being able to attend to all personally, instructed several women of my household as helpers, and people are now content as long as the vaccine lymph is provided by me, and I see the little patient. I have not limited myself to Moors, and have patients of all nationalities, who come here for the purpose. As a young girl when at boarding-school I was so fascinated by seeing the principal's baby being vaccinated, that on the eighth day after the doctor's visit I examined the punctures, and finding the lymph still exuding, I procured a darning-needle, and as it was half holiday, I took the child into the orchard and inoculated myself. The marks I have to this day. Little did I realise that in after life I should be called upon to puncture arms by thousands.

Among other things I am consulted in the artificial nourishment of infants. Often a father has come to me week after week to write down the proportions of milk and barley water to be given, the value of some patent food, or baked flour is sometimes demanded of me. The use of the feeding-bottle has created the lazy mother even in Morocco, but at the same time it has proved a blessing to the delicate one, or to the motherless child. As in Europe, mothers are fond of giving tastes of wrong food to their offspring. Coffee and green tea I have known given when the infant is only a few weeks old. The custom prevails when weaning children to have a pot of green tea always on hand night and day. One can imagine the poisonous concoction after it has stood a few hours, and then the family wonder why the child is always ill, attributing the trouble to the loss of the mother's milk. Tea is a panacea for all children's ailments, though I am glad to say that milk is much more used to-day in families where the tea was once considered indispensable.

Children in Morocco suffer from appalling maladies and malformations. Hernia is very prevalent. Ophthalmia is another scourge. Many a terrible case has been brought to me when travelling in the interior out of reach of any medical aid. If the case has not been too far from the town where professional aid could be obtained, they absolutely refuse to profit by it, preferring to visit daily some saint's tomb, wear amulets, or consult the wise men of the market-place. The little patient dwindles away, and when there is a final period to its suffering the family are quite resigned and say, "It was written."

As soon as possible after my second son's birth we removed to the residence I now occupy just outside the town. It stands on a plateau named the Marshan. Here I have passed many happy years of my life. The Shareef was a devoted father, realising, he told me, what it was to have paternal responsibility. He knew little of his children by former marriages, and as for nursing, amusing, or even kissing the children, that was quite outside his general ideas, but with my boys it was quite different. He was, in fact, too demonstrative at times; he would walk off to the nursery, take the child from his cot when fast asleep, because he looked so sweet! He would sit on the floor by the hour and amuse them, or walk about the garden with the child in his arms. People who saw him looked on in astonishment, for be it remembered that he was their greatest saint in all Morocco, who was not considered to occupy himself with the petty details of this world. No one suspected the tender heart that beat under the rather severe and very dignified exterior of one whose

Photo. by H. E. White.

REMAINS OF ROMAN BRIDGE, TANGIER.

Photo. by H. E. White.

THE VEGETABLE MARKET OF TANGIER.

conversation in public was carried on by a third person. Rumour has it that his voice had never been heard in public before we were married, nor had he been seen to smile even. I have been told that when the Shareef first came to live in Tangier the impression was that he was dumb, consequent on his carrying his silence to such an extent. He ultimately became a fairly good conversationalist, full of anecdotes, and made the most atrocious puns. The transformation, which was permanent, was appreciated by his co-religionists, and his "sayings" are quoted to this day.

CHAPTER IX

MY VISIT TO EUROPE AND A STRANGE EXPERIENCE

In July 1877 the Shareef decided to visit France, England, and Spain. We embarked with a suite of eleven persons on one of Paquet's boats for Marseilles. It was the Shareef's second visit to that city. The former occasion was that on which he made the pilgrimage to Mecca, when a French man-of-war was placed at his disposal for the double journey. My baby suffered from teething convulsions, and his father occupied his time day and night in visiting the little one and amusing the elder boy. Fortunately the sea-air had an excellent effect upon the child, and we arrived in Marseilles with pleasant reminiscences of a successful voyage, and regrets from the sailors at losing the little Moor whom they had petted and spoilt for the last few days.

The Commissioner of Ports with a Professor of Arabic came on board, in the name of the French Government, to conduct us to the Grand Hotel, where apartments, luxuriously furnished, had been reserved for us. The Préfet's secretary called directly we arrived at the hotel, and the Moorish flag was hoisted. Then the Moorish merchants resident in Marseilles came to pay their homage to the Shareef, their spiritual leader. Next day Monsieur le Préfet des Bouches de Rhone called, and, accompanied by him, we made a round of visits to the principal sights of the city, including a sugar factory, whence we beat a hasty retreat, the heat being so intense. We visited the Palace at Longchamps, the Prado promenade, the park, and many other places. A call was made on the Préfet's wife, and we inspected the Prefecture; then we went on board the *Yan-Tse*, an enormous boat just built by the Messageries Company. The Chinese domestics, by whom we were served with refreshments in a most recherché style, called forth much attention and admiration from the Shareef. After visiting the whole of the vessel, we returned to the hotel and sent all our servants to the ship, and a real good time they had among the sailors. On the fourth day we left for Lyons. It was the first experience of railway travelling for our retainers. It was a study to watch their faces at starting. Every movement of the train caused them to clutch hold fast; when really started they held on as for dear life. At the first stoppage a fervent "Ell Amdollilah" (thank God) was ejaculated by all. In an hour or two all were settled down, enjoying the scenery, and amusing themselves counting the telegraph posts. The movements of the signals puzzled them immensely. The Préfet and his secretary made their adieux at the railway station. The same ceremonies were observed at Lyons as at Marseilles by the representatives of the French Government. As we were leaving by the night train, all possible sights were shown us, including some silk factories, where I was fascinated by some very old tapestries of priceless value.

Arriving in Paris at a very early hour of the morning, we were received by the first secretary and interpreter from the French Foreign Office, and conducted to the Grand Hôtel du Louvre. On the afternoon of arrival the Shareef called on Marshal Macmahon, the President of the French Republic; and the Duc Decazés, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, paid a visit to the Shareef. Time was taken up in paying and receiving visits. The second evening at the Opera, we saw a representation of La Reine de Chypre. The President most kindly placed his box at our disposition, the honours of the same being paid by M. Gabeau, chief interpreter to the French Army. The General, Marquis d'Absac, came also to welcome us, as representing Marshal Macmahon. A visit behind the scenes amused the Shareef immensely; especially was he struck by the ladies of the *corps de ballet.* I found Paris charming, and left with regret at being unable to make a longer visit to a city which had provided me with so much real enjoyment.

Nothing of note occurred on our journey to England. The arrangements were all most conducive to our comfort and ease. The Channel crossing was not too rough. Dover and then Victoria Station were reached in due time. At the latter a member of the Foreign Office met us, Dr. Leared (since dead), and a few personal friends, and escorted us to Conduit Street, where the British Government had retained quarters for us. The season was at an end, and the Court and every one of note out of town. Lord Derby received the Shareef, and return visits were made by proxy. Royal carriages were placed at our disposal, and the sights of London were duly visited. Manchester, Macclesfield, and Birmingham invited us, but no time was at our disposal for the journeys. The Mayor of Brighton offered us a luncheon, but afterwards my cousin's husband, a medical man in that town, took the entertainment on his hands, and we had tea with the authorities at the Aquarium instead. We travelled to Brighton in a saloon placed at our disposal by the L.B. and S.R.C., Mr. John Shaw contributing much to ensure our comfort both going and returning. The Directors of the Alexandra Palace invited us to be their guests, and here the amusements were very varied. A young elephant was christened Shareef during his performance in the arena, to the great amusement of my husband. A recherché dinner was served in a private room, and the guests were numerous. A splendid display of fireworks finished up a charming but most tiring day.

I attended a service at my parish church, St. Mary's, Newington, to which the Shareef accompanied me, and went into the choir while at my devotions. He uncovered in the church, and did the same on visiting Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral.[1] On the whole, the Shareef was glad to have seen London; but at the same time he confessed that nothing would induce him to live there for any length of time, the climate, to his idea, being depressing, and people looked so sad. I do not think I agreed with him entirely, though London is certainly not exhilarating in the month of August, especially with a high temperature.

The Surrey County Gaol, of which my father was at that time governor, impressed the Shareef very much. He visited the whole establishment, and in the kitchen took a small quantity of the food, which I think was oatmeal porridge, familiarly called skilly. As a child, I often went in to the cook with a basin for some, and ate it sweetened with molasses. At that time Morocco prisons were at their worst; to-day the Tangier prison is almost luxurious in comparison to thirty-five years ago, thanks to Europeans who have interested themselves of late years to provide a little comfort and cleanliness for the unfortunate prisoners.

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[1] A Moor covers his head in his own place of worship.

At the end of a fortnight we left London. The only incident in our journey was the overturning of one of our luggage cabs, which almost caused us to lose the train. No one was hurt, but the servants inside were much terrified for the time being. From Paris we went to Bordeaux, where the French authorities took leave of us. A Spanish official accompanied us to Madrid. The Spanish Government was represented on our arrival, and escorted us to an excellent hotel. The Spaniards were much more curious, and crowds waited outside to see "El Santo del Moro." As at Paris, an official was sent from the Foreign Office and attached to us the whole time we were in Madrid. In response to a command from the Spanish King, Alfonso XII., to visit him at La Granja, the Shareef went alone, as my baby had another convulsion, and naturally I could not leave him in the care of the nurses. The Shareef was extremely well received by the King and his Court, and Doña Mercedes, the King's fiancée, was particularly gracious—in fact she quite fascinated the Shareef. Her extreme amiability contributed much to the enjoyment of the reception, which he never forgot, and on hearing of the young Queen's death he was really quite sorrowful. He was anticipating another visit to the Court of Spain, but the hope was never realised.

We took Cordova on our way home. Here also nothing was left undone to make our short visit a pleasant one, even to being serenaded at night in true Spanish fashion. The cathedral and all the principal points of interest were shown to us. The ancient mosque claimed a great deal of our time, the

Shareef being particularly interested in the magnificent buildings erected by his co-religionists when they occupied Spain. All these monuments are so richly described by people possessing literary genius that I will not enter into any details of them. Granada was to receive a passing visit, but Ramadan, the fasting month, was at hand, and the Shareef preferred to regain Tangier as early as possible, so to Cadiz we went instead, and, after staying there about forty-eight hours, we chartered a steamer and landed safe and sound in Morocco.

I think the Shareef enjoyed his Spanish visit extremely. That he was conversant with the language was also a great advantage. There is much in the Spaniard that recalls the Moor, and among the lower classes the similarity is most striking. In dancing, so many of the movements are common to both nations, and in singing, the clap-hand accompaniment, the prevalence of airs in the minor key, and often a few bars of the music can be traced either to Moor or Spaniard. The Moor has a very high-flown imagination, and the Spaniard is not far behind, and when they quarrel both shriek and howl in such a manner that the least to be expected from the great excitability is murder, but half-an-hour after all is cooled down, and no doubt the affair has often been of the most trivial kind.

The demonstrations on landing were even more pronounced than ever, and it was with a sigh of relief that I reached home to escape from our well-meaning friends. My baby was now better, though his delicate state of health concerned me day and night. I was over-anxious, I suppose, and refused to join the hunting parties to which my husband was so devoted. Another flying visit to Ceuta was made in the early part of 1878, and was as enjoyable as the former one. A new governor made no difference in our reception at that quaint little Spanish town. Going and returning we had plenty of sport in the Angera Hills, and the children benefited by the fortnight's camp-life. On our return I left the children for a day or two and went out pig-sticking with an English party headed by Sir John Drummond Hay. The Shareef seldom failed to make one of the party when these pleasant entertainments were organised, and became acquainted with many officers of the Gibraltar garrison in consequence. It was the first time I could leave my babies, for the younger was so delicate during his teething.

It was while my husband was away on one of these shooting expeditions that I beheld an apparition. Both children slept in my room when their father was absent. The younger was restless in his cot at my side. The elder was in my bed. About 1.30 A.M. I was dozing, and thought I would just give another look at the child. Finding him in a nice sleep, I thought I could settle down, when all at once a bright star seemed to be hovering over the chimney-piece. I had put out the candle and only a night-light remained. I looked again, and this light moved toward the foot of my bed, gliding along quite slowly, and then stopped. I looked again, trembling from head to foot, when suddenly the form of a man appeared. It was a venerable face with a long white beard. The body was wrapped in a white garment, draped over the shoulders (haik is the Moorish name); the forehead and head were indistinguishable, as though a mist surrounded them. I took the baby into my bed and covered both children and myself under the bedclothes. I wanted to call out, but feared to awaken the children. Then a little courage came to me, so I peeped to see if there was really anything, when I saw the apparition pass through the locked door. After it had disappeared, I lighted the candle and made a tour of inspection, which revealed nothing. I could not sleep, and was very glad when daylight appeared. I told no one, fearing to scare my English nurse, and not knowing how the Moors would take my statement. When the Shareef returned from his hunting expedition I related all that had happened, naturally expecting him to sympathise with me, but instead, in a very calm way, he replied, "Oh, did you see him? It is my father. I often see him, so don't be alarmed if he comes another time." A few nights after I was translating Rohlf's book on Wazan, and the Shareef had fallen asleep, when the same apparition again occurred. I called my husband to look, forgetting his injunction not to speak unless spoken to. All he did was just to look and turn over, and soon he was fast asleep.

As a general rule after he was in bed I read to him for a while the newspapers he was particularly interested in, and as he had a most retentive memory, conversation with Europeans on different subjects was facilitated. The numerical strength of European armies and navies he knew well, and always followed the political affairs of France and Spain.

When my English nurse left me to be married, I took a French woman who had been with a French representative at Tangier, and both the little boys soon spoke French and English well, and naturally Arabic, before the elder was eight years old. In 1880 I engaged an English governess, and was fortunate in finding a lady who was most capable, and a little after two years was sorry to part with her, as relations in New Zealand sent for her. I was equally fortunate in finding a successor, who remained for nearly four years, and then she too left me to be married to a gentleman who is now a colonel in the Spanish army. For some time letters were exchanged between myself and a little son of my husband's by a former marriage. He wrote asking to come to Tangier. It was only by accident I found out his existence, and immediately wished to bring him, but the Shareef remarked he was better with his mother, and that his elder half-brothers had charge of him, so I contented myself with sending him goodies and toys. Then, as time went on, there were requests for clothes and other things. I felt more and more sorry for the boy growing up without knowing his father, and it pained me to reflect that for my sake this child was kept away from him. The Shareef was always very reticent when I broached the subject, possibly because he did not realise that my offer was genuine, and thought it a passing fancy to please him. Twice the boy started from Wazan on his own account for Tangier. At last the Shareef sent for him, and his delight at seeing me was that of a greeting of a long-lost friend. I treated the boy as my own, but, strange as it may seem, my husband appeared jealous, or whatever it was, if he thought I favoured his son more than our own. He considered Muley Ali and Muley Ahmed, my boys, so much more than this son of his of nine years old. I made no difference between them, and the Shareef never suggested that I should. He was kind to him, but I felt an inexplicable something in the air where he was concerned. The boy's intelligence was remarkable. In eighteen months he read and spoke English fairly well, gained a smattering of Spanish, and continued his Arabic studies with my children's tutor. He was, however, always in scrapes of some kind or other, and I had no bed of roses with him. As he got rather out of bounds, I wondered what I should do; for his example was not what I would wish my sons to imitate. Still I kept silent and never exposed his delinquencies to his father.

At length the French Minister proposed that the boy should be sent to the Lycée at Algiers, so I prepared the Shareef for the proposition. I hoped to send my own boys later, and thought by obtaining consent for this step-son I should create a precedent, thereby solving any difficulties in the future education of my boys. I was rather reticent about approaching the subject first of all, though I soon found I had no need to be, for the Shareef simply replied, "Do what you think best. I only wish I was young enough to be admitted; I would go to-morrow."

In due time the French Minister arranged everything. The question then arose, who was to take the boy to Algiers. Naturally his father should have done so, but it was not convenient for him to leave Morocco, and I little thought he would permit me to travel without him. Considering it would be a poor compliment to the Algerian Government to send his son alone, the Shareef arranged that I should go with a suitable escort. I visited Tlemcen again, and received a hearty welcome from the inhabitants. From there we went on to Algiers, had one or two interviews with the Governor-General, and completed arrangements at the Lycée, making the acquaintance of the particularly nice head master and his wife, who interested herself immensely in the pupils, especially those whose homes lay at a distance. My step-son, Muley Thami, liked her immensely. He remained at the Lycée four years, gained prizes every year, and learned to speak and write French correctly. He was in a fair way to distinguish himself.

Every Easter I went to see him and take him about for his holidays, either to Constantine or Tlemcen, and on one occasion to Hammam Bougrarah, near Marnia. For certain reasons he left the Lycée, and took more wine or perhaps other things than was good for him. He became an inveterate smoker, and seemed likely to ruin his health altogether. From being most docile in character he went to the other extreme. I found he could not be managed at home, so a course of army discipline was suggested. That failed, and he was sent to Wazan, where drink ruined him mentally, and during his father's lifetime he was incarcerated for over a year, so violent had he become.

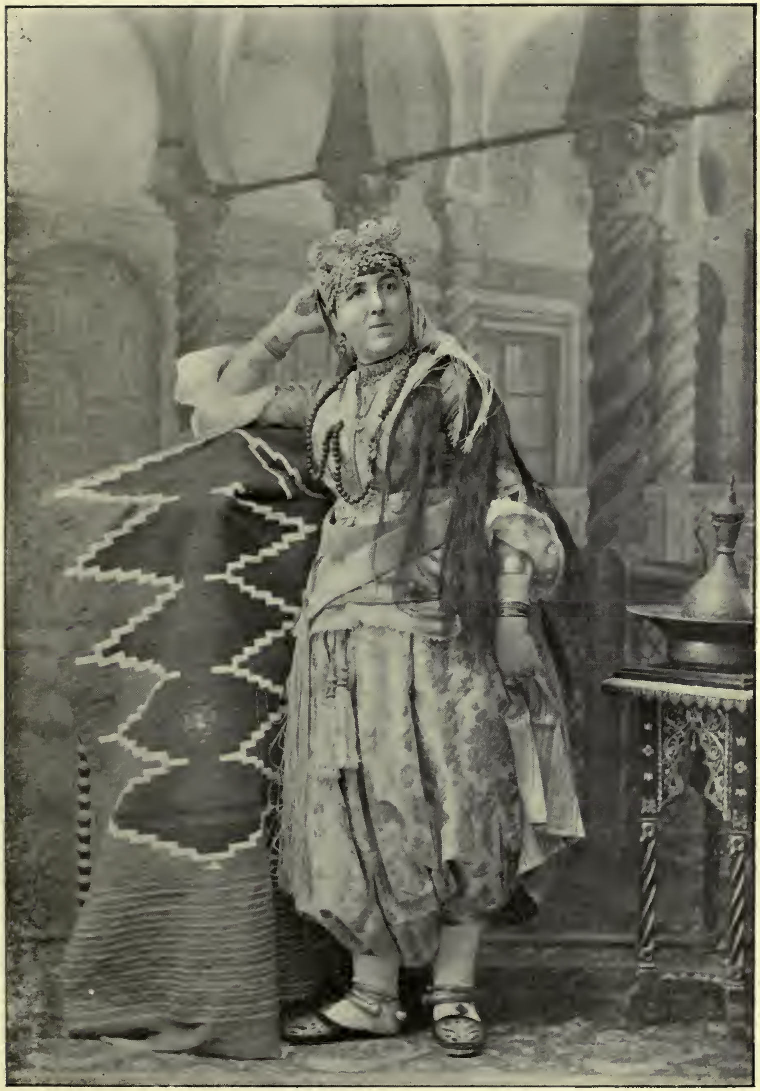
After his father's death he was sent to an asylum in France, where he remains to this day a helpless imbecile. The strangest thing was that for all his changes he never was wanting in respect to me, and I have disarmed him many a time when others were afraid to approach him. I went to see him in France with my eldest son. He immediately recognised me, but on any reference to Wazan or the family he professed his ignorance of it all, and would have nothing to say to his half-brother. Until later years, I never learned that he was not over-well treated at Wazan by his half-brothers there. He had been left to the tender mercies of retainers, from whom he learnt the habit of drink, the fearful curse which has had the disastrous effect of crushing and ruining a life which might have been a brilliant one.

CHAPTER X

THE MOORISH TABLE

In a few years after my marriage when I had learned to speak Arabic fairly well, I thought it better to get in touch with the Moorish ladies. I now knew their manners and customs. Continual daily visits from one or the other were rather inconvenient, as they came at all hours, so I suggested that every Friday I would be at home. I felt rather strange in my European dress, so I decided to have some native costumes for these occasions. The delight of my guests on seeing me thus attired can be imagined. Compliments were numerous, and I was pleased to give them so much pleasure. Conversation with a Moorish lady is very difficult to maintain. Once the health of the family is inquired after, or admiration expressed for a new dress or handkerchief, there is little more to say. But scandal is rife among them, and confidences are many. They are possessed also of an exceptionally vivid imagination, which is not surprising, for the Moorish nation from highest to lowest possesses this gift. Past and future marriages or possible engagements come in for their share of discussion. Perhaps some one was ill-dressed at a wedding or some other function, or had displayed "airs and graces." These shortcomings fell under the ban of the assembled company. Each one would have her say, and often such chatter ensued that nothing could be distinguished of the subject under discussion.

Moorish ladies in general are very observant, and their criticisms of visitors are most remarkable, be they sisters or of another nationality. To accommodate my Moorish lady visitors, the room was arranged *à la Mauresque*, viz. with mattresses covered with sheets and coloured muslin, and plenty of multi-coloured silk cushions were strewn about. I had my own negress to bring in the tea, which is served first, after the musicians have duly sung and played. Dinner follows about an hour or less after. Fatimah, dressed in gala costume, brings in a low table, and her second follows her when she returns with a tray laden with tiny cups and saucers, in the centre of which are two teapots, to be used for black and green tea respectively. On another small table is a tray containing two tea receptacles, or caddies. These may be of glass, silver, or ordinary tin canisters. A large glass bowl or dish containing about two pounds or more of sugar, a glass containing mint, lemon, verbena, wild thyme, or some other herb, a glass or any fancy box containing slips of scented wood, a plated or brass incense-burner, two plated scent-sprinklers, containing rose and orange flower water, and a tumbler with a long-handled silver spoon in it, and also used as slop-basin, complete the equipment. This tray is on a line with the one containing the cups and saucers. Next, Fatimah arrives with a hissing samovar, and her second enters with a brass tray, which she places on the floor to receive the samovar. To the right of the tea-maker is yet another tray with native cakes and a basket with native biscuits, and later, I introduced European biscuits as I had introduced the black tea. This last, though



THE SHAREEFA OF WAZAN IN ALGERIAN COSTUME.

much objected to at first, is more used in Tangier, and to a great extent in Fez, than green, and as for European biscuits, no function is complete without them to-day.

The process of tea-making is this: A handful of green tea is thrown into the pot and well rinsed with boiling water; then the herb chosen is put in, and sugar in lumps fills the pot. Boiling water is now added, and the concoction is allowed to stand for a few seconds. The scum is now removed, and the tea stirred; then the tea-maker, washing her hands previously, pours a little into a cup to taste as to sweetness. Being satisfied, she fills each tiny cup, and Fatimah, with her second, proceeds to distribute the same, the recipient placing it in front of her on the ground, having taken the precaution to spread a muslin handkerchief over her lap beforehand; then the cakes and biscuits are presented. Black tea prepared in the same way is in general use. When all are served, tea-sipping commences, often in a most audible manner. Tea-drinking is accompanied with scent-sprinkling and incense-burning to perfume the clothes. The women eat and drink slowly, and chatter all the time. Three cups and no more are taken. A little rest comes before the passing round of the pretty brass jug and basin for each guest to wash her right hand before dinner is served.

For dinner, large low wooden tables are set before every six or eight guests, and the dishes placed one after the other in the centre. Bread is taken from a basket, broken up, and distributed over the table. With "Bismillah" (in the name of God) a sippet is taken, and some one will part a chicken in suitable pieces in such a dexterous manner that the hand used is only soiled at the finger-tips. Sometimes two persons engage in the operation of dissection, with the same happy result. To refuse a choice bit from a fellow-guest is a great breach of etiquette. Fish is usually served last, otherwise it would give a fishy flavour to succeeding dishes if served first. Soup is a breakfast dish, and is never omitted during Ramadan, the fasting month, the fast being broken by this appetising concoction, excellent of its kind when well prepared, to say nothing of being most nourishing. The Moors call this soup "hurra."

This brings me to another dainty named "couscous," the staple dish of Morocco, made of semolina and fine flour, worked up into pellets of various sizes on flat-edged trays with the palm of the hand, salt and water being added as required with a large wooden spoon. It can be manipulated into granular particles as fine as the finest sago, or as large as a pea. Generally four sizes are used, the finest to eat with young pigeons, or to be served with sugar and milk after butter has been rubbed in. Another size is used to make a dish of chicken or mutton, or to be mixed with sour milk, another to be used in a dish of preserved meat (koleah) and the coarsest is for the soup. When used fresh, it is steamed twice over; butter is rubbed in while the material is steaming hot. The couscous is heaped in a conical form on the dish, on which it has been placed lightly. If for meat or chicken, the cone is depressed, and the meat put in the depression covered with browned onions or vegetables, or both; if for pigeons, they are buried in the dish; if as a sweet, the cone remains. A design is carried out in powdered cinnamon over the couscous, and plenty of powdered sugar is distributed over the whole.

Powdered sugar accompanies this dish in small saucers and glasses of milk fresh or sour.

If couscous is for storage, it is well steamed, dried thoroughly in the sun, and placed in bags or barrels. When required for use, it is well washed and then prepared for a second steaming. In their cooking operations the Moors are, as a general rule, extremely cleanly. Meat and poultry are always washed in at least three waters. In bread-making the arms and hands are always washed with soap and water before the dough is mixed, and wheat is generally washed in two waters and dried before being sent to the mill by those who prefer grinding their own wheat to purchasing flour by pound weight or by the sack. In eating, drinking, or any culinary preparations "Bismillah" is pronounced before operations begin, and on conclusion "El Hamdoulillah" (thanks be to God) is uttered.

In Algeria I noticed a curious custom. A drink of water taken in company is the sign for each individual in the room to say "sahah" (good health). Audible eructations after a meal will provoke the same utterance at Fez and some other parts of Morocco, and a good yawn is not looked upon as a breach of the peace! Teeth are rinsed well after each meal with soap and water and polished with towel or handkerchief, nor is attention to the teeth in public counted indelicate.

CHAPTER XI

MY JOURNEY TO FEZ

Another journey to Ceuta resulted in a lady friend of mine, also governess to the boys, being chosen by the Governor-General's aide-de-camp as his future wife. To-day the colonel and his wife and two children remain among my dearest friends. The betrothal of my step-daughter took place in the early spring of 1882, and towards the summer wedding preparations were begun, for the marriage was to take place in the following October. The Shareef seemed perplexed as to how certain things were to be obtained from Fez, as it was customary for a member of the family to go there on such occasions. The betrothal was an informal affair. The Shareef's aunt arrived from Wazan with a goodly retinue, bringing handsome presents for the bride-elect from the bridegroom-elect, and there was a certain amount of feasting and general rejoicing. While the Shareef's aunt stayed with us, the different items of the trousseau were cut out and prepared for the seamstresses. During the operation the people sang to the rhythm of tom-toms, punctuated with clapping of hands and cries of "zahrits," as each garment was fashioned and sprinkled with aniseed, for good luck. The clothes were then folded up, ready to be handed to the women who were present to take up the caftan, or whatever they were to sew.

The disaffection between the Shareef and his two elder sons by a former marriage still continued, and as I noticed that my husband did not seem inclined to ask them to undertake this journey, I said, half in earnest, "Oh, let me go, and take Muley Ali," then a boy of nine years old. To my utter astonishment he agreed at once, and began preparations for my journey before I had well realised what I had offered to do. Although I was fully aware that Tangier and environs were all so well disposed towards me, I had never taken into consideration whether other places might be so, especially without the Shareef's presence; however, I was not going to retract, come what might, and I entered into the spirit of the forthcoming journey with the greatest alacrity.

Several Europeans, among them some diplomats, remonstrated with me on my supposed foolhardiness. I think all this made me more anxious to go, especially as I was perfectly certain no risks were to be run. He was far too fond of me and of his sons to permit anything of the kind. Europeans suggested that for safety's sake I should assume Moorish garb, but the Shareef opposed that. "All Morocco knows my wife is an Englishwoman, and as such you must travel," said he, so I provided myself with linen riding-habits, and a light cloth one for the auspicious journey.

I left my second boy behind with rather an aching heart, though naturally I knew his father would superintend the care of him quite as well as myself. Then his half-sister, Lalla Heba, the bride-elect, was a host in herself. Nevertheless they both welcomed my return, for father and daughter had worried themselves over their charge, so as to be able to give a clean bill of health on my return. The clean bill was duly presented, with a spoilt child into the bargain.

But I anticipate. The mules, some twenty in number, arrived from Wazan for baggage, and our stables furnished me with six saddle-horses and four mules with their bright scarlet trappings. The Shareef's confidential slave, Mahmoud, was in charge of the animals, and acted as advance guard. My husband's housekeeper waited on me, and the cook and his *aide* came under her supervision at the different halting-places for the night. I was told that ten days, or at most twelve, would find me in Fez, but, alas! one had not counted on the enthusiasm of the people *en route*.

The send-off was imposing. The Shareef accompanied us the first hour's journey, and so did all the notables of Tangier, to say nothing of the crowds of the curious. Drum and fife were heard, and flags were carried by the men from Tuat. Adieux were made, and we rode on after our caravan, which had preceded us, and arrived to find our tents pitched and all prepared for passing the night, four hours from Tangier. I was rather overwhelmed with visitors, who began to arrive soon after our tents had come on the scene. I was so tired out by these well-meaning people that at last I took refuge behind my canvas walls to get a little peace. Chickens, eggs, milk, butter, and a sample of sheep, with flat loaves of bread, barley and straw for the horses and mules, all for love, poured in upon me. Offers of payment would have hurt the susceptibilities of the givers.

Next morning we were up early, and started, as we thought, for a seven hours' ride to the next halting-place. But it was not so written, for soon a deputation arrived, begging us to pass the night in a neighbouring village to give them the blessing on their households and belongings generally. A divergence of route was consequently made. Here was my first experience of a sacrifice, for in the morning a slain sheep was laid at my tent door. On inquiries, I found that some relative of a villager was imprisoned at Fez and my influence was solicited to obtain his release, which I eventually obtained together with freedom for several others.

I need not describe the country I passed through, as it has been so ably done by those who have accompanied diplomatic and other missions. It was only on the ninth day after leaving Tangier that we reached Al K'sar el Kebir, so numerous were the invitations from the natives to tarry awhile, now at this village and now at that. I am sure if we had accepted all, our journey to Fez would have been prolonged beyond endurance. I thought it policy to humour our would-be hosts as far as lay in my power, though it was with no small satisfaction that I saw the deputations from all sects coming to meet us, outside the town walls, for there would be, as I imagined, a two days' rest at Al K'sar for man and beast, during which time pack saddles could be tested, or a mule's missing shoes replaced.

A large Moorish house was placed at my disposal, furnished in native fashion, but I am afraid I showed my bad taste in preferring my camp bedstead to the canopied, heavily curtained, and gorgeous brass bedstead prepared for me. As for the cooked food brought me, an army would have been satisfied. The Basha also sent two sheep, sugar, candles, tea, and barley was not omitted for the animals. The two days spent there were not much of a rest, so much visiting and receiving had to be gone through. Such hospitality was impressive in the extreme, and proved to me the great extent of the Shareef's influence and the high veneration in which he was held by the people.

Al K'sar is noted for the plague of flies in summer and for its extreme heat. There is a Moorish saying that Al K'sar is a furnace in summer, and is drowned in winter. The rivers in the vicinity overflow their banks very often in the rainy season, and people have the unpleasant experience of finding several feet of putrid water about their doors and in their houses for days together when extra heavy rains have fallen.

With difficulty we started on the morning of the third day, forded the river El Lckus, which was at a very low ebb, and one could scarcely realise the sad tales related to me of the winter overflows. I had no intention of visiting Mequinez, but the invitations to halt were so zigzag to the proper route that we saw the town before we had realised its proximity. The usual demonstrations of loyalty to the Wazan family were made by the town magnates, including the Government authorities. Somehow I did not feel at ease there. The houses are depressing; such long dark passages have to be traversed to reach the inhabited portion of the home. The people were most genial, but an entirely different class of people to those in Al K'sar or Fez. Nevertheless, they were most hospitable, and I was taken to visit many gardens, which came as a relief after the suffocating town. Not far from Mequinez, I came across some remnants of Si Sliman's tribe. They were delighted to see me, and said their dream was to return; but, alas! they had not the means, and, having intermarried and made new ties, I believe they remain there still.

The heat was telling upon us all, and I hurried away from Mequinez in spite of protestations of my hosts, hoping to reach Fez in not more than two days. Muley Ali called Mequinez a prison, and once on our journey he began to revive in spirits and regain his appetite. He cantered gaily ahead, and before long returned announcing we could go no further. The escort of Mequinez, consisting of the same people as when we entered the town, could scarcely have reached home, when several horsemen came on the scene to escort us to their village. Powder-play commenced, and the progress of our caravans was slow. "Where is your village?" I inquired. "Just over that hillock," was the reply, but that hillock did not seem to get nearer; possibly the one I saw was not the one I imagined they pointed out to me. Suddenly more people appeared, and our animals were led in a direction that was certainly not towards Fez. Our guides remonstrated in vain, saying the people were not to be trusted; the Beni M'Tir were known to be a treacherous lot. I begged my retainers to be calm as the odds were against us, and more than probable they meant no harm.

My escort consisted of about forty men of our own, and about twenty others who had joined *en route* just for the sake of getting to their destinations safely. I suffered mentally, and visions of all sorts of horrors surged in my brain. I learned all the saints' names at Wazan, and thought that in case of emergency I could pacify the people by invoking them if necessity arose. Soon we arrived at a place half a mile from a village in a wood where the brushwood was very high, and innumerable olive trees grew in the vicinity. It was cool and quiet, and, but for misgivings as to future intentions, I should have thought that we had found an ideal camping ground. Our guides were inclined to remonstrate in a bellicose fashion. Knowing these people were not to be trusted, I begged them all to be calm, and not to anticipate treacherous intentions. The Beni M'Tir men allowed no one to unpack, and put up our tents in no time, and although they were rather puzzled over mine, they eventually arranged it quite correctly. Then came the luggage to be distributed, and our people pointed out the different belongings. Our men were not to work, they said, as they were guests. Steaming hot food arrived, consisting of couscous, chickens, meat, and flat loaves of bread, then eggs, milk, oil, butter, live chickens, and a sheep, together with barley and straw for the horses and mules. In the evening the women of the village came; some bore banners and basins of milk (symbol of peace), and entertained us with dancing and singing. Their "zahrits" is different to that of other places, being produced by the tongue, whereas elsewhere it comes from the top of the throat. Their language was a Berber dialect. I did not let Muley Ali out of my sight, and when they were returning to the village all passed in a most orderly Indian file before our tent door, kissing our hands or heads and asking the blessing.

At night a guard of twenty-four men was told off, and the noise they made until daybreak was appalling. Our men began to prepare to take the road, and their dismay was great when the villagers prevented them. A deputation arrived at my tent, and after much argument I had to give in, whereupon my female Moorish attendant declared she smelt treachery, and wept copiously. As the day grew, my people gained more confidence, and threw off their rather sullen attitude with the people. Before evening they were chums, and though the night was as noisy as the preceding one, all slept from sheer exhaustion. Next morning the headman and his fellow-villagers came, struck the tents, helped to load the baggage animals, bringing so much offering in kind that even with two extra mules they lent us all could not be taken. There was an escort of about twenty men, all well mounted on gaudy saddles. They were sorry we would not remain longer, but naturally if "Sidi" had fixed our entry into Fez for a certain day, Sidi's wishes must be adhered to, and so forth. Whereupon a dirty bag was put in front of Muley Ali, and was found to contain one hundred dollars, representing the tribe's offering to "Dar de Mana." Soon after starting, powder-play began on the road. According as the width of the path allows, so many horsemen form a line abreast, and at a given signal all start, holding a loaded gun high above their heads. The pace increases, the reins are loosened, the gun lowered, and all fire simultaneously. Then the reins are gathered up quickly, and the horses' progress so quickly arrested that they are thrown almost on their haunches. The horses enjoy the game almost as much as the men. How these wild people worshipped my little boy, and when they left us it was with much reluctance, for they returned again and again to kiss his clothes.

The whole journey from Tangier to Fez was one of adoration of the chief, and further taught me the immense prestige enjoyed by the Wazan family, and particularly by my husband; also his father, Sidi el Hadj Alarbi, who was even more highly regarded. I gained more real knowledge of the family on this journey than in the ten years I had resided in Tangier. I found numerous shrines in many parts of the country we traversed. These consist of a simple stone circlet where people went to pray for God's assistance in sickness or trouble. Some of these circlets stood where my late father-in-law's litter had rested, or where he had encamped for the night on his various journeys to the Court of Muley Abdurhaman, great-grandfather to the present Sultan. Our kinsman's good offices were in much request at that period to assure a safe passage for the Sultan and his army when passing through turbulent districts. Many are the fantastic legends with regard to his mystical power, accepted down to this day as a reality. Certainly the coincidences were extraordinary in some cases. My husband used his influence in the same direction after his father's demise, but gradually deserted the Court when he perceived it was probable that some day he might find himself constituted a State prisoner on account of his European leanings. After the Spanish war, the Shareef raised a regiment of his retainers, put them into uniform, and drilled them with the aid of some Spanish prisoners he had at Wazan. This proceeding caused great commotion at Court, and was assigned to other reasons than mere amusement. If then he had really contemplated that movement, nothing would have been easier. A word from him and all the tribes would have rallied around him. Nevertheless he considered his spiritual position a higher one than any actual temporal one; then, too, he was influenced by the old saying: "From us it cannot be, but without us it cannot be." The ceremony of crowning a Moorish Sultan is represented by the mounting of the elected Sultan, generally at Muley Dris of Zarhoun, on which occasion, in presence of notabilities, the Grand Shareef of Wazan (or a deputy of the same family) holds the stirrup for the Sultan to mount. Also on the proclamation of a new Sultan, when the Beiha, or Act of Proclamation, is signed to that effect at the town governor's, if a Shareef of Wazan is resident in that town he is invited to sign first, followed by the Kadi, the Basha, and so on.

Later on in life the Shareef, yielding to certain propositions made by Europeans, was inclined to entertain the idea of making some attempt to secure secular power, but after mature reflection he rejected the project as impracticable. The old motto was against him, and though not of a superstitious nature he gave the legend full weight in his counsel. He was anxious, however, to see many reforms carried out in the country, and was always advocating roads and bridges as the first step towards prosperity. Everything else would follow in due course, he argued. His suggestions were all misinterpreted, and they said at Court that he was preparing for the European.

Company promoters of different nations were never slow to visit the Shareef, and generally I was called upon to interpret their suggestions. Nothing ever came of the matters discussed, for the rather strained relations between the Moorish Court and my husband did not permit of any realisations of the different schemes had they been feasible; but oftener than not at that period they were sheer impossibilities. A bogus company once flattered the Shareef to such an extent that he almost came to disastrous terms with them. Within only an hour of his signing the contract did I learn the full nature of the disadvantageous transaction, the details of which I must leave to a later chapter.

CHAPTER XII

MY EXPERIENCES IN FEZ

On the twenty-seventh day after leaving Tangier we entered Fez, our escort from Ben M'Tir having made their adieux about ten or twelve miles before reaching the city. Several people met us about three miles from Fez, and as we neared there the numbers increased, until the crowds at the gates much impeded our progress. There were groups of Fezzis, Filallia, Tuumma, Taibians, Aissouwas, Hammasha, all with their different musical instruments and banners. The Tuumma are followers of Mulai Thaumi, brothers of Mulai Taibe, ancestors of the Wazan family, and in the popular regard great saints. The Taibians, followers of Mulai Taibe, are the most powerful religious sect in Morocco. They all chanted, and it was with great difficulty we reached the house in a nice garden which had been retained for our accommodation. In the cortège I remained slightly behind; Muley Ali took the first place, naturally, surrounded by his retainers, and from my position I could see and enjoy the sight so much more.

On all sides the people shouted, "Thank God that Sidi el Hadj Abdeslam has remembered us by sending his son," with other moving ejaculations so heartily given by the adherents to the sect of Muley Taibe in particular, of which the Shareef was spiritual chief—a pontiff in fact. His supremacy was acknowledged by almost every sect in Morocco.

Amid the din of native music, powder-play, the procession of priests with multi-coloured banners, and under a scorching sun, we entered the portals of the city of Fez. Across the plains outside Fez the journey seemed interminable; nevertheless that on the other side of the gates was even more tedious. Arriving at a house in a garden that had been retained for us, I thought here one would surely get a little rest, but no, the crowds forced themselves in, and once inside the patio there was no moving the masses. The terraces were crowded with veiled women, so that if one approached any of the windows, of which there were four to the apartment, one was the observed of all observers. The tomb of Muley Dris was almost in a direct line from the house, and one looked down on the vast city. "Zahrits" continued for some time, announcing some further contingent of women from different quarters, a fashion of expressing welcome never omitted by the women of Morocco.

At last people began to disperse. Many had left gifts of tea, coffee, and cakes, and afterwards many dishes were brought. The musicians installed themselves in a room below, and it was among them I heard a tenor who would have rivalled Sims Reeves. The Shareef's voice was of beautiful timbre, but this man went one better. What a fortunate fellow he would have been if a European training could have been accorded him! Many a time I asked him to sing to me unaccompanied, and, though shy, Er-rhossi, for so he was named, would comply with my request. Once I was installed deputations came daily, most fatiguing on account of the torrid heat. Then I had to see jewellers to order earrings, large hooped ones of gold with five pendants, each ornamented with coral beads; such a weight, I should imagine, for the ears. I also ordered a pearl necklace of fifteen strands. These are bought by weight, and are arranged with no idea of regularity of size, though the colour is taken into consideration. As a mass the necklace is most effective, especially when supplemented by another to outline it in gold, almost like a lot of fishes, which hang on small pieces of fantastic designs, or the contrasting necklace a black one interspersed with seed pearls. The black necklace is made of a composition of amber, musk, and many other sweet-scented ingredients, mixed into a paste with rose and orange water, which is then moulded into various shapes, pierced, and exposed to the sun to dry and harden. When well made with the best ingredients the perfume lasts for years. I had next to choose gold bracelets and anklets and several rings, all of native manufacture. Then I had to see brocaded silks, silk haiks, the enormous belt of gold thread and variegated silk embroidered thereon, velvet slippers embroidered in gold thread, coloured leather ones, a crimson scarf with threads of gold, another called the cloth of gold, and the veil, which is really more like a scarf, of raw silk woven in cross-bar fashion. Next came the Haitis, the native wall-coverings, in crimson and green cloth, and mattress covers of red cloth. Rouge and incense wood were not forgotten, also some native scents. Silk handkerchiefs of all colours for the head, and many cloths in muslin and calico, embroidered most exquisitely in black, brown, pink, red, and green, were among the things I had to choose. Many things enumerated above were presents from the people of Fez; nevertheless my purchases were extensive. Cooking utensils in brass and copper, and some trays all had to be chosen, to say nothing of odds and ends, to me of no utility whatever.

The number of slippers in gold thread and velvet embroidery and the Moorish pottery would make a goodly show in a shop window. Many valuable presents were made to Muley Ali and myself. I was overwhelmed with invitations, sometimes three and four functions in a day. The nights were most sultry, and sleep at times was impossible. One longed for a punkah, for fanning seemed to increase one's discomfort. In going to all functions the Tuats form the bodyguard, and they always contribute largely to the trousseau of the daughter of the Grand Shareef of Wazan. They are called the "Abeeds of Dar de Mana," or slaves of the Great Sanctuary. On a change of Sultan the firman is reserved exempting them from tribute, and should any of them die possessed of property and leaving no heirs, the same reverts to the House of Wazan. My wedding-ring is made from a small nugget brought by the Tuats to the Shareef at the time of my marriage, and the circlet used at the actual ceremony I made into a gem ring. The Tuats' ring has my husband's name engraved on it, and since he put it on it has never left my finger. At the period of which I am writing the Tuats were a wealthy colony, but times are changed since then, and I doubt if much tribute would be forthcoming to-day for a Shareefa of Wazan's trousseau. Everything in Morocco is deteriorating, and lamentations for the good old times are heard from every section of the people, no matter what their station in life.

The Basha of Fez was a strong adherent to the Taibian sect, and he wanted to demonstrate his professions of devotion by providing a great fête in Muley Ali's honour. The child could not accept the invitation without my company, for strict injunctions from his father did not permit him to go alone. The old Basha was afraid my presence might be taken adversely, and a consultation of notables was held at which the question was mooted: "Is it lawful to see another Moslem's wife?" The result was favourable. On the appointed day, escorted by a large retinue, with chants and native music and banner-bearers, we wended our way on horseback to the Basha's residence. He received us personally at the entrance. The Basha was a curious-looking individual, of short stature. He wore an immense turban above very bleared eyes, and he was surrounded by a lot of functionaries and slaves. He reverently kissed Muley Ali's hands, and saluted a number of well-known Shareefs who were with us. To me he gave the ordinary salute, and led the way into a large hall, which was sumptuously furnished in true Moorish style. The musicians were already in their place. On a slightly raised daïs stood a long deal table covered with a sheet. It was an eyesore in this lovely tessellated and arcaded hall. Two arm-chairs were provided, and two or three ordinary rush-bottomed ones. When I elected to sit on the mattresses a murmur of approval went round, but the Basha planted himself in an arm-chair, and looked everywhere but in my direction. Every now and again he would send to inquire if I were comfortable and whether I would like more cushions, all the time personally ignoring my presence.

Tea-trays were presided over by different persons, that for our delectation by one of our own suite. From our table the Basha was served.

After an hour or so the tea-things were removed and a scuffling arose. I wondered what was going to happen. Every one looked towards the doorway, but it was only the luncheon being set down in the passage as the different dishes arrived on wooden tables, with covers (made of dyed straw, or palmetto fibre stained to form patterns) of beehive shape. The Khalifa then invited us to be seated at the most uncomfortable table, too high for the chairs. Steel knives and forks were provided, and huge goblets to drink from. There were also some plates, but no one knew how to wait, and a general muddle ensued. How much more would the meal have been enjoyed had we sat on the mattresses and used Nature's cutlery. However, the thirty-two courses were all placed before us, some to be tasted, others to be partaken of more seriously. Wooden spoons were provided for the couscous, and we finished up with water and other melons, then in profusion at Fez.

When all had duly washed their hands, the Basha asked me to visit the ladies and take coffee with them. He led the way across the hall and unlocked a door, through which my boy and I passed, and two or three women I had in attendance on me. I remarked that before the people the Basha did not condescend to notice me, but once the portal closed he became another man. He put a host of questions to me with regard to Europe, and asked me to explain the telegraph to him, and some illustrated paper which was very ancient. The ladies were most gorgeously dressed and weighed down with jewels. Some had a form of head-dress that made them look as though they had horns, and when they stood up, one almost thought the weight must throw them on their backs. Their gait under this load was not graceful, as you saw they must balance their bodies to support this extraordinary adornment to the head. The Basha took it for granted that I must have a knowledge of medicine, and explained his troubles almost too minutely. His eyes were in a state of chronic ophthalmia; granulation was thick, and I told him I would give him an eye-wash to reduce the inflammation. The ladies' conversation related principally to their ailments, and particularly requested amulets, written for them then and there by Muley Ali. When the coffee was brought, the first cup was tasted by one of the women, and when all the cups were filled the Basha took the first. At the same time were handed round some almond paste sweets, fashioned as fruit or vegetable. These sweets were flavoured and coloured to resemble their prototype, and if the shapes were queer, nevertheless they made not unpleasant eating. The Sultan's sweetmeat is the name given to this production.

I made several attempts to retire, and at last succeeded, after promising to visit them on my next visit to Fez, a promise which I did not keep, as the Basha had gone over to the majority, and his household was dispersed before I again visited the city. I received many gifts, principally slippers, and the Basha gave Muley Ali one hundred dollars. Several jars of cakes and sweetmeats were sent after me. On my return to the hall the signal for departure was made, and the same ceremonies were observed as on entering. We mounted, and the Tuats and others conducted us through crowds of the curious, who had assembled along our route. My purchases being completed, I sorted those for Wazan, and sent them on to await our arrival there, and others I took to Tangier. Animals and saddles were again overhauled. This took a few days, during which people invited us to their different gardens outside the town. I also visited the potter, and was fascinated with his handicraft. I then saw the decorators at work on the pottery and the baking process. I went also to the silk looms, and watched a belt of silk and gold in process of making, to the handkerchief and haik looms, all most primitive, and to the oil press and soap factories. Soft-soap was in general use at that time, and is now generally used for laundry work and cleaning. I also went to Blidah (three miles from Fez) to visit a noted Wazan Shareef, a personal friend of the late Sultan, Muley Hassan, and one who highly appreciated my husband and was his cousin. The enthusiasm of this household was equal to that of any place I had visited. On leaving, I found at the door a handsome black horse, which was then presented to me by the Shareef, Sidi Dris of Blidah el Wazanni. A suggestion that I should not ride him created in me the desire to do so at once, and I quickly had my saddle transferred to the animal, and mounted. So alarmed was the Shareef at my action that, in spite of the number of people with me, he ordered some of his retainers to accompany me back to my lodgings in Fez, for fear of any mishap occurring on the road. Certainly the lovely creature had never carried a lady, and more than probably had never seen one in his four years of existence. He was frolicsome and reared a little, but at that time of my life I was not easily disconcerted by restive animals. I had had some experience of them in the south of Oran, when on the Si Sliman ben Kaddour mission. Unfortunately the horse never calmed down, and was never to be trusted. He seemed to become more and more vicious, though I rode him from Fez to Tangier. One morning I went as usual to the stables and found his stall empty, and thought perhaps he had gone for exercise. I asked the grooms, and the reply was, "I don't know." I went to my husband and, bursting into tears, explained my loss. Instead of sympathising he replied, "I'm not tired of you, and our children are too young to be left motherless." A quieter beast soon replaced "M'barak," but to-day I regret his mysterious departure.

CHAPTER XIII

MY VISIT TO WAZAN

We had a brilliant send-off from Fez, Shorfa and others accompanying us a long distance. I need not repeat my experiences of the return, which were analogous to those of the up journey. As we approached Tangier acquaintances began to crop up, and a couple of miles from the town we found the Shareef with a large retinue, music, banners, and plenty of gunpowder. No reception was complete without the last, and the amount expended over powder-play by horse and foot gauged the amount of heartiness in a reception. We were all very much bronzed, and the Shareef to tease Muley Ali inquired the price I had given for the handsome little nigger. A lot of bantering went on between father and son, and one could see with what delight the Shareef welcomed us back. Muley Ahmed was there looking as bonnie as could be, and very glad to see his mother again. He was hoping we should spend a night in camp to give him his first experience of sleeping in a tent, but we told him that in a few weeks he would have that pleasure for a longer time.

For a few days the visits of welcome continued, and for seven days morning and evening the native band played for an hour each day. Meantime preparations for Lalla Heba's wedding festival were being pushed on apace. The handsome brocaded dresses sent to be embroidered and made at Tetuan arrived.

That town-place is noted for its exquisite workmanship in gold and silver thread; indeed it is not rivalled in Morocco. Lace over-dresses with voluminous sleeves worn over the silk caftan, and also under-sleeves of the same size, some over-dresses of coloured muslin, dresses, over-dresses, and under linen are all made the same shape. To give an idea, take a piece of material about two and a quarter yards long—the width should be from shoulder to shoulder about twenty-four inches—double the material to form back and front of dress; at the fold is cut the neck. Silk and cloth dresses open down the centre. Cut four gores to be sewn two at each side as high as the waist, and two gores to be let into the bottom of the centre piece of material. These should be about three-quarters the length of the side gores; the arm-holes reach from shoulder nearly to waist, and require correspondingly large sleeves. Fold a piece of material about twenty-two inches wide, and put in two gores at the bottom part, the peak to point downwards, where the sleeve is turned back over the arm. The gore-peaks serve to tie same behind the back. Silk, muslin, and cotton handkerchiefs by the dozen and of every combination of colours were provided, and the women of the household too were busy preparing or having prepared gala costumes, and vied with each other as to whom the palm should be given. The Shareef left some ten days before us to send his son, Muley Mohammed, with a large escort, so that the bride-elect's entry to Wazan should be befitting her rank. The Tangier ladies came in contingents to take leave of Lalla Heba. She was an immense favourite among them, and one and all brought wedding presents. Never shall I forget the hurry and scramble to get off. I thought all was arranged quite nicely, but to start some thirty Moorish women on a journey is a matter no European can ever understand. There is no idea of order. The excitement makes them beside themselves. They will squabble about nothing at a critical moment, and you never get one mounted on saddle or pack but what she will find fault with her seat a few minutes after. Perhaps some have never ridden before, and at the first movement of the mule will come a cropper in a most undignified manner. Then, when the litter was brought to the door for Lalla Heba to travel in with a maid of honour, the doorway being well draped to prevent her being seen, the members of the household fell to tears and lamentations, many expressing real sorrow, while others joined in with hysterical cries. Once the cortège made a move, the "zahrits" was heard from the house, and was taken up by outsiders far along the route. Muley Mohammed had strict orders to be in Wazan on the afternoon of the third day. I think we left on a Saturday at 7 A.M., reaching Wazan the following Monday at 2 P.M. Such a hurried journey! The children did a part of it on pack saddles with a Moor to guard them, so they could enjoy a sleep when desired. The enthusiasm displayed by the different villagers *en route* was most hearty, and various presents in kind, mostly cows and sheep, were offered. Muley Mohammed, the Shareef's second son, led the cavalcade, and all had to keep up in the best way they could.

I suppose we were about 200 souls all told. The Shareef met us about an hour's journey from Wazan with a brilliant retinue of Shorfa, and the powder was made to speak as only Wazannis know how to do that portion of the welcome. From Tangier to Wazan they had not been remiss in their efforts to make as much noise as possible, and the wonder is that serious accidents did not occur, for they ram into the guns large measures of gunpowder, without regard to the capacity. I should think about 2000 people were assembled in Wazan. One was jammed in on all sides. Personally, I felt my horse being led forcibly, and saw the Shareef beckoning to me. Amid shouting and screaming I reached him. "Now follow me," he said. "The children will be safe and enjoy the scene." We slipped in among some gardens and over hedges at such a pace that only a few retainers kept up with us, and they, poor creatures, were completely exhausted when we arrived at the Sultan's garden, which was to be my quarters during my visit to the holy city of Wazan. I was at a loss to grasp the reason of this extraordinary race for life, and, as usual, my imagination conjured up all sorts of impossible things. I was off my horse before I knew where I was, so to speak, and to the Shareef's "Come quickly" I rushed along, up a staircase on to a roof, where a lovely panorama was before me—all Wazan, and yonder the bride-elect's procession with wavering banners, native music, and the multitudes in gala costume! As for powder-play it never ceased.

The Shareef thought I would rather be a spectator than participate in the bride's entry; for the two miles' journey from Kusherine to Wazan took over three hours. I was, however, anxious for my boys, fearing they would be tired out; but no, they arrived as fresh as possible and ready for some more fun here. The Sultan's garden is so named in consequence of its presentation by a Shareefa of Wazan to a Sultan of Morocco, to whom she was married. It proved an unhappy union, and she was divorced years after. Sid Abdurhaman, Sultan of Morocco and great-grandfather of the reigning Sultan, presented the ground to my father-in-law, Sidi el Hadj Abdeslam, and it came naturally to my husband, but the appellation has not been changed to this day. When the populace had somewhat quieted down, I went into the town to see the bride-elect, who was lodged at her cousin's house, and also the Shareef's first wife, who had been divorced several years even before I appeared in Tangier. I found Lalla Heba in some very nice apartments, though naturally very tired; so, after making the usual inquiries and compliments, I prepared myself for the ordeal of meeting the much-venerated Shareefa. Women collected at all corners, until the crowds impeded my crossing over to the doorway opposite from whence I had come. At last with a great deal of hustling, screeching, and some not over-polite language one to the other, they made a passage, and I was precipitated almost into the arms of a tall, masculine-looking woman of some sixty summers, with a kindly smile and manner. She took my face between her hands, looked at me, kissed me on both cheeks, and begged me to look upon her as my mother. I then left, as the next day was assigned for formal visits to all the Shorfa at the Zowia, or sanctuary.

Returning to the Sultan's garden, I was followed by a procession of women carrying sugar, tea, candles, flour, semolina, couscous, and even cooking utensils made of earthenware. I stood at the end of a long gallery, and the women filed past, kissing my hand and depositing their several offerings. Fruit, vegetables, chickens, and eggs were not forgotten, so it was apparent I was not to starve during my visit to Wazan.

Then I had to receive different messengers sent by the Shorfa to assure me I was very welcome, and on the morrow I returned all these visits made by proxy. The ladies of the sanctuary never go beyond its precincts, except in times of great emergency, and even then in the dead of night, and woe betide a man who is found outside his house at such a moment.

My first visit on the morrow was a formal one to this much-venerated Shareefa, whom I will style Divorcée No. 1. She was my husband's first cousin, and many, many years his senior. In spite of the glimpse I had had of her, I confess to feeling nervous about my reception, and my courage rather failed me when I set out with a retinue of Moorish women, such as would have been the case had I belonged to the family as regards rank and religion, for I had exactly the same honours that a Moslem wife would expect. I suggested to my husband that I should don my Moorish dress, thinking it would be more of a compliment to my hostess, but the Shareef would not listen to me, and said he preferred his people to know me as an Englishwoman, and also that I would command more respect attired as such. From the Sultan's garden to the Zowia, or sanctuary, is less than ten minutes' walk, but the women accumulated to such an extent that by the time I reached the Shareefa's an entrance was impossible, a passage having to be forced, for I was hemmed in back and front. I was perfectly bewildered by the time I reached the vestibule, and had to push and scramble in order to get into the house. Once through the first doorway, it was closed by some means, and the greater part of the surging crowd remained outside. I arrived at last at my destination, through another door into a large hall, or patio, filled with women of all classes. The patio was surrounded with arcades, very lofty and open to the skies, and hundreds of pigeons flew about. My arrival was the signal for the "zahrits," or joy-cry, and for native music, supplemented by a drum performed on by a woman with all the strength she possessed. She produced a reserve instrument when one split.

Amid the uproar came forward the tall, gaunt, and dignified Shareefa, followed by I suppose we should call her maids of honour, and other members of the household, carrying lighted candles, although it was broad daylight. She saluted me as she had done the day before, and also added some vigorous pats on the back, and taking me by the hand led me into a long, narrow, but very lofty room, around which, seated on divans, was the greater portion of the female notabilities of Wazan, ladies of all ages, colours, and complexions. Most were wrapped in silk haiks, and little was seen of their gorgeous costumes, a custom peculiar to the aristocracy at Wazan. I went the round of the room to salute the several dignitaries, and took a seat near my hostess. Silence was broken by nearly all the individuals, congratulating the Shareefa on my arrival. Then it was my turn to reply to inquiries if I were rested after my journey? How fared my lord and my children? That God would grant long life and good health to us all. To each individual who addressed me I had to reply, "Thank God and you," which became rather monotonous in such a large assembly. Fitful outbreaks of "zahrits" occurred at intervals, and the female musicians never seemed to tire.

The tea-tray was then set before a friend of the Shareefa's, a second one half down the room, and then it was brewed, poured into tiny cups, one of which was set before each person. Then a basket with native biscuits, some snake-shape, and filled with chopped almonds, sugar, and spices. Luncheon was to follow, but the Shareefa knew I should make my excuses, as I had to crowd in two more visits before evening. Doing so formally on rising to leave, and making a promise to return at an early date, I left with the same ceremonies, lighted candles of different hues included. Just across the road resided Divorcée No. 2, the mother of my two step-sons, Muley Alarbi and Muley Mohammed. She was a tall, handsome, proud woman, and always difficult of approach, so I had made up my mind that I should feel something more than uncomfortable in her presence. The young girls from her establishment who had met me with lighted candles, fixed on wooden candelabra, and native music escorted me into her house. She stood surrounded by her women, enveloped in the traditional silk haik. She extended her hand slightly, covered over with the haik. I took it in mine and bent over it, and then looked her straight in the face while I listened to her muttered inquiries; in fact had I not known the formula I might have replied adversely. Then with a nod she invited me to her sitting-room. There were a few people seated there, and silence reigned supreme. Then she called her housekeeper, who conducted me to the apartments of her two daughters-in-law. She herself was my husband's first cousin, and her eldest son's wife was her niece. The second son's wife was presented to my husband by a great Basha of Laraiche with Shareefian blood in his veins, and a firm adherent of the Wazan family, so he thought by presenting his daughter to his spiritual chief he could not make

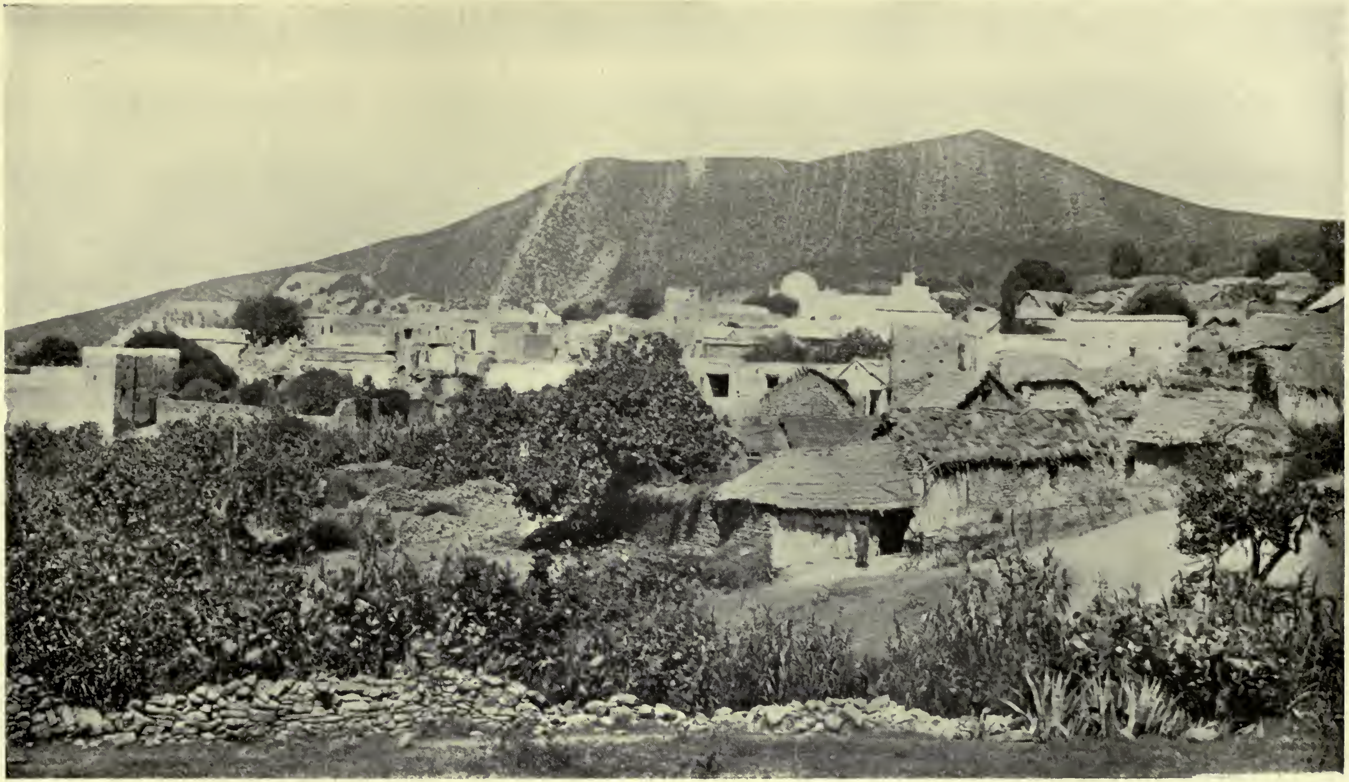


Photo. by H. E. White.

A SUBURB OF WAZAN.

a greater sacrifice. The idea was that the Shareef would marry her; but at that time he had decided to marry a European, so his second son was chosen for the lady, although some five years his senior. The first daughter-in-law was more than formal—like her aunt in every way. The visit to her was short in the extreme. Then I went to the other, which was just the opposite. The rooms were crowded out—music, lighted candles, and "zahrits" galore. As for the lady, I might have been a long-lost friend returned. I saw her two little boys, one six months older than my first boy, and her second had a year's advantage over mine. I had great difficulty in getting away from this house. After the usual tea-drinking had taken place, my presents had been accepted and duly admired. I had presented to each of my hostesses cloth or silk lengths, with handkerchiefs, a custom which is never forgotten on a first visit, especially in a Shareefian household. Drenched with orange and rose water, and scented with incense, I emerged from my second step-son's house, and went from there to visit Divorcée No. 3, accompanied by the same ceremonies from here to half-way down the road, when the women met me and conducted me into the house. I need not repeat, as my experiences were practically the same. This lady was bedight with jewels, even more than my hostess of a few hours earlier. I was hugged and kissed, and I really was beginning to feel rather exhausted after so much demonstration of affection. I returned to the Sultan's garden, followed by a crowd, and the "zahrits" continued until the heavy gates closed behind me.

The houses I visited, especially the first and third, had evidently been fine buildings in their time. They were of stone on a very large scale, the rooms lofty, long, and narrow in proportion to the height. The doors were very ancient and very thick, and in times gone by had been studded with enormous nails which may have been iron or brass. Some traces of painting still remained, and a door within a door was to be found in every room. Fez mosaic was used half-way up the walls of the rooms for decoration, also the centre of the halls and bases of the pillars. The whole was grand even in its semi-ruinous state. One patio had lemon and orange trees planted at the several corners, and one in the centre. About the houses were many pigeons, all so tame that, especially at meal times, they were more than bold. My sons also visited the ladies, and were made much of, coming away with their pockets well filled with cash. The curiosity of the people was great on my leaving or entering my temporary house, as the Shareef always accompanied or met me, in order to mount or assist me to dismount. Foot-gear is considered very unclean in Morocco, and the Shareef's attention to me on these occasions caused much comment. To satisfy their curiosity people would collect outside to see what really was the process. During a later visit to Wazan, Muley Mohammed, the Shareef's second son, thought he would be equally as gallant. The first essay was not successful, for I nearly landed on the other side of the horse instead of on the saddle. However, he succeeded in the end.

CHAPTER XIV

CEREMONIES OBSERVED AT THE MARRIAGE OF LALLA HEBA

THE wedding ceremonies now commenced by the bride going to the Hamman, or steam-bath. Special invitations are transmitted verbally to friends and relations by two specially appointed women, in manner I have described earlier in this narrative. A strong negress enters the bride-elect's chamber and approaches the bed, where she is hidden behind a curtain and wrapped in a large white sheet. The negress bends her back, and the bride is hoisted on, amid "zahrits," benedictions, native music, and the free sprinkling of orange and rose water and burning of incense. Each guest carries a lighted candle in her hand, and it is a marvel to me that amongst so much lace and muslin there are not some serious accidents; but such a catastrophe is providentially averted, and beyond being well spotted with candle grease nothing serious seems to happen. The negress deposits her burden at the bathroom door, and the bathwomen take the precious burden in charge. From one and a half to two hours the purifying process goes on, and in the meantime the assembled guests are entertained with music and tea-drinking. When the bath is terminated, the procession is reformed and the bride deposited on a bed, generally in another room on the ground floor, if there is a room suitable. After an hour or two of repose, and in the early hours of the morning, say, between 1 A.M. and 3 A.M., the guests again reassembled in the bride's chamber to see her anointed with henna, a herb grown extensively in South Morocco, also in Tuat. Henna leaves rather resemble senna leaves in appearance. No fête is complete unless the hands and feet are henna-stained.

The process is as follows: The leaves are dried and ground to a very fine powder, then sifted, and next put into a large basin. Hot water is stirred in until it becomes the consistency of a batter. For the feet, sandals are simulated by first arranging calico straps on the foot and round the base of the big toe. The henna paste is applied with care so as not to mar the symmetry of the straps; once the foot is well covered with paste, white cloths are wrapped round, and over that thick woollen ones. These coverings are not removed for some hours, when the paste generally comes off with the coverings. The rolled calico is removed, and a red-brown sandalled foot is presented. Sometimes the simulated shape received a decoration by a lace-work pattern being painted on the lines in "Harkos," a kind of Indian ink, which lasts for a long time. This is applied with a pointed cane pen. The process is long, as I can personally testify; nevertheless it is most effective when well done. The hands to be henna-stained are treated in several ways, according to individual fancy. You may rub them well in the paste and dry them over the fire, or they may be carefully anointed, special care being taken to have no cracks. The nails receive an extra dose of paste, and are then wrapped in cloths. Sometimes a professional stainer will be summoned, and patterns will be designed with henna paste, which must be dried over a charcoal fire. This takes a very long time, and one can but admire the effect produced afterwards, especially when the design is interwoven with the delicate tracing of "El Harkos." I have on one or two occasions had my hands decorated with "Harkos," and at a distance Europeans thought I was wearing black silk mittens.

I have often used henna for my feet in travelling, as it tends to harden them, and is cool in summer. I think, too, it is greatly owing to the henna process in earlier years that I retain my hair in profusion up to the present day. The bride's hair is plaited with white cords, and no coloured dress is worn until she is sent to her husband on the fifth evening after the commencement of the festivities. Should they begin, say, on Sunday night, the bride would go to her future husband on the following Thursday night. It may be interesting to know what occurs in the interval.

Male friends and acquaintances of both families have been invited on the morning of the second day to witness the sacrifice of a bullock at the bride's house, in front of the principal entrance. After the sacrifice they are invited into the house, the women folk being conspicuous by their absence, unless they are slaves or others accustomed to assist on such occasions. To the strains of violins, guitars, and other native instruments combined, tea, cakes, and biscuits of native manufacture are served, though to-day European biscuits are much in vogue. Then follow three or four courses consisting of meat, chickens, and the couscous. I have described earlier how the different dishes are distributed, and given the formulæ, so I need not repeat details, as they are the same at all festivities. In the evening the ladies come in their second-best gowns, and until the early hours of the morning dancing, singing, and feasting are kept up. Early in the afternoon young girls arrive arrayed in gorgeous attire and bedight with jewellery. Some of the little mites are so weighed down with pearl and other necklaces, to say nothing of the headgear and heavy earrings, that I have often wished to relieve them of two-thirds of their finery. There they sit like little mutes, fully aware of their personal importance. It is a pretty sight, but unchildlike. Each child-guest has brought sugar, tea, and candles, sometimes only the former, which are the perquisites of the musicians, who are in attendance practically the whole five days of the wedding festivities. Tea, with a meal to follow, is served to the children before leaving, and the feast is terminated when the mistress of the ceremonies, standing in front of the musicians seated in the patio or hall, names the donors of so much sugar, tea, and candles. Each name is pronounced separately with this formula: "The daughter of so-and-so presents so much; may God bless and thank her, and may we soon all be assembled to assist at her wedding." After that they each present a piece of silver or a silk handkerchief, which latter goes to the bride's trousseau, and the mistress of the ceremonies receives her *douceur* for proclaiming the several donors.

And what of the bride all this time? She is rolled up in a sheet, reclining on a heavily-curtained bedstead, with two or three girl friends sitting with her for companionship. These friends change now and again. As a rule the bride is invisible, except at midnight of the third day, when henna is freely applied to her hands and feet before the assembled guests, who hold lighted candles round the bed. This is done to the strains of native music and "zahrits." It is not etiquette for her to look at or speak to an outsider, and she must be abnormally shy, even if she does not feel so. I have known some young girls who have so resented marriage that their tears have lasted for days, and they have scarcely taken any food, so that the day they left their father's house they were but the ghosts of their former selves.

The afternoon of the fourth day is for the reception of the married ladies. Relatives, friends, and acquaintances don their best, and load themselves with jewellery, pearls having the predominance. This occasion is seized by young brides to make the first appearance after marriage, which generally takes place just within a year. These young wives are painted in a most grotesque manner. Many a one with whom I had more than a passing acquaintance has saluted me, but in this guise she was quite unrecognisable. The dresses are very handsome, and the multi-coloured handkerchiefs, most admirably arranged, are supplemented generally by a tiara of coloured stones or seed pearls. Many a one has jasmine or other scented flowers of the season strung into ropes and arranged along the brow, the ends hanging down each side of the face. These ladies sit on chairs round the hall, the musicians in the centre seated on mattresses. Their business is to herald each past-bride with as much noise as possible when she is being escorted to her seat, accompanied by women bearing lighted candles, scent-sprinklers, and incense-burners.

Once the party is seated, all eyes are turned upon the bride, and the guests offer congratulations on the effect of her dress. But first the usual compliments as to health have been made, the mistress of the ceremonies has proclaimed who each guest is, and the musicians have been gratified with a substantial "tip." One of the prettiest sights is to visit a wedding party in the evening, and in the blaze of candlelight to see the ladies seated round the hall, in their gala costumes, laces, muslins, silks, all more or less embroidered in gold and silver thread. The mass of gold ornaments in barbaric form, the strings of pearls glistening on the covered necks and heads of the wearers, the odour of orange and rose water mixed with incense procured from a kind of cedarwood burnt on live charcoal, is something to be remembered. It is really most impressive when witnessed for the first time. I have accompanied several ladies to some of the best houses to see the sight, and some of the old charm of my first experience still remains.

When the evening is nearly spent, comes the ceremony of presenting the wedding gifts. The mistress of the ceremonies takes her stand in front of the musicians. Near her sits the mistress of the house, or a friend, holding certain little packets containing sums of money, which are counted before the assemblage. These silver coins the mistress of the ceremonies throws piece by piece into a handkerchief spread for the purpose. One example will serve. The mother will hand perhaps ten dollars—it may be more or less according to the circumstances; the mistress of the ceremonies will then proclaim the giver much in this manner: "God be with (here the name of the donor), wife of ——, mother of the bride (or whatever relation the donor may be)." Then, as each piece is thrown on to the outspreading handkerchief, the mistress of the ceremonies repeats the formula, 'Thanks be to God and to her," meaning the donor. Therewith numerous blessings and such good wishes are invoked for the future prosperity of her household. The same formula is observed with each donor, be the offering ever so small. Sometimes in the best families over a hundred dollars are realised, which the musicians divide between them. This gift is independent of a piece of cloth of 2¼ metres to each of the two head ones, whose satellites receive pieces of muslin of 6 metres long, all of which is placed on each individual head after the money offerings are made. Then follow the bride's presents from relatives and friends. These gifts consist of brocaded silks, cloth, gauze, muslin, silk handkerchiefs and, very rarely, some jewellery in the shape of earrings and bracelets. Each gift is proclaimed in the same manner as the monetary offerings, and when all have been given, a general inspection is held. The parcel is now remade, and taken away by the mother for the bride's future use, amid "zahrits." Tea and supper with a little more music end the day, and the guests return to their homes.

The fifth day is passed in comparative quietness until late in the afternoon, when the arrival of the bride's decorated litter in which she is to be conveyed to her future husband reminds one that it is time to begin the bride's toilette. The musicians accompany the bearers of the litter, which I will do my best to describe. It is of plain wood, more like a huge meat-safe, with a conical roof. There is a doorway, naturally, but no door, although the woodwork in front of the entrance is raised some few inches. As a general rule the bridegroom's family undertake to decorate the litter, and before assembled guests, musicians, and cries of "zahrits" the work commences.

Take a large sheet, double it, and drape it round, leaving the entrance a little loose. This is securely pinned over the knobs at each corner, and flounced up to the summit of the cone, where it is fixed with a stout string. This covers the woodwork entirely, and serves as a foundation to secure the rest of the decorations. Next, take a length of gauze or muslin, which must be at least eight yards long by one and a half yards wide, and drape it over the sheet, fixing the gauze with pins, or sometimes with needle and cotton. Next, a belt is arranged on the sloping part of the cone-shaped roof, and the cords used by the women for holding up their voluminous sleeves are disposed. The cone itself is dressed with handkerchiefs like a woman's head-dress, and many have asked me if it was the bride's head emerging from the top of the litter! On very rare occasions pearl necklaces have been added, but few people are inclined to use such a display for fear of accidents of an unpleasant kind.

Years ago I introduced ropes of flowers, made by threading jasmine or other blossoms, and adorning the four sides, while at the edge at each corner a tiny bouquet was hung. I had a small wreath of flowers set round the cone, and long thin ropes of flowers were hung, as it were, at each side, where the face would be. The idea so pleased the people that whenever flowers are obtainable this decoration is used in addition to the traditional ones. When the bridegroom has no relations, or even in preference to them, a Shareef's household is requested as a great favour to undertake this little business, so in my time I have assisted to decorate many a bride's litter, not to

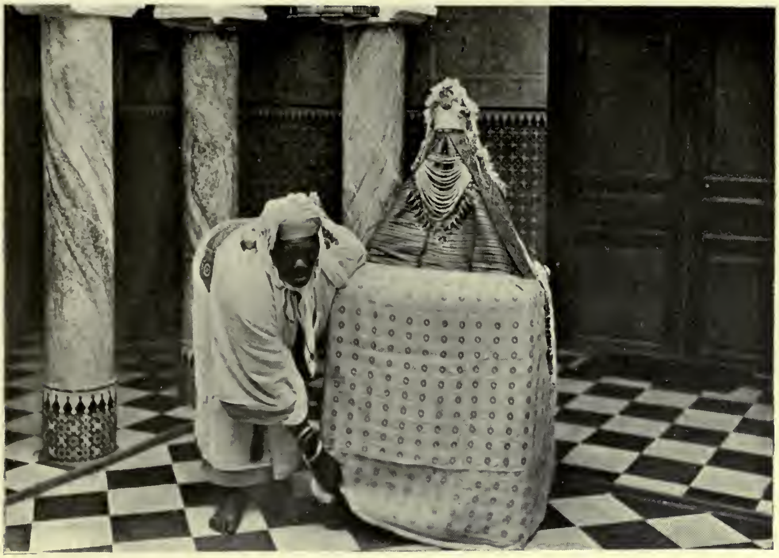
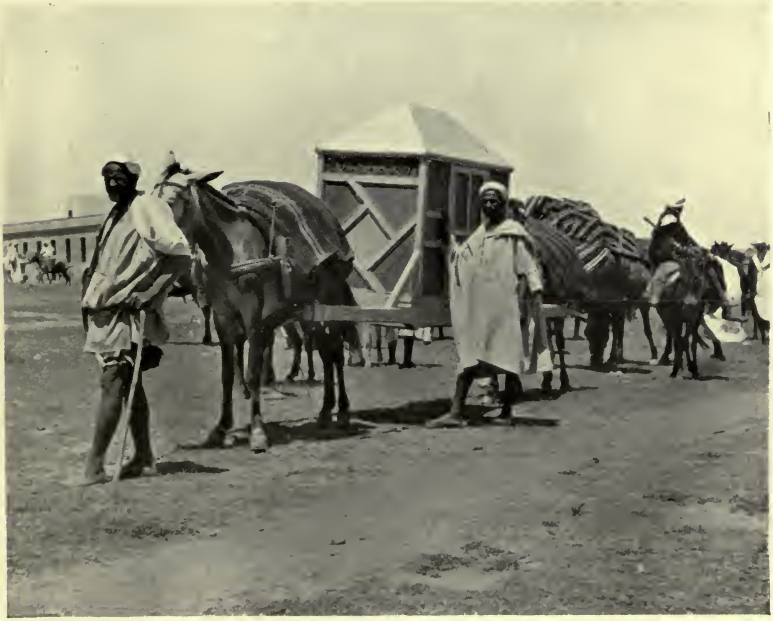


Photo. by Blanco, Tangier.

A Bridal Litter.



The Shareefa's litter ready for the journey.

mention the many slaves and servants I have launched in life.

A professional dresser arrives, and she with intimates of the family passes to the bride-elect's chamber. On the bed behind the curtains the bride, attended by two or three friends, begins her change of raiment. The other guests are seated round the room, and the musicians are stationed in the hall, or patio, singing or playing as the case may be. In years gone by the bride was sent to her husband all in white, even the handkerchief on her head was of white silk, and she wore a small pearl necklace at her throat. To-day coloured dresses are worn, the head-dress is supplemented by additional handkerchief and scarves, and a tiara, if possible; then, too, powder and rouge are fully used, and El Harkos dots, smaller than beauty patches, are not forgotten. The eyebrows are manipulated with El Harkos, or khol, and lengthened, and khol is not forgotten for the eyes. Khol is powdered antimony, as fine as flour, and not unknown to my European sisters. No belt is put on; only a handkerchief is loosely knotted round the waist to keep the garments in their place. The dressing being completed, a transparent veil is fixed at the top of the head and falls over the face.

The bride sits in the centre of the bed, supported by pillows, and a friend on each side of her. The professional dresser remains, so that when the curtains are drawn aside she lifts the veil for the bride to be admired by the assemblage. One sees in the bride an inanimate figure, eyes shut, hands folded in her lap. The dresser is congratulated on her work of art, and down goes the veil, to be again lifted when another group of people comes to inspect the bride, whom they criticise audibly. While this visiting is taking place, the drums and fife are making themselves heard at the door, for the musicians have come with the mule to take the litter with its precious burden to the bride's new home. Male guests are assembling in the streets with lanterns of all shapes, big and little and multicoloured, accommodated with chairs borrowed from all quarters. The drums and fife peal out their third and last summons for the bride, and all is hurry and skurry in the house. The litter is dragged to the door of the bedchamber, the stout negress sitting on the extreme edge of the bed bends down, and the bride, enveloped in laces and muslins, is hoisted on to her back. She then passes with her load to the entrance of the litter, the coverings of which have been previously lifted in front, and, on the floor inside, a large blanket has been folded for the bride to sit on. The bearer goes on to her knees, inclines her head forward, and the bride goes into the litter head first almost, and is soon seated cobbler-fashion with the help of the negress and a friend. A little arrangement of dress is necessary, but nevertheless it is all most cleverly done.

In the early days of my married life I was curious, and took the opportunity of a servant's being married to try my hand at getting in and out. I did get in somehow, and made them carry me round the garden, the Shareef watching my experiment in fits of laughter. They carried me to the front door, and naturally I thought it was a case of just walk out, but it was not as easy as I imagined. I twisted here, I twisted there, and I was told it was wrong to come out feet first, but the Shareef so enjoyed my false efforts that at first he would not help me.

It is easy enough to emerge when you know how. I think you just raise yourself slightly to free the feet, and decline the shoulder, and out you come. A loaf of bread, a candle, and a piece of sugar are placed in the litter as symbols of peace and plenty. The bride puts her hands into hand-holes for the purpose of balancing herself when the litter moves.

By this time the male relatives are getting impatient, constant cries of "Are you ready? are you ready?" are heard, and all but the immediate female relatives hide themselves, whereupon some half-dozen men come into the hall and hoist the litter on to the mule at the door. The mule has a pack saddle, to which the litter is secured by thick cords run through iron rings embedded in each corner of the litter. This has been preceded by innumerable lighted candles carried in candelabra candlesticks, or in the hand, to the sound of the music outside. The female musicians inside follow the litter to the doorway, and while "zahrits" resounds from every side, the neighbours on the housetops add their contribution to the din.

The male guests rally round the litter, and then march round the town in a perfect blaze of candlelight. The male musicians march in the rear. On arriving in front of a mosque or sanctuary, the procession stops, the music ceases, and a short prayer is offered up. Drums announce the conclusion of this rite, and off they go again until they reach the bridal home. Here the mistress of ceremonies, who has walked behind the litter with a huge green or red wax candle blazing in her hand, enters the house, and announces the arrival of the bride. The women folk disperse for the time being, the "zahrits" is prolonged, and the musicians in the house play their hardest.

The litter is now carried by the men into the house to the door of the bridal chamber. Immediately on depositing their burden the bearers discreetly retire. The mistress of the ceremonies is already there. Sitting on a chair a muffled-up figure is observed. This is the bridegroom, who at a sign from the mistress of the ceremonies stands up, extending his arm across the doorway. The bride on being taken from the litter passes underneath. The mistress of the ceremonies kneels with her back to the entrance, and two other women assist the bride to get on to the back of the mistress of ceremonies. A bride would be unlucky to put her foot to earth at this period. The mistress of the ceremonies thus deposits her on the nuptial bed, which is hung with silk and lace curtains, depending from a canopy, or simulated one.

On the night before, the bridegroom-elect entertains his bachelor friends in almost a similar way to that followed in the bride's house, with this difference, that he is the central figure, so to speak. He sits muffled up on a chair, face covered, and speaks to no one. He may or may not take the proffered cup of tea, and has a master of ceremonies, who entertains his guests far into the small hours of the morning. Whatever presents of money or kind are offered are taken charge of by the master of ceremonies for the time being. The sixth day is one of repose, and enables the bride to make the acquaintance of the husband's family. The seventh day, after noon, the bridegroom's family holds a reception, for which the bride is dressed very gaily, painted and rouged almost to a point of eccentricity. She sits on the bed, her face covered with a veil, which is raised by the professional dresser when guests approach to offer their congratulations. The usual tea-drinking and similar refreshments are offered before the guests depart, and on the ninth day private friends are received. On the evening of the tenth day several friends assemble for the reanointing of hands and feet with henna, a ceremony which is performed in the same manner as that observed on the evening of the third day. Two days after his marriage the bridegroom entertains his friends, usually in a garden, and returns to his home after the lady guests have departed. On the evening of the twelfth day there is a large assemblage of relatives, friends, and acquaintances of both families, in order that the bride may make the tour of her new home, and both she and her husband resume the belt which has not been worn since the commencement of the wedding festivities. Though the husband is not present, one knows he is somewhere in the neighbourhood, entertaining his friends. The bride's family supply a dinner of several courses, which comes with the mother and her friends, and she embraces her daughter who left her just a week ago.

Much attention is paid to the bride's toilette, and the belting is carried out with much ceremony. She stands on the bed over a dish containing dried fruits and sweetmeats, and two little boys wind the belt round her waist with the aid of a professional dresser, who in turn hands the dish and contents to the children. At the same time the bridegroom's mother gives a piece of silver to each boy. The toilette and belting being completed, the bride is assisted from the bed; now she may open her eyes, and, with lighted candles, music, "zahrits," incense and scent sprinklers before and behind, the tour of inspection is commenced. The bride stops at the doorway of each room, and on arriving at the kitchen door a fish is produced, and a pretence is made of scraping it on her foot—a symbol of plenty in the culinary department.

A return is made in the same order to the bride's chamber. This time she is seated on a raised daïs in the centre of the room, facing the doorway, and one and all go forward to congratulate her before departing for their several homes in peace.

Such is the ordeal of every Moorish bride. They take to it kindly, and would be the first to feel aggrieved if any custom were omitted. Each town in Morocco and the villages also have innovations, which vary one from another. I have given the ceremonies that are observed in Tangier. In Fez the bride walks to her new home, indistinguishable from the crowd of women who accompany her. At Wazan the Shareefas go from their parents' house in an ordinary travelling litter. This custom is particularly observed in the Grand Shareef's family. The bridal litter is mounted on a mule, and goes round the town visiting saints' tombs, accompanied with music and plenty of powder-play. In Tangier this gunpowder-play has been abolished in bridal processions since Raisuli's exploits. At a Berber wedding the bride is conducted to her new home on a richly caparisoned camel, very unpleasant, I should think, from personal experience. I cannot recommend it.

CHAPTER XV

A SECOND VISIT TO WAZAN AND SOME LEGENDS OF THE CITY. THE DEATH OF LALLA HEBA.

In the middle of Lalla Heba's wedding festivities the Shareef sent to tell me that I must make preparations to leave at once for Tangier, for measles had seized so many children fatally that he feared Muley Ali and Muley Ahmed might take the malady, and no doctor was at hand. I received the news when, dressed in my Moorish costume, I was just enjoying the fun, having prevailed on the Shareef to permit me to wear national dress just for this once. The delight of the Moorish ladies, particularly my husband's relatives, knew no bounds. The homage and the congratulations paid me were most profuse. In this guise I took leave of the three divorcées, who one and all begged me to return soon, and at the same time each gave me rich presents. As the part of the festivities in which the male relatives take a share was past, many of the notables of Tangier elected to form part of our escort to Tangier. The Shareef was in a great state of anxiety with regard to the two little boys, for fear they had contracted the malady, and though both were in the best of health and spirits, their father's anxiety was most touching. I am afraid I did not share it to such an extent as he. All Wazan turned out to wish us *bon voyage* and an early return. Even the sedate and rather severe eldest son of my husband came up to me at the last moment and begged me to return in the spring as his guest. Muley Mohammed, the second son, escorted us a few miles out, and then with plenty of armed men the route was taken through Al Sherif to Al K'sar el Kebir. In the woods at a distance I saw, as I thought, a well-dressed man on an iron-grey horse, such a lovely creature. The rider appeared to be looking away from me, and stretching out his hand as though in the act of directing some one. His hanging sleeve showed white, over that was a piece of green, and again more white. His face was averted, and he evidently wore a large turban, which was covered with the *burnous* hood. I thought it might be some belated wedding-guest, and was much struck by seeing no followers. Perhaps he was waiting for them; certainly his dress betokened a certain status. The horse too, with ears erect, seemed to participate in his master's anxiety about something. Well, I thought, when I get nearer my curiosity will be satisfied. On we went, and the figure turned its head in my direction, and I saw the face of my nocturnal visitor of a few years before. Just as I arrived at the spot he disappeared. I turned round to one man just behind me, and asked him if he had seen a traveller in front; then I inquired of others, explaining what I had seen, but no one in the whole caravan could corroborate my vision. This rather upset my equilibrium, so that I had to dismount and rest for a few minutes to recover my nerve. For the rest of the journey I was continually on the look-out for my visitant, but saw nothing. So impressed was I that I can conjure up the scene with every detail to this day.

Before we started from Al K'sar, a courier came to know if the children were well, and twice *en route* others came for the same purpose. We took five days to reach Tangier, and although we were greeted with the usual demonstrations of welcome, it seemed very tame after our experiences of the last month or two. A week later the Shareef arrived, much perplexed as to what course to pursue to protect himself and his belongings from the insults heaped upon him indirectly by the Moorish Government. The trouble arose from the jealousy of a cousin, who had recently become a Court favourite, and was making good use of his supreme hatred of the Shareef by urging annoyances to be perpetrated in all directions, especially upon the retainers in charge of the Shareef's farms and other property. Things were going from bad to worse. The Shareef wrote several letters to Court, saying that unless these uncalled-for abuses did not cease, he should place himself with all he possessed, including his family and retainers, under European protection.

No reply was vouchsafed to this threat, but a most abusive letter came from a Court secretary. This determined the Shareef to apply to France, and the request was accorded at once by telegraph, and confirmed later by letters from the French Government. The Press was most severe. The Shareef's want of patriotism was condemned; nevertheless the tables were turned, and for years we lived practically immune from Government intrigues. Now and again, however, attempts to create trouble were made. Years after the Shareef was informed that Muley Hassan, the then Sultan, was not aware of the persecutions carried on in his name, and tried to induce the

Shareef to visit him and explain his grievances. This was never done, though on one or two occasions a possible reconciliation was discussed.

In the spring a letter announcing the birth of Muley Alarbi's first son contained a reminder that I had promised to be present on the name-day. The weather was atrocious, and I started in pouring rain. The children I left in charge of my sister, for I could not think of exposing them to such discomfort. I had to be in Wazan in four days, but, alas! I did not reach there in time, for the roads were one continual state of slush throughout the journey. Ditches were turned into small rivers, and very often long detours had to be made to get to the other side of a ploughed field. Water was everywhere, and the rain pelted. Seven rivers had to be forded, and one in particular was perilous in the extreme. At Wad Mekhazen we found an apology for a ferry-boat, a crazy craft composed of matting spread over and nailed to some pieces of wood. On each bank of the river were stationed some men, who held cords attached to this frail bark. When invited to go on board I confess I rather hesitated, and allowed some people to cross first to see how it was managed. The crossing was successful, only the shouting made was most disconcerting, and the idea that the rope might snap in mid-stream, for the currents are very strong, was far from cheerful to contemplate.

Having come so far, however, I was not going to turn back, in spite of the protestations of my Moorish female attendants. I went first, and then they were bundled on. They screeched, they cried, and then burst into a wail as we were shoved off. The sensation must be imagined. I squatted, my feet in water over my boots; the men hauled or pulled from the other side; we made a false move, and commenced going down the stream. Then, as luck would have it, we were heaved up, and at this moment extra pulling grounded us just short of the landing-place. How we landed I am not quite sure, for, slipping and tumbling, I arrived at the top of a high bank with the help of some sturdy natives. My companions were more dead than alive. I induced them to take some brandy and water, representing it as medicine, for we were all wet through to the skin, and had no prospect of moving for some time. We waited for the remainder of the baggage, and the animals swam across, but they had to be caught and reloaded before we rode on to our destination for the night. On the next journey of the ferry-boat (?) a rope snapped from one side, and it was only by a miracle that some dozen men were not precipitated into the water. The raft was sucked in near the bank, and some tall reeds prevented the men floating down the stream. It was a moment of great anxiety, the screaming and shouting adding in no small measure to upset one's equilibrium.

Next day I arrived at Wazan. Muley Alarbi and Muley Mohammed thought I had renounced the journey. The courier despatched by my husband the day before I left with letters of congratulations and the name the Shareef had selected for the child had not arrived. Search was subsequently made, and his corpse was found in the water half-way to Laraiche. Evidently in crossing the river Ayasha in Rarbia he had lost his life. I was wondering what my reception would be, as I had neither husband nor children to support me, and was at the mercy of the inhabitants of the most sacred city in Morocco. I was soon reassured, however, for both the Shareef's sons combined to make me as comfortable as possible, and, while I was resting at Muley Alarbi's house, Muley Mohammed was arranging a house for me in one of his gardens adjoining his own residence. What European furniture he had was transferred to my temporary residence, which had Muley Alarbi's house on one side, so that I could visit either when so inclined without leaving the grounds. I retained for my use a very handsome brass bedstead. I removed the heavy silk curtains, leaving the muslin ones hanging. Everything else looked out of place in this Moorish house, so I contrived a corner shut in with some curtains, with the chairs and tables, so as to enjoy the picturesqueness of the Moorish arrangements. A marble fountain in the entrance played at intervals during the day, and coloured candles fixed in brass candlesticks were lit at night in little niches. Knowing my passion for flowers, Muley Mohammed had ordered a quantity to be placed in my room. Vases, old tins, or anything that could hold water was brought into requisition for the floral display.

My visit lasted a fortnight; the weather was all that could be desired. The members of the Shareef's family showed me kindness to an extent that was overpowering, almost to the point of exhaustion. Naturally, I spent much time with Lalla Heba in her new home. She seemed happy enough; at the same time she preferred Tangier as a residence. I suppose one can have too much of a good thing, and with regrets at leaving these dear, kind Wazannites, I was not sorry to rest in my tent after the excitement of the last fifteen days. Muley Alarbi added a horse to my cavalcade, a present, he said, from his baby son.

Having more leisure on this second visit to Wazan, I tried to supplement the history of the origin of the town with more than I had learned from the Shareef—that at one time it was believed to have been the site of a Roman city, but no authenticated documents pointed to the fact. The idea originated with the unearthing of some pottery and a few coins, by whom and when no one knew, so the whole thing is a supposition, and nothing more. The founder of Wazan, Muley Abdullah, was born within the last ten years of the sixteenth century, at Tazrout, in the Beni Arouss tribe, where his father, Muley Brahim, a direct descendant of Muley Drees, first Sultan of Fez, lived and was buried, his tomb being still visited by pilgrims. He naturally is allied to Muley Abdeslam ben Machish, who flourished in the thirteenth century, renowned for his great learning and piety. Muley Abdeslam ben Machish's tomb is very much venerated to this day; in fact the place is almost a second Mecca, for thousands of pilgrims from all parts of Morocco and Algeria visit it in the course of the year. The saint was the propagator of the mystical doctrines in North Africa, particularly in Morocco.

The tomb of Muley Abdeslam is built on the mountain of that name, sometimes called Djebel el Alam (from this comes the name Alami given to all descendants), in the province of Beni Arouss, and no Christian is permitted within the precincts of the holy territory, though many attempts have been made. Muley Abdeslam is supposed to have had a daughter; other accounts say he had no children, and that this girl was his niece and adopted by him; anyhow she was called his child, and there is nothing to prove the contrary. Muley Abdeslam was anxious to bring about an alliance by marrying his daughter, or niece, to Muley Mohammed, Muley Yimlah's son, his nephew. The young girl was very proud and ambitious, and refused to marry her cousin unless her father, or uncle, assured her certain advantages, which were that the ancestral baraka, or sanctity, should pass to her husband, self, and children, and also that the family should take precedence of all the families of Shorfa. Her father, or uncle, promised this, and the marriage took place after the bride had had a visionary visit from the Prophet Mohammed himself, who confirmed the paternal promise, and added that her house should be designated for ever Dar-el-Demana (house of surety), a title the direct descendants bear to this day. It is held in the highest veneration throughout Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, Tripoli, and even in Egypt, Turkey, and India. Muley Abdullah, who was descended from this illustrious family, lost his mother at a tender age, and was brought up by an aunt, a very pious woman, who adopted him as her own son, and had him highly educated, not an unusual thing in those days. When near to manhood, he thought to improve himself by going beyond the mountains of his birthplace, where he had been educated. He became fascinated with the teachings of a great religious Sheik named Sidi Ali ben Ahmed of Djebel Sarsar, near Al K'sar el Kebir, a man much venerated for his learning and extreme piety. He was diffident about meeting this great man, and in order to be near him he offered himself as a gardener. He worked for several years in this capacity, not neglecting his studies. One day the Sheik came with some friends to the garden and requested Muley

Abdullah to fetch some pomegranates. The gardener complied by bringing several, which on being opened turned out to be of the sour kind. Thereupon Sidi Ali called his gardener and asked him what he meant by giving him and his friends sour pomegranates instead of sweet ones. Muley Abdullah replied, "Although I have been all these years in this garden I have never tasted the fruit, and by Allah I cannot tell which tree bears sweet (sefri) and which sour (hamed). Sidi Ali was very much impressed by the young man's honesty, and being told of his Shareefian descent conferred upon him his baraka (blessing), and dismissed him. Thereupon Sidi Abderrahman el Mejdoub, a renowned saint and versifier, wrote some couplets, which may be translated as follows:

> Oh Mistaken One, riding on a piece of rotten wood,
> You have given it (the baraka) to other men's sons and left
> yours without.

On hearing this Sidi Ali's sons went to their father and remonstrated with him for giving away their spiritual inheritance. He answered, "Go follow Abdullah; if he has not already crossed the river bring him back; if he has crossed there is no remedy, and he has the baraka." The sons hurried away only to find that Muley Abdullah had already crossed. He visited Tetuan and Fez to complete his studies. On his return from these cities he became a hermit, and took up his residence in a retired spot near the village of Mikal, on the east side of Djebel Bouhelal. The inhabitants were not over-impressed with his studious and religious life, and did not refrain from offering petty annoyances as occasion presented. All this was borne with an exemplary patience and fortitude, until one day they killed Muley Abdullah's cow, at which he was furious and loaded the people with maledictions. At the same time the cow was miraculously resuscitated, upon which the villagers begged him to remain, apologising for their misbehaviour in the most penitent form; but Muley Abdullah had made his plans and left on the villagers a curse, to the effect that their milk should never cream. To this day no Mikalli can make butter, as no cream is to be gathered from the milk of Mikal. Muley Abdullah departed for the other side of the mountain of Bou Hellal in the Masmouda district, and took to wife one of the daughters of that tribe. The maledictions on the people of Mikal made such an effect upon the surrounding people that villages soon sprung up on all sides of his hermitage, for he was now regarded as a holy man, and his followers increased daily at Wad Zain, or Beautiful River, to-day the holy city of Wazan.

I did not learn anything remarkable about Muley Abdullah Eshareef's son and successor, Muley Mohammed, but his two grandsons, Muley Touhami and Muley Taieb, both strengthened the foundation of the House of Wazan, and propagated religious views in many parts, as they visited Tunis, Algeria, and the Tuats' country. The followers of either brother are styled Touhama and Taiebien respectively, according to the teachings of the sect they follow. Muley Touhami latterly became a Taiebi, the extreme piety of Muley Taib attracting the brother to what he considered superior tenets to his own. The sects are one and the same. He appointed Muley Taib his spiritual successor in the following words: "Govern me and govern by me, and, if in a dilemma, call upon me." Muley Touhami had eighteen sons, and his descendants are to be found all over Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, Tripoli, Egypt, and even at Constantinople. The Taiebiens are not so prolific, and only a small family exists in comparison to the Touhamien, between whom and the Taiebiens there is the strongest bond of brotherhood. The Taiebien influence is paramount to this day: no government has been strong enough to shake its foundation. Other sects have been dispersed, new ones have sprung up, and hopes entertained that Wazan may be crushed; nevertheless, success has not crowned the efforts made. My two sons are Taiebiens, and their descent is as follows: Muley Ali and Muley Ahmed, sons of Sidi el Hadj Abdeslam, their father ben Alarbi, ben Ali ben Ahmed, ben Taieb ben Mohammed, ben Abdullah Eshareef el Alaami el Hassani el Wazani, and from there to the Prophet Mohammed.

In January 1885, Lalla Heba, my step-daughter, sent for me. I left my boys with one of my sisters who was on a visit, and asked my governess if she would like to visit Wazan. I found Lalla Heba in a very delicate state of health, and the coming event was much dreaded by her. My presence, however, seemed to calm her apprehensions of the worst, and I certainly thought that it would be only a passing indisposition consequent on her approaching confinement. A week or two after my arrival she became suddenly worse, and she passed four days and nights of most terrible agony. It was clearly a case for a skilled accoucheur, but my knowledge was of the most limited kind, and even if I could have had assistance from Tangier, the state of the roads, caused by such heavy rains, had for some days previously cut off all communication with the outer world. Then, too, if I could have procured the necessary assistance, would these almost primitive people have consented to allow it to be used? I am afraid not. Even a lady doctor would then have been in an awkward position, and I myself too, if a fatal issue had been the result. To-day it would not be so dangerous.

The still-born son was a fine child, but decomposition had already set in. The young mother was unconscious for twenty-four hours after, then, as by a miracle, she seemed to rally for a few days. She became reassured, and really thought she would pull through. On the eighth day she begged me to go and have a night's rest. I felt reluctant to go. She was so persistent that I left when Miss —— and I had finished a flannel jacket we were making. This was close on midnight. I kissed her, and she said, "I assure you, mamma, I am better." At 3 A.M. I heard a tremendous knocking at my door, a request to come quickly, but no explanation as to why. I thought while hurrying on my dressing-gown and my ulster to go out into the night air that perhaps some tribes had swooped down on Wazan, as rumours of disaffection had been rife for some days. The screaming, screeching of women came from all parts of the town, and then the Arab death-dirge suddenly struck my ear. Who can be dead? My husband and children came first. Could news have arrived? Lalla Heba I had left a short time previously so very much better—all this passed through my brain in a second of time. Then Miss —— and I were clutched and dragged, I don't know if by men or women, or both, and away we went to Lalla Heba's house. The sight in the hall was indescribable. Women were in hysterical convulsions, their bodies contorted, their faces in some instances covered with blood, caused by deep scratches mostly by their finger-nails, or possibly by those of others. Their chests were bare, and they thumped themselves until the chest was one mass of bruises, for in their frenzied grief they had lost all control over themselves. One woman clung to a door; her eyes were almost starting from her head, and yet she sang the Arab dirge, swaying herself to and fro as the door moved one way or the other. I managed to get through this grovelling mass of humanity, hoping I had not stepped upon any one, for they nearly pulled me into their midst by clinging to my skirts. I managed to get up the stairs to Lalla Heba's room, which was crowded with Shareefas and others round the doorway. They also were swaying their bodies, but with none of the trying scenes of the patio, or hall, though every now and again the Arab dirge started outside the room. The Arab dirge resembles at the first few bars an uncanny laugh, then follow a few more in a pathetic strain in the minor key, then back again into the first motif, with a kind of heart-rending shriek at the end.

I went to the curtained bed, and found two women sobbing, one at the head, the other at the foot, and a lighted green candle in the corner. One said, "She is not dead; she moves. Look, look." The woman was as one demented. The other was able to furnish me with some details as to how the sad event came about. Lalla Heba put on the flannel jacket I had made, after duly admiring it. She said she was sleepy, took a glass of milk, and slept for an hour. On awakening, in reply to inquiries, she said, "Oh, so very much better; I have no more pain," and called for some chicken broth. She commenced talking, and I came to the conclusion she must have been delirious. Then she suddenly ceased, threw up her arms, and was still. No one realised at the moment death had claimed her. I arranged her poor body a little, with assistance, after assuring myself that she was no more. Peritonitis had evidently finished this young girl's life. I took a farewell look, and returned to my apartments in Muley Mohammed's garden, to write to the Shareef, her father, hoping that a courier might get through to Tangier.

CHAPTER XVI

THE BURIAL OF LALLA HEBA AND AN ACCOUNT OF MOURNING CEREMONIAL

Burial takes place in Morocco a few hours after death, so what remained of dear Lalla Heba was being prepared for the last rites, and the wailing ceased for a time. If the house has a basement, the body is generally carried to a lower apartment, if the deceased should have died upstairs. A professional is hired to prepare the body for burial. Preparation consists in its being washed three times from head to foot with warm water and soap. The water must be brought from outside, as no fire is lighted in a house for three days after a death has taken place therein. Orange and rose water are freely used, attar of roses and incense, and other scents of native production. The water from Zem Zem, the holy well of Mecca, is sprinkled over all. The nostrils and ears are plugged with camphor wrapped in cotton wool, and the same is placed under the arm-pits. About twelve yards of calico would be required to make a shroud, which is fashioned into garments just basted together. These consist of a shirt, drawers, two handkerchiefs for the head, on which also a turban is folded. The body, once dressed, is then rolled in a long piece of calico, and knotted at head and foot. Tolba[1] sit round after the body is placed on the bier, but not if the ceremony takes place in the mosque, and recite portions of the Koran; lighted candles are also placed near.

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[1] Scholars or priests.

The bier is now brought in, and the coffin placed upon it, and covered with a haik. If a coffin is not used, the body is enveloped in the haik, which is removed at the grave-side. The two big toes are tied together immediately after death, and if the approach of death is apparent in a sick person, the sufferer is always turned face to the East. In case of sudden death this is the first office performed. During ablutions the body is kept in that direction.

I did not return to the house, for I had not sufficient pluck to encounter the writhing mass of humanity a second time, and I knew that when the coffin was removed from there a repetition of the early-morning scenes would take place. Every male in Wazan attended the funeral, robed in white; walls were covered with women also in white; even the trees swarmed with boys and girls, watching what proved to be a magnificent procession. I had been advised of the hour of departure, but the time was long past when the cortège came in sight of Muley Mohammed's garden. The first intimation was like hearing the surging of the sea in the far distance. Very slowly it became more distinct, then all at once a patch of white appeared among the trees on the side of Bou Hellal. I distinguished men, and then the cortège was in view, and the chanting from some two thousand throats became quite audible. The Arab women's dirge was intermingled with the men's sonorous voices, a heart-rending shriek now and again arose from somewhere, and all the time the sun shone at its brightest, the trees were in their gayest dress, washed bright with the recent heavy rains, the ground seemed like a new green carpet put down for the occasion—the whole spectacle was one which my poor pen could not describe.

On they came, the tolba in their spotless garments, marching in a semblance of order, winding in and out as they changed to a lower level of Bou Hellal. Would the procession never end, I thought, and where was the bier? At last it came in sight, borne on the shoulders of men of Tuat, who are styled "the Slaves of the House of Surety" (Dar-Demana). The rough coffin in which the body had been placed was invisible. The bier is an elongated cage, which is covered much in the same manner as the bridal litter. In this case there were flags worked in gold and silver thread on brocaded silks of many hues, and the flag from Muley Abdullah Eshareef was predominant. The death-chant is really beautiful; harmonious, true, impressive music. Imagine some thousand male voices chanting in unison while with measured steps—broken by short halts now and again when the bier-carriers changed hands—the company swept on. Now and again part of the procession would reappear for a moment on account of the undulating nature of the ground traversed, and the zigzag paths taken to avoid places sodden by the recent heavy rains. Not a leaf moved and no one spoke, or if they did it was in the lightest undertone. Soon all were out of sight, and the procession reached the mausoleum—Mosque of Muley Abdullah Eshareef—having taken nearly two hours to accomplish the distance of rather over a mile.

A few prayers from the Koran were recited as the body was laid in the already prepared grave. Bread, figs, and money were freely distributed to the poor, and one and all returned to his house, leaving the grave-digger to cover up all that was mortal of the young bride whose wedded life had lasted scarcely sixteen months. I saw her grave at a distance. It is near the door-step of the principal entrance of Muley Abdullah Eshareef. People who go there, seldom, if ever, neglect to recite a prayer. Daily pilgrimages are made to the new grave, and tolba recite at different intervals. For three days relations, friends, and acquaintances supply the meals at the house of mourning. On the third day dishes of couscous and bread and figs are distributed to the tolba and others, sitting round the last resting-place. This ceremony is repeated by most families on the fortieth day.

A woman on becoming a widow is at once rolled up in a haik (a kind of blanket, used as an outdoor garment, or for bed-covering) until new white garments, generally calico, are procured. She must wear no coloured garment for a period of four months eleven and a half days. Her laundry must also be done on Saturdays only, unmixed with that of her household. The hammam, or steam-bath, in solitude is also another restriction for the newly made widow, and if she bathes at a public bath, she must return home before the Assar, or afternoon prayer. In Wazan, she may not go out of her room after that time. Permission is accorded to visit friends after four months, but on no account may she attend festivities. She must be very careful not to go about barefooted. The clothes worn at death are usually given to the poor, and little heed is paid to the question if death has taken place through contagious disease or not.

In the case of virgins, or women who have passed away in childbirth, or infants, the "zahrits," or joy-cry, accompanies the body to the door of the house. If the deceased is well-to-do, or possesses slaves, it is customary to free one or two of them. These follow the bier, holding their certificates of freedom aloft at the end of a long cane, and a slave is often purchased for the purpose by the heirs, if circumstances permit one to be purchased. Many a one who has taken refuge in this Zowia owes her freedom to such circumstances. I have also assisted some to free themselves. I am not convinced that it is a real kindness to free these poor creatures. They have no family, practically no friends, and are turned upon the world to pick up a precarious living.

Slaves, on the whole, are extremely well treated, but, of course, one comes across exceptions. Their general intelligence is generally below the average, and they are far from resourceful. As a rule, they are fairly good cooks, once having mastered the art, and also good laundresses. I have in bygone days even taught some to iron a shirt, scrub a floor, and clean a grate.

In this last-named work I had an amusing experience. Naturally, I wore gloves in demonstration, and the next time the operation had to be performed I thought I would give a peep, when I found my blacky had religiously donned my gloves, and, though hard at work, was much encumbered by the same. I recovered them, and suggested she should work without them. As time went on her stove-polishing used to be much admired. As to scrubbing, I have never been able to get a slave or other woman to kneel in cleaning a floor, even with a mat provided for the purpose. Wooden floors, such as I have, were not in use generally at this period. Marble, stone, or brick ones were oftener to be found. These are cleaned by flooding, which is followed up by a palmetto broom with a very short handle. I had no end of trouble, when I was first married, to teach the different servants of my household. There were too many to begin with. In the kitchen I had no trouble as far as utensils were concerned, for the most of the Moors are very particular as regards cleanliness. The Shareef told me that his mother was so fastidious that slaves stood round to swish flies away where her food was cooking, and when she was eating, and if by ill-luck a fly fell into the dish it was removed from before her at once, and her appetite disappeared for the time being. The Shareef's mother was a Haussa slave, of lightest-coloured complexion, and was reckoned one of the handsomest girls ever seen. Sidi el Hadj el Arbi having had the misfortune of losing many sons, all having attained to manhood, was left with two daughters. The Tuats of Fez, seeing this beautiful girl on the slave-market, purchased her and sent her as a present to Wazan. She became the concubine of my father-in-law and, at the age of fifteen gave birth to my husband, whose devotion to his mother and to her memory was proverbial. In mentioning her I have often seen his eyes filled with tears. If ever child had doting parents Sidi el Hadj Abdeslam had. Nothing was too good for him, no wish was crossed, and every one from his parents downwards was subservient to the little man's will. As soon as he could walk he used to be taken by attendants to the El Arsa de Sultan (Sultan's Garden), and made mud pies, like any other little one. His father, old man though he was, participated in the games of this much cherished son. One day he found him making soldiers out of clay, and watched him dividing them into opposing armies of Moslems and Europeans. My husband out of perversity always made the Europeans the conquerors, as he enjoyed the consequent rage of the attendants. He was too young to have any other motive. His father used to be highly amused, and saw no harm in the child's play, remarking, "That boy when he grows up will have more to do with Europeans than we think of." No doubt "God forbid" was uttered by the retainers, if one could have been near. I have no means of comparing dates, but I often wonder if the child heard the French war of 1844–45 commented upon, and, not being capable of understanding, had his imaginations fired into clay soldier-making. He would then have been between seven and eight. It is a supposition on my part, and nothing more.

Sidi el Hadj el Arbi was often absent for long periods from Wazan, and his son was mostly with his mother. At that time the change of the Court's residence was never effected unless the Grand Shareef preceded the Royal cortège. Jealousy was ever more prevalent and serious than now among Shorfa and Court officials, some of whom conspired to kill Sidi el Hadj el Arbi by suffocating him in the steam-bath. Hearing no sound and thinking their machinations had been effectual, the more valorous penetrated the hammam, and to their horror a large lion confronted them. Shortly after Sidi el Hadj el Arbi went to his apartments, and, refraining from any mention of the attempt upon his life, took his departure for Wazan. The next day the Sultan, Muley Abderahman, was much dismayed at the sudden exit of his much-loved and venerated friend.

One more anecdote chosen from numerous others may be here set down. This same Grand Shareef was passing through Zemmour, the inhabitants of which belong to divers brotherhoods. One tribe decided to put to the test the miraculous powers ascribed to Sidi el Hadj el Arbi. In a dish of couscous, instead of the chicken or meat, a large snake was cut up and cooked to replace the proper ingredient. With all due ceremony the dish was brought on the wooden tray-table, covered with a beehive-shaped cover of palmetto grass, and placed before the saint, who immediately said, before uncovering the dish, "Oh, snake, return to thy normal condition!" at the same time commanding one of the slaves to remove the cover, as he wished to dine. On the cover being raised an enormous snake was found coiled round the dish of couscous; so long was it that the tray-table was filled with the presence of the reptile. From that time the whole of the tribe were affiliated to the sect of Muley Taib.

I find that the Spaniards have a legend analogous to the above with regard to Saint Antony. In this latter case the saint was invited to partake of a capon: something else was substituted, but his prévoyance made the trick known. Nevertheless on this occasion the substituted meat became capon, and was partaken of by the saint and the assemblage.

With regard to Sidi el Hadj Abdeslam, my husband, many are the miraculous powers ascribed to him. He was left a large fortune by his father, and inherited two others, and was at one time one of the wealthiest men in Morocco. But his motto was, "Let the morrow take care of itself." He rather boasted of the immense amount of money that he was able to disperse in all directions. He certainly did not believe that charity and discretion in giving the same should go hand in hand. People knew he was open-handed; he never took the trouble to inquire if a case was deserving or not. Many a time he has sent to me to send him, what I thought was to be a cast-off jelab (the outdoor overcoat), when probably he had left the house with a new one, and come home without it. Some poor Shareef or other would request to be clothed, and my husband's wardrobe sometimes diminished in a most remarkable manner. Any favour done him by Christian or Jew was always recompensed most fully. Musicians of any nationality always went away more than gratified. When I went to England to obtain my parent's consent to my marriage, every letter he had written to me cost from twenty to forty francs. But for the precautions I took, little property would have been inherited in and round Tangier. The Shareefs of Wazan are large landed proprietors, consequently agriculture is much favoured by them, and exportation of grain being prohibited, many tracts lie fallow year in and year out for want of a better market to dispose of the produce.

I remained in Wazan about a week longer, and returned to Tangier. The Shareef was much moved by the death of his only daughter. At the house there was a repetition on a smaller scale of the scenes that I had witnessed at Wazan, but these disturbances the Shareef soon suppressed. Naturally, visits of condolence were many from all classes of the Mussulman population.

CHAPTER XVII

WITH THE DWELLERS IN TENTS

We went earlier this year to our mountain residence, and soon I had to think of preparing Muley Ali's wardrobe, for it was decided he should join his half-brother at the Lycée d'Alger. Muley Touhami came home at the end of July, being the bearer of several prizes he had gained. He now spoke French well, and taught a little to Muley Ali. The Shareef often remarked, "I wish I could become a boy again and go to College." Muley Ali was very proficient in the English and Arabic languages, he read and wrote both well. English was his first language, he having been confided to an English nurse. For Muley Ahmed I had a French nurse; French was the first language he spoke, and for a time he was more fluent in that. For four years they had English governesses, and then my husband and I thought it advisable from every point of view to accept the generous offer of the French Government. We, the three boys and myself, left in the Oran steamer, the Shareef and a great assemblage accompanying us to the wharf. Many were the injunctions he gave them, especially to Muley Ali. The Shareef suggested I should take them for a tour in South Oran first, so after remaining a few days in the town of Oran we went out to our Zowia in Tlemcen. Muley Touhami elected to return to the Lycée, so when we started for Saida, *via* Peregaux, he went with an attendant to Algiers, who afterwards returned to us, as I had only brought a few retainers, including a Moorish woman. I never took European maids on these expeditions, having found them on my first expedition a source of anxiety from beginning to end. My boys and I received quite an ovation at Saida, where the letter from my husband was received with the utmost respect. It was kissed by the faithful, and pressed to heart and forehead. "Thank God, Sidi has remembered us," was heard on all sides. People were so hospitable that our sojourn was, as usual, longer than on the programme, and with regrets from the men of Tuat, our principal hosts, and many other Mohammedans of standing, we wished *bon voyage* and left, with promises to return at an early date.

The railway from here to Tim Brahim was as far as the locomotive could take us, as the line was in the course of construction. Having *carte blanche* from the Shareef to remain as long as I liked, and, providing no objection was made by the Algerian authorities, to visit Arab encampments, I inspected many. Perhaps it is needless to say that in every instance, whether with civil or military authorities, I was always most courteously received, and a verbal permit was all I needed. When I reached Tim Brahim, a Kaid met us with a large escort of Arabs on horseback, and numerous camels carrying our baggage. Beautiful horses with the Arab saddle were bought for my sons. I believe they used these for the first time, being accustomed, like their father, to English saddlery. I had my English side-saddle, and found a corner to slip into my habit. My steed rather resented a lady riding at first start, but perhaps he thought it was not so bad after all, for he continued at a nice amble until powder-play commenced, when he reared and would no doubt have liked to show off with the rest. I was not of the same opinion, and I am afraid he bore me a grudge to the end of the journey, judging by his fitful starts now and again.

After a dusty journey of some three hours we reached the encampment. Arab women came out to meet us, carrying milk, the sign of peace, and giving the zahrits' cry made by using the tongue instead of the throat as women in towns generally do.

Here, I remember the great difficulty was the water-supply. It was brought in skins on camels' backs, and was certainly not from a limpid source; though we boiled and strained, the taste of tar was not removed. Tea and coffee so flavoured are not pleasant drinking; the water is bad enough, but a plate of soup is more than objectionable. Rain overtook us, and prolonged our stay, and, in consequence, the escort from the next halting-place could not come at the appointed time. It seems unkind to say we were happy to leave here after having been shown so much hospitality. The Arab women are very inquisitive, and privacy is but little respected by them. They knew no better, so it was impossible to be vexed, all being kindly meant.

We were now quite in the heart of the plains, occupied in all directions by the Oulad N'har. Different Kaids came for us to visit their encampments, more often than not out of the beaten track. The country for miles was covered with scrub, sometimes very prickly, which soon reminded one of its presence if a promenade was taken far abroad. Large tracts of alfa grass were also to be seen far and near, and the herds of camels were grazing. I never saw so many "ships of the desert" together. I counted over two hundred in one place. The Arabs, as a general rule, count their wealth by the number of camels and flocks belonging to each fraction or the whole of a tribe. There was a certain amount of grandeur in this district, and one went for miles without encountering a soul. The Arabs, both male and female, are uncleanly in appearance; their surroundings compel them to be so, especially when water is, as in so many encampments, some distance from them, and it is as much as the young girls, and sometimes women, can do to carry sufficient for the daily demand. How graceful they look coming along in lines from the river or well at sunset, with their jars and pitchers poised on their heads; others with a baby tied on one hip, and a pitcher on the other, and perhaps a string of children clinging to the mother's skirts into the bargain. Arab children are a caution; they roll and play about in the earth all day, and would require any amount of soap to remove even the first coating of mother earth.

The family tent is made of woven camel's hair, sewn together from pieces about one metre wide; in the centre are two poles about six feet high, and at intervals round props are used, which raise or lower the edges of the tent as required; the shape is generally elongated, but no particular care is taken to make the dwelling-place symmetrical. Generally, each tent is surrounded outside with scrub of a thorny kind; this is to prevent the flocks from entering. In one corner is a semblance of a kitchen, where European and native utensils are found side by side. The fire-places are holes dug in the ground, and the firing, gatherings of sticks and dried scrub, also dried cow's dung. From the roof of the tent at this end, numerous goat-skins are suspended containing flour, rice, &c., with a few gaily painted tins or boxes to hold tea and coffee. Sugar is generally in a sack, oil-skins will perhaps be in another corner, and butter in rough earthenware vessels which are thrust into skins when the tribe is on the move. In the centre Arabs generally take their meals. They are not great meat-eaters in their household, but when they do take it, it is astonishing to see the capacity for putting it away. Sour-milk or butter-milk is much favoured by them, so too are dates and oil. Bread is made in flat cakes, weighing about half a kilo each. Chickens there were, but not in profusion; these, like the kids and lambs, had the free run of the tent. At exactly the opposite end would be seen rolled-up carpets which are spread out at night for a bed. Those who are well off have three and four placed one on top of the other. The rugs are woven with a pattern on one side and long wool on the other. It does not make a bad resting-place, as I know from personal experience on several occasions, when my own mattress was damp from the mackintosh cover coming to grief or being shifted. The pillows, of carpet material, are really sacks, where the man keeps his wardrobe, as well as using it for a head rest. The man's dress consists of a long shirt, with very ample sleeves; sometimes a cloth waistcoat is added, a long *burnous*, either black or brown, ornamented with white or coloured braid. Those made of camel's hair are called El Kidous, and keep out both heat and rain. To the latter I can testify, having donned the covering in wet weather, but I should be very sorry to be obliged to wear it in the month of June. The head-dress is generally a casque of palmetto grass over which yards of camel's-hair cord are wound. The Arab at home prefers going barefooted, rather than to thrusting his unstockinged feet into the rather hard and low Algerian shoe. The yellow slipper was rather the exception than the rule, and many adopted only the sandal. The Arab woman is generally swathed in calico, which is made to form a double dress, fastened over the shoulders from back to front, with silver brooches, caught together in a line with the arm-pit on either side round the waist by a clumsy belt made of woollen cords, and dyed by the natives themselves. Sometimes chains of silver hang from the brooches over the waist, to which pendants and charms are attached. Occasionally the charms hang from one side of the belt. The head-dress may consist of several yards of muslin wound round the head, and a bit of cord over that; the ends come down over the ears, and serve for covering the face. If in the presence of strange men, the members of one tribe do not seclude their women as is done in towns. Sometimes a towel of coarse wool, possibly henna stained for ornamentation, is tied round the loins over the calico, and knotted in front. Barefooted they always are, except on gala days, when they will wear a coloured leather and embroidered slipper, preference being given to a bare foot—and very pretty feet they have, to say nothing of neat ankles. The hands are very much spread—the use of the hand-mill and water-carrying conduces to that—but their carriage is generally very elegant.

I have met some Arab girls, and regretted my inability to portray them on canvas, for their general symmetry was nearly perfect. The eyes are heavily painted with khol, even the men sometimes resort to this; the constant glare of the sun in a sandy district is most painful, and khol is considered of service to prevent inflammation of the eyelids. The skin of the Arab is as white as any European's, but the constant exposure to all the elements bronzes it in some cases almost black. Even my sons, when on their travels, quickly assume a tint which is not natural to them, and as for my late husband, his colouring was much deepened from only a few days' exposure when hunting. Many people considered him a very dark man, but he was not, and his father, Sidi el Hadj Alarbi, was a fair man, with blue eyes; his mother had golden hair and brown eyes.

In some places where I encamped, the earth was chalky and worked into the pores of our skin, while our clothes seemed as though they had passed through a bath of pea-soup; and then, too, one felt sticky, so no wonder that those who passed their lives in these regions always have the appearance of being uncleanly, perhaps more so than they really are.

Near El Mai we were overtaken by terrific storms, and took refuge in a ruined house. Drenched to the skin, darkness coming on, short of provisions, we cowered in the dusk, for even candles were at a premium. However, we found a corner which protected us somewhat from the elements. Mohar, my sons' constant attendant, was ever resourceful, and soon rigged us up in semi-privacy and made us a roaring fire, before which we turned round and round as a joint on a spit, to dry our clothes, for to change them was out of the question. The children were not so thoroughly wet, as some Arabs had wrapped them in their kidous, or camel's-hair burnouse. How uncanny it all was! Our few candles gave little light, and but for a huge fire that was kept up, and partially illuminated our uncomfortable surroundings, there was small comfort. How our escort fared I could only imagine, as they flitted about, casting vivid shadows as they changed places, hoping to find more shelter. How the wind howled—surely all the devils were abroad—and how we longed for daylight!

Towards midnight there was a lull in the storm. We heard tramping of many feet; was it friend or foe? Even the zahrits of the women did not reassure us, for sometimes even that is deceiving. I made the retainers come closer to me. The two little boys were asleep in the arms of some of our men, my Arab escort took up their position on the defensive. Nearer they came; a moonbeam revealed a small body of men and women a short distance off, carrying baskets on their heads. They were chanting, which, I suppose, some wind now made audible to us. They approached us with the usual salutations, viz: "Salaam Aleikoum," as with one voice, and people in the same manner, "Aleikoum Salaam," which means respectively "Peace be with you," and the response "To you be peace." The boys awoke, the people deposited their burdens before them, then in Indian file each one kissed their hands or clothes, some with tears streaming down from excitement. One woman had a nervous fit and was carried out. Such is the religious excitability of the Arab generally. The Chief apologised for the lateness of his visit with the supper, and made excuses on account of the extraordinary weather. They then left some of their people as extra guards, and the remainder returned to their encampment. The couscous was still hot, the dishes being encased in covers made of palmetto grass; chickens, meat, and eggs were also there; though not the most appetising, by hungry people, no second thought was given.

Tea, sugar, and candles also were not forgotten. There was enough and to spare for every one. I often wonder how they managed the cooking, for though the camel-hair tents are weather-proof, great discomfort is experienced in rainy weather.

In the morning these people came again, bringing a kind of soup, cakes cooked in honey and oil, and plenty of cow's milk. Later an escort from the Kaid of Tonamalla arrived in superb weather. Tonamalla was our original destination, and only a few miles distant from our more than uncomfortable night quarters. The town or village did not look unlike Oujhda, being in a most ruinous condition. The Kaid's residence seemed to be holding together and no more. In former times it had probably been a passable dwelling-house. Evidences of mosaic pavement were in a large room that we were ushered into, after traversing a kind of courtyard. The flooring of this room consisted now of beaten earth, and the clouds of dust that arose from the number of people who followed us in was choking; water was sprinkled, but was of little avail. There were windows, closed with shutters only; here too might have been glass in bygone times. Miles and miles of plains were overlooked from these windows, the sills of which were just broad enough to sit on; a range of hills in the far, far distance was just visible. There was a certain grandeur attached by the sight of this vast amount of space wherever the eye rested, and the moonlight made the scene fascinating. The numbers assembled here to do homage to my sons was incredible. Coffee-drinking went on all day, though the tea-tray was presided over at different intervals. The women crowded round me the whole of the day, and it was impossible to get any food prepared by my own people. These people seemed to have more muddy complexions than the tent-livers, and as for our clothes, underlinen and all were impregnated with the chalky earth and dust. Though rather nauseated by so much whole roasted sheep, the *pièce de résistance* in all hospitality offered by the Arabs, I resigned myself to the inevitable, the appearance of the other dishes not attracting me. From all I heard about them afterwards, the least said about the food the better, as far as we were concerned; nevertheless, my Moorish woman attendant and others consumed all with evident relish. From here we started for Sufsifa, whence the diligence started for Geryville. The weather was beautiful, the scenery wild, but called forth no particular remark.

We traversed rising ground a little; at first the incline was not perceptible. At Sufsifa we visited the cemetery, in order to see the mausoleum of Lalla Kaddia, the patron saint of that district, to her whom many miracles are ascribed.

As far as I remember, we remained here the night, for having passed the Chott el Sherqui, or Eastern Chott, which lake was practically dry, and the ground traversed on either side of the twelve miles' breadth made us feel rather more fatigued than usual. An extraordinary vehicle was the diligence, more like an oblong dray. There were hoops over the top covered with white calico, and there were three horses attached to this most ramshackle conveyance. We wondered how far it would go before breaking down, there was no other way of getting to our destination. The road, such as it was, to Geryville was at that time the roughest of the rough. The route lay in the valley, and the ruts were such that one was on the look-out for an upset every few yards. First to the left, then to the right the uncanny vehicle swayed. The boys thought it great fun, but my Moorish attendant had much difficulty in keeping her equilibrium, and never ceased to call upon all the living and dead saints she could remember. The boys were up to all sorts of tricks with her: they would look ahead and call upon their imaginations in a most vivid manner, as to the road ahead; she would then prepare herself for a spill, and sometimes crouch at the bottom of the vehicle, nearly pulling me down with her. Sidi Hamza of the Oulad Sidi Sheik, and a large escort were the first to meet us some distance from the town. As we came closer the crowd increased; some leaped on to the diligence. I think that, but for the vigorous use of the driver's whip, we really should have gone over.

At a tremendous pace we entered the town, and drew up at the Post Office. A passage was cleared for us to dismount, and to get across the street to a small house retained for our accommodation. The reception commenced immediately. I pitied my poor boys, the people being so very demonstrative, and in the turmoil cooked dishes of meat and chicken arrived from all quarters. There was a suspicion of the French cuisine about some of the food, and it was a real treat to eat without the accompaniment of dust and tarred water. I found a bottle of champagne, and another of wine; the donor did not disclose himself, but after being in Geryville I had my suspicions, though the one I suspected denied it. Entertainments of the usual Arab order took place several times daily, every inhabitant thinking he should contribute to our amusement. The French and Spanish inhabitants were also most respectful, offering their services if I required them.

Sidi Hamza I saw almost daily, Sidi Eddin's visits were not frequent, but members of their tribe were always in attendance more or less. Sidi Hamza had been to Paris, and never tired of recounting his experience in the gay city. By all accounts he must have had a real good time. It occurred to him that I might like to see some European entertainments, so some of his European friends organised an impromptu hop. We all went, and were accommodated with seats at the head of the room, my Tangerine retainers standing at the back of us. Presently some one appeared in the doorway in a black frock-coat, unstarched shirt front and collar, a red necktie not faultlessly tied, a tall silk hat, the head enforced into it, and a gold-headed cane in his hand, over which fell a large rumpled cuff.

I looked, wondering who this oddity might be, when to my utter astonishment I saw him whisk one of the girls round the waist and join in the valse just commenced, hat on all the time. On approaching my end of the room, he raised his hat to me, when lo! and behold the almost bald pate of Sidi Hamza presented itself. Muley Ali recognised him first, and I must say I was never so taken aback by a transformation which had been made for my special benefit. As I was not enthusiastic, I'm afraid he felt the affair had fallen rather flat. Very much finer was he in his handsome native dress of blue cloth embroidered in gold, a well-fitting turban over a casque of palmetto, with a cord of woven camel's hair over that, into which a suspicion of coloured floss silk was introduced here and there in minute tufts. On his legs were red leather gaiters, richly embroidered in gold thread, to which socks of leather were attached, the feet encased in a pretty low Algerian shoe, with high flat heel, a belt of leather richly embroidered and pistol holster to match, and over the whole costume two *burnouses*, the one inside of silk or fine material, and the other of cloth, or more generally of black wool or camel's hair, according to the weather. With his *burnous* thrown carelessly over one shoulder, and the Légion d'Honneur on the other side of the burnouse, Sidi Hamza, though far from good-looking, was a distinguished-looking young fellow. The native dress lends much to the height; in European garb (?) he looked much shorter, and I could not say there was a particle of the gentleman in him from his outward appearance. After a visit of some ten days, Sidi Eddin and others of the Oulad Sidi Sheik tribe had achieved their utmost in making our rather prolonged stay agreeable. It was with difficulty I resisted their entreaties to visit the mausoleum of their ancestor Sidi Sheik. The distance was too great, and I felt I ought not to penetrate further south, almost into the heart of Little Sahara, of which I was now on the borders.

CHAPTER XVIII

MORE TRAVELS IN THE SOUTH OF ALGERIA

We happened on one occasion to be staying at an encampment near Aflou, with Kaid M'zuida, not such a great distance from Wad El Beida. Here I saw a gazelle hunt for the first time, and joined in one beat. They brought me a mare that simply looked skin and bone. I did not care to ride such a beast, but was assured that she was strong and fleet of foot, and that it was the nature of all mares in that region to have such a half-starved appearance. The Kaid was correct; she flew almost like a bird, and it was an exciting gallop while it lasted, nevertheless I did not wish to have another trial on her back.

Going from here to Aflou I had a large escort with me as usual, and we took some gazelle cutlets as part of our luncheon; we had also eaten gazelle dressed in different ways during our stay with Kaid M'zuida. We were going along quietly when all at once something whizzed past me, and, to my horror, the mare Muley Ahmed was riding had run away with him. The Arabs with us shouted to us to stop, as my first impulse was to follow Muley Ali and Mohar, who had gone after the child. The Arabs said she would soon stop if she did not hear hoofs behind her.

Mohar dismounted, took off his boots, and followed after the child and his runaway beast; several others doing the same, I, with the remainder of our escort, following slowly and as noiselessly as possible. The agony of mind was terrible, for I did not know in what state I should find my darling child, or if he would be alive or dead. I was almost as one demented, and the twenty minutes or half-an-hour fright seemed like hours of suspense. At last, in response to a shout, we set off at a brisk gallop, and saw the followers standing round in the distance. On coming up to them I saw my boy still in the saddle, and Mohar holding the bridle, just on the edge of a precipice, where the animal came to an end of her mad career. He had refused to allow Mohar to dismount him, until his brother and I arrived, so as to assure us he had not fallen off.

I was off my steed in a second and flew to my child, who was looking as white as a ghost. Mohar put him beside me, and I made him put his head in my lap, as he said it throbbed so much. Water was near, and I put a few drops of brandy into some water. Reaction set in, and I was afraid he would faint, as he was trembling from head to foot. Smelling-salts helped to revive him, and after half-an-hour's rest we were all sufficiently recovered to resume our journey to Aflou, or as I suggested, Muley Ahmed should now re-christen it "I flew."

Meantime I discovered the cause of the disaster. The young man had purloined a spur from some one, and strapped it on to his boot; the mare resented the application, and took to her heels as I have related.

"How did you keep your seat, Mannie" (his pet name), I said.

"Well, Mamma, you always call me a little monkey, and, by acting as such, I was able to cling on, so in future when you call me a monkey, you will be perfectly right."

He is still a fearless rider, and at powder-play very much admired; in fact many Europeans have said they would attend this exhibition in Tangier if Muley Ahmed was among the party of riders.

A day or two after saw us on the road from Aflou to Ain el Mahdi, near the Zowia of Sidi Ahmed el Tizpeni. The head of the Sanctuary was in Algiers, where his French wife lived, but relatives received us and made us very welcome.

On the slope of Djebel Amour we pitched our camp. It was a chilly evening, and the brightness of the stars, and some shooting ones, first attracted our attention. The shower, for such it was, increased until, as the Arabs said, "It rained stars." The display was magnificent and awe-inspiring. Some of the meteors seemed an immense size, and left a trail of light behind them for a second or two like a comet's tail. Whichever way you turned, hundreds and hundreds of meteors seemed to be rushing to Mother Earth. At first the Arabs did not seem to know what to think of it. They began to get nervous, recitations of the Koran could be heard on all sides, and many prostrated themselves face downwards; some flitted about hither and thither, looking like so many ghosts wrapped up in their white *burnouses;* some stood stock-still at the door of their tent or cabin.[1]

Then the women became aware of the grand display in the heavens above, and fear and trembling seized them in a piteous way; they wailed and moaned. No one spoke above a whisper, and at times speech seemed to have left many. How long the shower lasted I cannot remember, though at 10 P.M.

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[1] There is a belief in Morocco that when shooting stars are seen, Satan is assailing Heaven.—ED.

it was at its zenith, for at a moment when I thought to look at my watch it marked that hour. I confess I was awe-stricken with so much grandeur, the like of which I have never seen before or since. The children were not so much alarmed, but the scenes made by the retainers somewhat unnerved them, so I persuaded them to go to bed, and before long Morpheus held them in his arms. I too tried to sleep, but my Moorish woman was verging on hysterics, and the moaning and wailing women all round did not permit me to have much rest.

I heard next morning that one or two women had miscarried in consequence of the great state of terror they were in. If I remember rightly we left next day, staying again at Arab encampments. We came to some pine woods, in the Harrar district, and were making our way to the Oulad el Kharoul. Two brothers were Kaids in this district. The journey was a long one, some eight or nine hours, up hill and down dale. The valley before reaching the Kaids' place was very beautiful, all so green, the pine-trees throwing off their rich perfume. I don't think we encountered a single soul the whole day, except when within an hour more or less of our destination, and then it was only a goat-herd with a flock of the black long-haired goats for which this part of the country is famous. On our way we saw hundreds of camels, fine animals many of them. These represented, as I think I have remarked before, the financial status of this or that tribe; wealth is also reckoned by flocks of sheep and goats. A little before we reached the Oulad Kharoul, something black could be seen rising among the trees and shaped almost like a minaret, and then here and there peeped out from the bushes more black patches which seemed of great length. Just as I was wondering what they might be, a lot of gaily-dressed horsemen appeared, and escorted us to the spot I had been gazing on. I found it was an enormous encampment, very different to the Arab tents I had been staying in. It was all of camel's hair cloth and very thick, the sides were more than two metres high. The roof covering was dome shaped, and I also noticed that each end was raised, tower like, and a large bunch of ostrich feathers adorned each highest point. The seams of the outside of this enormous roof covering were adorned with little tufts of feathers at intervals. The interior was divided into compartments, being of the same material as the outside. Large rooms they represented, and when I found a large canopied brass bedstead, a chest of drawers, and a wardrobe with a mirrored door, one could with a slight stretch of imagination think they were in a house. Kitchen and stables were all under this single roof, but so well arranged that no inconvenience was caused. For transporting this enormous tent domicile, when the inhabitants migrated to other quarters, over one hundred camels were requisitioned. I learnt that the Kaids often visited the Algerian towns; one especially spent a great deal of his time, and no doubt money, in Oran. He spoke French fairly well, and many of the young male members of the family were quite fluent in that language. In fact throughout my journey I found many Arabs who spoke French, good, bad, or indifferent, which was a boon to me, for the further south we went the Arabic dialect changed, and it was often difficult for me to follow, especially as they spoke so quickly, but I became accustomed and able to use the Algerian words, in many cases so different to those used in Tangier where, too, very indifferent Arabic is spoken. At Fez you get a fairly pure language, but not equal, I am told, to that which is used in Egypt and elsewhere. We only spent one night here, and I had an opportunity of seeing the women weaving the beautiful thick carpets with which the interior of their camp was so richly adorned. From here Tiaret was our destination; the road lay partly in a valley, the slopes gradually seemed to increase in height as we went along, and the road was a climb as we neared the town, which is built on the slopes of Djebel Geuzzoul, and is supposed to be the site of a Roman camp.

It has the appearance of a double town, the civil quarter on one side and the military the other; the whole enclosed within high walls. Not far from Tiaret, and on the road to Frenda, are some remarkable tombs which the Arabs call Djedar (enclosure). They were there in number, built of large cut stones and terminate in a pyramid. The interiors had formerly been mortuary chambers. We were to have made an excursion there, but the intense cold and rainy weather deprived us of that outing. Our stay was made at a house belonging to a powerful chief named Hadj Kaddour el Saharononi; he was not at home, but his wife, or properly speaking one of his wives, was our hostess. The house was supposed to be European, at the back it resembled much an Arab encampment; a small camel's hair tent was there. From here we took train to Algiers, arriving at close upon 11 P.M., as the train had been delayed. We went to the Hotel l'Oasis, and how we enjoyed the luxury of a good bed! for although fairly comfortable in the Arab encampments, the difference is very perceptible and acceptable after a month or two.

CHAPTER XIX

MY JOURNEY HOME

New Year's day dawned very wet, and the birth of 1886 was not pleasant in its omens. People were going about on visits, but no one I knew lived in Algiers at that time, so I watched from the hotel windows the carriages passing with their gaily-dressed occupants. Muley Thammin was with me, having a week's holiday, the three brothers being very pleased to meet again. Hadj Kaddour el Saharononi invited us all to luncheon, and placed his carriage and pair at our disposal as long as we remained in Algiers. I also attended the service at the Protestant church. It is an imposing building outside, with a portico supported by fluted columns. The pulpit is of carved walnut-wood, and the communion table of white marble. This was the French Protestant building. The Church of England I also attended. This also is a very handsome edifice; it was heavily in debt when I was there. The stained-glass windows, pulpit, and font are all gifts from visitors. I also visited Lieutenant-Colonel Playfair at his beautiful Moorish house, and by his and Mrs. Playfair's kindness I was able to find a lady who would take charge of Muley Ali during fêtes or holidays, if required, in case I could not leave Tangier conveniently. I had one or two most agreeable interviews with Monsieur Firman before taking Muley Ali to the Lycée on 5th January. I had all the three boys photographed, Muley Thammin going through the ordeal for the first time. He took to it kindly, and was rather proud of himself. I visited several Arab families in the Moorish quarter; one lady insisted on arraying me in Algerian costume. She professed herself so pleased that she proposed she should lend me the dress for the purpose of being photographed, so accordingly a relative of hers went with me next day to a studio, where I posed as an Algerian lady. I visited many Mosques, which are all accessible to Europeans, who must remove their shoes at the entrance.

The Djamàa of Si Abderrhaman el Thalbi contains the tomb of a saint who died almost four hundred years ago. There are several graves around him, which I learnt were those of Pashas and Deys. Lights are constantly kept burning near the tomb, which is draped with pieces of silk in various colours. Banners, lamps, and eggs are suspended from the roof.

The Lycée is a very imposing building, and everything seems to be arranged on a scale of comfort for the boarders. The sleeping apartments were large and airy, and the class-rooms by their size showed what a number of pupils could be educated therein. I found the Principal and his wife charming people, and their kindness to Muley Ali during his stay there is one of my pleasant memories. I was sorry to remove him to Ben Ahnoun, a few miles from Algiers, in the second year, but when Muley Ahmed joined his brother they preferred living in the country, the town in summer not agreeing with them.

After completing any amount of shopping I had to think of returning to Tangier, for the Shareef was not very well. Now came a very hard task, that of leaving Muley Ali behind. I had prolonged my visit more than I intended, as I could not summon up the necessary courage to go away without him. Nevertheless the painful hour arrived, and we all felt it badly. I tried to keep a cheerful face during this parting interview. Returning to the hotel I wept till I could do so no longer. I sent Muley Ahmed out with Mohar, for distraction, and he purchased a lot of toys, with which he amused himself for the rest of the evening, and I busied myself with the remainder of the packing.

I slept at Blidah, but did not enjoy this pretty place as I should have done had I my two precious boys with me. I enjoyed the walk among the orange trees, and the perfume of the orange blossom was delightful. Such mandarin oranges I never ate, and the liqueur is a dream. Most of the hedges round the different enclosures are formed of clipped orange-trees grown thickly together; these hedges were just bursting into bloom, and were a sight never to be forgotten. Blidah is prettily situated at the foot of the Atlas Mountains, and the selection of its site a happy thought. The summit of the mountains overshadow the town, and on the other side there is an excellent view of the Metijia plain as far as the Sahel hills. There is a magnificent group of olive-trees in one of the public gardens; I do not remember at how many centuries their age was computed. I also noticed some cedars, but they were nothing in particular as to size.

Another letter reached me from the Shareef, asking me to go to Bioness before returning to Tangier. I would have remained a day or two longer, if only to be, as I imagined, within a reasonable distance of Muley Ali, in case he required my presence. From here we took train to Oned el Rion, or Tukerman, where a town was in the course of formation. The diligence was waiting, having brought passengers from Annin Moussan, the place where we were to pass the night. This morning the number was so great that they could not be accommodated, being increased by the Shorfa or Marabouts (as they designated them in those regions) of Bioness. The head of these Shorfa is Sidi Alenoni, and his son, grandsons, and great-grandsons, with a large escort came to meet us. Those whom the diligence could not accommodate came on horseback.

Before the train stopped the Arab supplanted the porter in opening the carriage-door at the risk of his life, so intense was the excitement. One of the grandsons and a secretary visited us in Algiers. What luggage I had with me was whipped up before I had time to see by whom it was taken. Fortunately no other occupant was in the same compartment, or unpleasant mistakes might have occurred. The railway authorities little appreciated this storming of their little station, and there was no small amount of commotion for a few minutes. We reached the diligence somehow, but Muley Ahmed, though in Mohar's arms, rather objected to this rather demonstrative adoration. At last we started on our three hours' drive to Annin Moussan, then only a small village, and French military post of some importance. The Arabs increased in numbers as we came towards our destination, and with difficulty we entered somebody's house and remained there through the night. Horses and baggage animals were ready, and we started next morning for Bioness. The route was picturesque after passing outside Annin Moussan; the high hill we ascended was well wooded on every side, principally with pines, though numerous other trees were planted there. There was no real road—deep ruts, large boulders, and running streams all had to be encountered. Recent heavy rains had made this ascent more difficult than ever. The sun shone brilliantly on this day; the pines and other trees wore their best green dresses in all shades, and even a few birds were twittering here and there. A partridge ran across my path. I came upon one or two foresters—the French are careful in preserving their wooded plantations; and what a gain to poor Morocco it would be if a little common sense in forestry were exercised instead of all wood being ruthlessly destroyed.

Before commencing the ascent a small show of powder-play took place, but the heavy ground prohibited any particular display of horsemanship. As we went along a volley was fired now and again. Having paid at the Bureau Arabic in Annin Moussan for the licence to use gunpowder in their fêtes for the next few days, the Arabs were determined to make the most of it. I enjoyed my ride surrounded by such picturesque scenery, the crowd of Arabs on horse and on foot. Nearly all wore the brown *burnous*, and their costumes of bright colours, in nearly all cases embroidered in gold. Nearing the village, gunpowder was more freely used, and the shots re-echoed from the neighbouring hills. It sounded like an approach of an invading army. For some distance we could hear those from the village replying.

On the confines of this village, named Bioness, was seen standing a venerable Arab, in flowng white garments, and carrying his staff. He was a perfect picture, and as he stood a little in advance of a semicircle of his descendants and other relatives, the background formed of the greenest of trees, and bushes all round a clear blue sky, and a sunbeam played close to, made quite a patriarchal scene. The old Marabout was short of stature, further decreased by his very round shoulders. He advanced slowly, and Muley Ahmed was lifted from his horse for him to salute, which caused the old man to be much overcome. The sight of the son of his spiritual chief unnerved him and all others for the moment. Nevertheless he soon recovered, and came up to me, presenting his only son, grandsons, and great-grandsons; he then remounted his horse with an alertness which did credit to his ninety-eight summers. His son, a man about sixty years old, required assistance, but then he was in a delicate state of health.

The procession, greatly augmented, now started for the village, which was still higher up. Sidi Alenoni had designated his own house for our temporary residence, which was to be of three days' duration—but alas! the weather turned the next day, and for ten days we were unable to move. The thunderstorms were nerve-shaking, though the lightning playing along the hills was a grand sight; the wind howled at night, and rain accompanied with hail was far from adding to our comfort. Then snow fell, and Muley Ahmed saw it for the first time in his life.

Entertainments consisting of music and dancing in Arab fashion were provided for our amusement, and we did wade across some paths to visit some other residents. A grandson of the Marabout had really quite a decent room—good carpets were a special feature in all the best houses here, and this man had bedsteads and a wardrobe, and several glass shades of artificial flowers, to say nothing of some half-dozen chairs, two of which he had lent to his grandfather for my benefit. The house I lived in, like the rest of the village, was built of earth and lime, and the ceilings of unplaned rafters. This house was two storied, and an attempt had been made to beautify the principal room with pillars. As in all houses built thus the dust was overpowering, and continued sprinkling with water is necessary when a house is much in use. I have resided in more comfortable quarters, but still these might have been worse, considering the state of the elements.

The style of architecture I could not lay to any period, perhaps the cave-dwellers introduced it when they first began to build houses. The old Marabout had a good-looking wife between thirty and forty years of age, and an only daughter, spoilt by the tattooing, but the apple of her father's eye. The wife managed the Zowia, which was the head of the order of Muley Taib in that district. Some thirty M'kaddums or stewards of the order were under him, for these Sidi Alenoni was responsible, and he in turn represented the Grand Shareef of Wazan, or as he was styled his Khalifa. At the end of ten days an improvement in the state of the weather enabled me to take my departure for Annin Moussan *en route* for Tangier *via* Oran. The adieux were made amidst much sobbing on the part of the natives, and with a large escort we started. Rain began to fall, but the shower passed off and a little sunshine appeared. Travelling was hard work, for the stones were loosened in several places, the little streams were swollen, and evening was coming on before we reached the plains, which were all under water. I think it was on this occasion that the Arab Bureau gave us a night's shelter, the tiny hotel being full.

Next morning in fine weather we started by diligence, and then by train to Oran, accompanied by one of Sidi Alenoni's grandsons, who remained through the four days I had to wait for steamer to Tangier, the date of departure having recently been changed. Muley Ahmed had contracted a feverish cold, so I was not sorry for a few days delay, then it comforted me to know I was still only a dozen hours journey from Muley Ali, from whom I received the most gratifying letters; he appreciated his new life, and his studies were a real pleasure to him. During his residence at the Lycée he was seldom, if ever, off the *tableau d'honneur*, and the number of prizes he obtained testify to his studious habits when at college. Two years in succession, the last he was there, he carried off the highest prize in the Lycée, given by the President of the French Republic. Unfortunately first typhoid fever, and then his father's precarious health prevented him from returning to the Lycée after these successes.

I found the Shareef at the wharf to meet us, but looking far from well, and suffering from gouty eczema. He looked sad when he saw only the one child, and told me he almost felt inclined to send me back to fetch the other. I really think if I had been of the same mind he would not have opposed it during the first two or three days. The two brothers were always the best of friends, and always went about together;

Muley Ahmed too missed his playmate, but like all children, he soon made his surroundings pleasant and to his taste. I thought the Shareef was improving in health, but though his arm yielded to treatment for a time, his leg commenced to give trouble and, no amelioration seeming possible, it was suggested sulphur baths should be tried, so in April we started for Hammam Bougrarah, near Marnia in Algeria.

On leaving Tangier the Shareef gave me much anxiety; then too he was not the best sailor, which did not improve matters. Arriving at Malaga, where we passed the whole day, I induced my husband to go ashore and take Muley Ahmed for a drive, which he did; but the fatigue was too much, so he returned to the vessel, and remained there until we reached Oran on the 19th April. Next day the Shareef took a decided turn for the better, though I had to pay his official visits for him at Oran. On arriving at Tlemcen I had again to do the same thing. The usual receptions took place from the Algerian populace of this place, but as few people knew of our visit, we managed to get to our Zowia in a much more rational manner. I sent for Muley Ali, it being the Easter vacation, but Muley Thammi preferred to go and stay with some friends in the environs of Algiers, so I sent him some extra cash, to enable him to enjoy himself thoroughly. I knew well the people with whom he would spend his holidays. After consulting a medical man who had made a study of the curative powers of the waters at Hammam Bougrarah, we left Tlemcen. On the journey the Shareef was taken with fever, but would insist on going straight to the baths instead of resting at the hotel at Marnia. I sat up with him the whole night, part of which he was delirious. Here was I in the wilds, so to speak, and no medical help at hand. I begged him to send for a military doctor from Marnia, but he would not consent. Fortunately he seemed to be recovering. Possibly the journey had been the cause of provoking inflammation in the leg; this soon abated, and my husband was once more recovering.

The baths seemed to have had a most beneficial effect, and we had several native visitors. In some cases whole tribes came; they camped near the date palms with which the baths are surrounded, or amongst some trees which were about a quarter of a mile from the house we inhabited, which a few years previously was the post-house. The Shareef had now purchased this, and it was put into fairly good repair. Bougrarah is named after a saint, whose tomb is placed near the springs, and to him is ascribed the miraculous curative powers of the water, which is conducted to the baths by a subway laid with pipes by the French Government. A deputation arrived from the neighbourhood of Beni Snassen asking the Shareef's good offices in some tribal disputes; then in a day or two after came some letters from the Riff, asking the Shareef to make it convenient to pass through their country, to have the benefit of his blessing, as crops had been so bad for some time.

CHAPTER XX

MY VISIT TO THE RIFF COUNTRY

We talked it over, and as the Shareef was practically in good health, we purchased horses and mules, and made some tents of a light kind, in case no houses were attainable. The Shareef suggested I should return *via* Oran to Tangier with Muley Ahmed, Muley Ali having returned to the Lycée to resume his studies. I told my husband that I had no fear whatever, and I did not mean to lose such an opportunity, perhaps the chance might never occur again. I went to Tlemcen to complete purchases, and on 23rd May we all started for Marnia, staying at the hotel there for the night. On 24th May we arrived at Oujhda, the first town of any importance after crossing the frontier, the country we passed through being generally perfectly flat and treeless, though well cultivated. On approaching Oujhda the country became well wooded, the route lying through numerous olive groves, and the ground immediately about the town contained numerous fruit gardens and orange orchards. Oujhda itself I found just as uninteresting as on my previous visit, though now I was enabled to take more notice of my surroundings, the inhabitants being at peace with neighbouring tribes.

During the six days we remained in the town several chiefs came to my husband, entreating him to use his good offices in procuring for them and their tribes French protection. The Shareef returned to Marnia to confer with the military authorities there, and the request was to be gone into, but I do not think with any tangible results. We then passed on to Oulad Kaleouf, finding among the scrub *en route* evidences of the recent flight of the Basha of Oujhda. The country was at first rather hilly, then stony, next showing huge crevasses in the rocks, and at last the apology for a road in the Beni Snassen mountains, where climbing was so bad that I with others of our escort elected to go on foot, Mohar taking Muley Ahmed on his shoulders. The Shareef was ahead with the Oulad Sidi Namadan (the Shorfa residing here) and the Tolba (priests). I always remained slightly in the background in these religious processions, not that any objection has ever been mooted, but possibly there might be some who would feel aggrieved, and I have never willingly entered into anything that might hurt their susceptibilities, knowing they are far too respectful to let it be known.

My escort said there was a short cut to Sidi Bamadan's Zowia, and the distance could be covered on foot in no time. Our leaders started, and the method of going was athletic. Jumping from boulder to boulder was mere play in comparison to what we had to go through in nearing the summit; one required the ability of a goat, and even then every step would seem dangerous: in some parts it was like climbing a perpendicular wall. A warlike looking man on each side to drag me along was necessary during the last part of the journey, and I arrived more than fatigued at the guest house, where I found the Shareef already installed and wondering what had become of us. The houses, if one can call them by the name, were all in a most dilapidated condition, and the women looked anything but cleanly. They were most hospitable, however, and did their best. We remained four days, waiting for Monsieur Duveyrier, a celebrated French traveller, who wished to accompany us through the Riff, on a request made to the Shareef through the French Government; he was to pass as our medical attendant. The Shareef was rather sceptical from the first as to the feasibility of an European joining us, and was very frank, at the same time promising to do his best.

The path down the other side of the Beni Snassen mountain on the route to Saida was very bad, and like the ascent, we did much on foot; still it was an improvement on the track we had to follow on the Oujhda side. We went to a village near the Moulouya River, but I cannot remember whether we forded it that day or not. Anyhow the day after we started for Kibdana, and encamped at an Arab douar. The Shareef used to hunt all the time, leaving me to accompany Monsieur Duveyrier. Muley Ahmed remained with me, and also the whole of the caravan except those the Shareef took with him to carry his luncheon basket and small tent. I was not over comfortable when from time to time surveying operations were made by our guest, for I did not feel quite sure how the natives might take it, as we had in our retinue many strangers whom I might not be able to control like our personnel. However all went well. Kibdana is very hilly, and in some places we encountered abrupt ground which we crossed with difficulty. Wild lavender grew in profusion, but it had not a vestige of perfume. At first sight I thought I should be able to lay in such a store for my linen cupboard. Naturally I refrained from doing so. I think we were five days in this province, so to speak. The last encampment near Melilla was in a very pretty valley. Here a camel with the kitchen utensils ran away down the slope, just before we reached our quarters. To see that big ungainly animal running for all he was worth with the Arabs after him, shouting, gesticulating, and making such an uproar, consequently frightening the poor beast more and more, was more than comical. Finally he arrived on the plain in the valley, when an attempt was made to catch him. I never knew that a camel could buck something like a horse, but this one did, and at each fling a saucepan, coffee-pot, or perhaps a plate would go flying in the air. It looked like the expiring efforts of a set piece at a firework exhibition. The animal would stand still as though defying every one, and when the Arabs wished to close in, it commenced its gyrations, to the extermination almost of our pots and pans. Anything so funny I never witnessed in my life, and every one laughed till they could laugh no more.

Arriving at Melilla we encamped on neutral ground. I elected to remain in camp, for although Moorish servants are as a rule excellent in their way, they have no method, and do much better under direction. The Shareef accordingly went to town, called on the authorities, and paid visits to some acquaintances settled there. I did my best to replace the damages caused by the camel's antics, which by-the-by was probably caused by the shifting of a large kettle. This knocked upon a large copper saucepan, and caused a rattling which had frightened the poor beast almost out of his senses. After we reached

Melilla a letter came from the Kaid of Goliyah saying that he could not be responsible for any Europeans traversing the Riff. The Shareef came to me and discussed the matter. He was for returning, as at the moment it was supposed that I was included in the ban; a second letter rectified that idea, and said there was "a thousand welcomes for Muley Ahmed's mother." I had the unpleasant task of conveying this intelligence to Monsieur Duveyrier, at the same time feeling very sorry for the keen disappointment he would experience. I also felt annoyed at the *contretemps* that prevented the Shareef from completing his promise to the French authorities. As I had feared, the free use of surveying apparatus, especially the day before we reached Melilla, was the real cause that aroused the suspicions of the Riffians, the news of which preceded our caravan, and was promptly transmitted in the usual exaggerated form to the Riffian authorities.

During our stay at Melilla, which lasted four days, the troops were brought out and manœuvred, after which they marched past. I was much struck with the appearance of the men. Their equipment was excellent, and also the manner in which they performed their military exercises. Leaving Melilla we struck into a vast mountainous district, and were fairly in the land of the Riffians. There was not a vestige of road to be seen during the whole course of our journey. Every day we travelled on and on, only halting for the night. I remember that in some parts an experience of climbing sides, as we had at the Beni Snassen mountain, occurred on several occasions. At one point we were so high that people and animals on the seashore below looked like so many pigmies. At another place the mountain was so steep that we almost climbed on our hands and knees, and the animals were dragged up by stalwart Riffians. In dangerous places, and there were many, the Riffs would stand on the edge of a precipice, and with their long guns in their hands would form a hand-rail for us.

The slopes of the mountain ranges were covered principally with dense brushwood, on others an abundance of cultivated olive trees. Sometimes the hill-sides were wooded with the Arrar tree, a species of pine having a strong but agreeable perfume, and said to be well adapted for cabinet work, but generally used here to make rafters for houses or cabins. There were quantities of fig, walnut, almond trees and vines. The scenery was truly magnificent as we wended our way through the mountain passes, when every mile seemed to present us with landscapes more romantic and beautiful than the preceding. The valleys had all the appearance of being most fertile, and one came across hamlets in every direction, many surrounded by gardens. Wild flowers were almost all gone; the summer was at its height, and only where the brook lingered on could a few specimens be seen. Our route kept us almost always in view of the blue Mediterranean, and from the mountain tops it seemed calm and unrippled. On our left rose chains upon chains of mountains, the peaks of some lost in the mist. The sunsets were gorgeous. Snow-capped peaks, masses of floating clouds, seemed to be rising here or there as the rays of the setting sun caught this or that craggy summit, which would stand out clear in an azure sky, and then they would be tinted all in a moment with gold, blue, orange and purple. Some of the trees were really magnificent. I recall an open glade, where the Riffians to the number of about 2000 had assembled. Powder was freely used by all the tribes as a sign of joy and welcome to the Shareef and his party, but here it surpassed all previous receptions. As we came over one hill to reach another equally high, we passed across what looked like a large amphitheatre. All around this were collected the Riffians, gun in hand. When the Shareef appeared on the crest of the hill, it was the sign to fire, which they did in detachments until the circle was completed, only to recommence from whence they began. This was repeated three times, and the noise was as deafening as would be the case in the din of battle.

The custom throughout the Riff was for an escort from the previous tribe to take us to the limits of the next tribe's territory; even when we visited fractions of a tribe the same etiquette would be followed. The frontiers, so to speak, are strictly observed, and on some occasions our escort would depart at the first sign of the adjoining tribe, in consequence of some feud existing amongst them.

There being no law recognised throughout the Riff but the will of a head of a tribe, courts of justice are consequently unknown. Their place is supplied by the observance of a species of vendetta or blood feud. Thus, should one man kill another, even by accident, some relation, usually the next of kin, is bound to murder the one who occasioned the death; but this man's relations are in their turn bound to exact vengeance, and so the feud is perpetuated for generations. The Riffians are Nature's true men, and socially the village life is not unhappy, though very primitive. They are a robust and healthy people, pastoral and agricultural. The Riffians may almost be classed as a white race; many a golden-headed child, with intense blue eyes, and even ruddy complexion, did I come across in my wanderings through the villages at which we halted. Many of the women beheld a Christian woman for the first time, which made them appear shy on first contact, but they were soon reassured, and the little ones won over with some chocolate or sweets, probably eaten for the first time, and evidently appreciated, judging by the number of little urchins who would collect after my return to my tent. At one village where we halted, I think Monstaza, a quantity of honey was brought, also honeycomb fresh from the hives.

The Shareef as usual had preceded us, as he preferred hunting on the road. The heat was too intense for me to take part, and I feared it might affect my little boy, so I always followed with the baggage animals. When I reached this village, I found that some delightful cool cabins had been set apart for us, small but comfortable. My camp furniture was brought in, and the women crowded round inside and out, depositing their offerings, honey and honeycomb being predominant. Some, more bold than the rest, thought a close inspection of me would be interesting, so with due respect I was approached, and my habit, gloves, boots, &c., were in turn commented upon, favourably or otherwise I cannot say, as they spoke the Riffian language. To avoid carrying an umbrella, I provided myself with an Algerian sun hat, as worn by the men when travelling. They are identical in shape to that worn by Mother Goose in children's picture-books. Made of light straw, in red and natural colours, the broad brim and high crown are great protections from heat. I was able to arrange my hair pyramid fashion inside the crown, and thereby cover the whole of my head with a fine muslin kerchief to keep out the dust before donning my elegant headgear.

On the floor was a large dish of fresh honey just arrived, and as I thought the investigation of my person had been sufficiently prolonged, I made signs to my visitors of dismissal, at the same time removing my hat. One woman noticing that some honey had overflowed from the dish, turned to remove the little stream with her hands. At the moment I dispensed with my headgear she was so overwhelmed at that sight, that before I could prevent her, she clutched at my top-knot with her honey-smeared hands, and beckoned to her companions to return. I pushed her away as quickly as possible, and my Moorish maid came to my rescue, too late to prevent the trickling of honey all down my face and habit, fortunately a linen one. The women scampered away, and the Shareef from his cabin opposite wondered what was the cause of all the hilarity on my side, but when he saw the object before him he joined in the mirth with his jolly and hearty laugh.

Meantime a large basin was found, and some water heated, for my hair had to be washed. As I possessed rather more of that commodity than most people have, the difficulties can well be understood in a confined place, and I'm afraid I did not feel charitable towards the woman who caused the disaster in her surprise at seeing such an unusual mop.

The women, I remarked, do not practise the same seclusion as their sisters in other parts of Morocco. The men are invariably armed with long knives and firearms, a necessary precaution, for in the Riff it is a saying that every man's gun is the law. In some parts of the Riff European rifles were rapidly replacing the antiquated flint-locks, by which the peasantry generally throughout the Empire are armed, but quite a large number seemed to be armed with guns pertaining to many nations, preference being given to American rifles. Somewhere in Tlemsaman, we were resting under some very ancient olive trees, and about six or seven hundred armed Riffs came to do homage to the Shareef. Noticing some rather good guns among his visitors, he told his secretary to bring them for his inspection. I will just mention that my husband had considered it more prudent that I should not be seen using pen and ink, as my doing so might perhaps be misunderstood, so to my great regret nowadays, this account depends much on my memory and a few almost defaced pencil notes. My second son was only nine years old then, but his recollection of several instances that took place have helped me. But to return to the guns; it was sufficient for the Shareef to notice and handle one, for the whole tribe to request his benediction on the lot, at the same time requesting to be informed of the origin of this or that arm. I was sitting at a distance on the stump of an old olive tree, when I saw the Shareef's principal attendant coming towards me with a gun. It turned out that some marks on it had baffled him, and forgetting that he had imposed the rôle of an ignoramus on me, he sent to me to decipher the manufacturer's plate. I shook my head and shrugged my shoulders, but all to no purpose. The Shareef's secretary came to know the cause of delay; at that moment I caught my husband's eye, who gave me a nod, so I complied with the request. To my great dismay the men closed round me; what was going to happen? the pushing and scrambling nearly sent me flying. Well, it was only that each wished to know to what nationality his dearly beloved gun hailed from. I commenced to satisfy them as quickly as I could, in spite of some weapons being thrust over my shoulder, or an unpremeditated thrust in the side, or a narrow escape of losing an eye, so great was their excitement. I computed that four to five hundred rifles were handed to me for inspection, and it was only when the Shareef remounted as a ruse to get away from them, that he was able to see me safely settled in my saddle. Who knows but for that I might still be sitting on the old olive stump inspecting further rifles!

I asked a little boy once if he would like to be a soldier. "Perhaps," he replied, "after my mother has bought me a gun with which to kill my uncle, as he killed my father last year." The age of this child could not have been more than seven years.

In the Riff and Boumara I have reason to believe rich mineral deposits exist, principally copper and iron. Coal is certainly to be found, as we passed one spot where seams of it were cropping out of the ground. I had a lump in my hand, and passed it on to the Shareef, but somehow he mislaid it. Along the Riffian coast there are many outlets, most snug quarters for carrying on contraband without molestation from any one. Some could easily be converted into excellent harbours. At Boumara there is a road called the Seven Circles, or Twists, and it is no wonder that the loss of human and animal life on this route is considerable. Pitfalls were numerous, and into one fell Muley Ahmed, pony and all. Fortunately the undergrowth was fairly strong a few feet from the top, and to that cause the saving of the child's life is due. We were going along slowly and rounding a corner, when the earth suddenly gave way. Both child and animal were, so to speak, hung up; a man scaled the sides, while others managed to get a rope under the pony. The man seized the child, flung him across his shoulders, and with the help of others reached safety; how I don't know, for the sides were almost perpendicular. As luck would have it the pony helped himself at the right moment, but the undergrowth gave way with the supreme effort made by the animal. My people called it the bottomless pit; naturally I had no great desire to inspect the place once my boy was with me safely. On this same route the horse we had purchased from Monsieur Duveyrier, and also one of the mules, came to an untimely end. The animal elected to go by another path, instead of in file, and then on rejoining the mules and donkeys, gave a snap to a donkey to make room for him. The donkey retaliated; the horse, who was on the sick list, lost his footing on these giddy heights, rolled over and over on to the rocky seashore. No doubt life was extinct long before he reached the shore. It was out of the question to attempt a rescue. I only hope the next time I pass through Boumara to Beni Said and Tetuan, this awful road may be a thing of the past.

It was Ramadan, or fasting month, during the thirty days I was travelling in the Riff country, and *en route* I had to resort to many ruses to satisfy the pangs of hunger, which was not so hard to bear as thirst under a blazing sun in the month of June.

From morning, properly speaking the first streak of

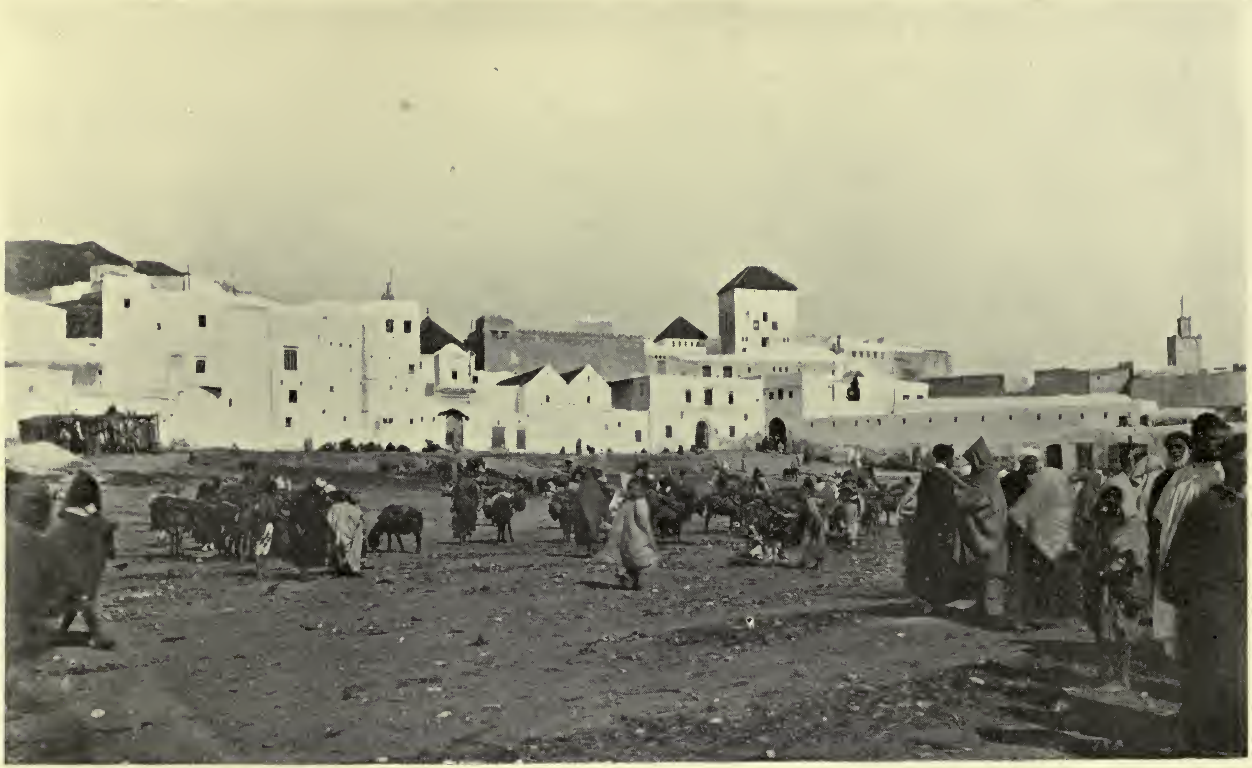

Photo. by H. E. White.

OUTSIDE TETUAN.

dawn in the horizon, no food might pass the lips until sunset, when as much may be consumed as one wishes during the hours that intervene till morning. Travellers are permitted to use their own discretion as to fasting. Generally they prefer to fast, otherwise it entails the last day or days being repaid back in the near future.

At Tetuan we stayed a few days, and then on to Tangier, breaking the journey at the farm of a chief, who had begged my husband to pay him a visit.

CHAPTER XXI

SOME MOORISH SUPERSTITIONS

July 14th found me in Tangier, and at 11 p.m. went with the Shareef to the French Legation, where a ball was given. I enjoyed a few dances, and at 3 a.m. returned home to get some well-earned rest. The principal places we visited in the Riff district were Trabylah of Golyyah, Beni Said, Beni Gulich, Tlemsaman, Ashnumas, Zowia Sidi Hadj Thammie, Badig Moustasa, M'Tulza, Boumara, Beni Said Tetuan, and Augera. At Allhucemas we rowed out to the town, which was some distance. We were entertained by the Governor, and were shown over the palace, prison, barracks, &c. Then I invited all the ladies of the garrison to a tea picnic, so they came with their husbands and children, and if more boats had been available the whole town would have come. For two years no one had come ashore, the Riffians having made themselves objectionable by firing on landing parties; there was no fear of such a thing on this day. Every one seemed to enjoy themselves fully. No visits, I have been told, have been paid to that spot by the Spaniards since that day. At Peñon de la Gomera a steamer was to have called for us, but a fearful swell came on, and we were practically washed out of our tents, having camped on the seashore to await signals. A cousin of the Shareef's was washed into the sea, bed and all, and was with difficulty fished out, rather an unpleasant experience at two o'clock in the morning!

Europeans travelling in Morocco are supposed by the natives to have more or less knowledge of medicine, and the Riffians are not exempt from this idea, consequently my stores of samples were much appreciated by them. Bandages, lint, cotton wool, and Condy's fluid enabled me to alleviate temporarily some cuts and wounds. One day in Boumara a man was assisting in the powder-play, the hammer of his gun flew off from an overcharge of powder, making an ugly wound over the eyebrow. I did what I could, even to putting in a stitch, my first and last attempt at such surgery. After washing, strapping and bandaging my patient, I returned to my tent feeling giddy, sat on the edge of my bed, and was off in a dead faint. The anxiety of putting in the stitch did it, I suppose, as I had dealt with some very unpleasant dressings of wounds on previous occasions with no ill effects. I am afraid my reputation as an assistant surgeon was damaged for ever!

As usual it took a week or two to settle down at home, the Riffians resident in Tangier being more than demonstrative, and the expenditure of powder must have been on a large scale. Their powder-play on foot is very graceful, and the gala-dress they wear is of white coarse linen, embroidered in many-coloured silks of an elaborate design. The short drawers are often as richly worked as the tunic. The leather belt, powder-flask cover, knife-sheath, and pistol holster are all embroidered; even their jelabs (overcoats) sometimes have the most exquisite work. The order of play, as such it may be named, is thus. Two rows of men, four, six, or eight on either side, stand opposite to each other. With "bismillah" on their lips they pass backwards and forwards, then give a few twirls with their guns; then they all suddenly kneel on one leg, while each man examines his flint-lock. They rise again, change places with the opposite row, and back again to the half-kneeling position. This time they put the powder in the gun, further twisting and twirlings follow, another change of places as before, and then with a whoop peculiar to the race all close in a circle, pointing their guns to earth. Thereupon some one especially adept in manipulating will commence a series of tricks, one consisting of beginning a slow twirling, and increasing, until the gun attains the speed of a Catherine wheel; then suddenly he will stop this movement, flourish the weapon round his head, and with a hop, skip, and a jump fire to earth, amid the rattling of drums, the ghaita, and a loud accompaniment of "zahrits" from the women.

Superstitions are rife throughout the land, and I have observed many curious customs. The power of the evil eye—Ain el Kisbech—seems to be more firmly believed in by male and female than anything else. Financial loss, sickness, household troubles, &c., are attributed to this cause. The number five is generally mentioned as four and one, especially if five persons happen to be present. A candle must never be blown out, as a guardian angel might be puffed in the face. Charms or writings of pious sentences are in great request, and many tribes really gain a livelihood in this profession. Earth from saints' tombs is placed in the hollow of a piece of cane, and hung round the neck, to represent the request that was made on the last visit to the tomb.

Fortune-telling is not much credited, though freely practised, wheat or flour being placed on a sieve, and turned over, or round as our old nurses did with the residue in the tea-cup. Palmistry I have tried, but I am convinced that the reading of the lines is now lost to those who practise it. It is now only a form of begging, for the practitioner seeks only to have his or her palm crossed with silver.

There is also a certain kind of magic, named the M'hallah (army or camp). People wishing to know of absent friends will employ a scribe capable of calling up the M'hallah. This performance takes place generally on a huge terrace of a house. A boy of about ten years old is required for the purpose. The scribe draws on his palm a camp, which is represented by a square. This is subdivided, leaving the centre larger than the rest, into which a large blotch of ink is placed. Then some numbers are placed in the smaller spaces, outside of which has been written a verse from the Koran. All the time these preparations are going on, incense is freely burnt on live charcoal. The first question asked is if the boy can perceive his own face in the large blotch. If he replies in the affirmative, the scribe demands of the inquirer or inquirers what is wished to be known.

I am assured that the most efficacious mode of casting out devils (I call the malady nerves or hysteria) is by following this recipe: Procure from three ladies as a gift three handfuls of flour; these ladies must be named respectively Fatma, Mahma, and Kadijah. They must never have been widows or divorced, and their husbands must conform to the same conditions. Next you must buy, or preferably have given you, an earthenware pot, quite new. Now procure a little oil, butter, walnut-bark, khol, mistra (gum mastic), a little piece of sugar, a square of common muslin, four pieces of bamboo cane about two inches long, and four bits of cloth about an inch square, red, yellow, green and blue-black. Call or send for a professional charmer, and arrange with her the day she will come to cook the peace-offering to the malicious spirits. The woman is supposed to fast and purify herself before commencing, and must find a fish added to the above requirements. The charmer must be dumb for the time being, that is from the time she leaves her own house until she had completed her task. The flour is mixed with water (no salt, no leaven) and sent to the oven. That done she takes the fish, cleans it and prepares it for cooking, being careful to preserve the entrails and scales, also the head, in the water she has used. The fish is placed over a fire in the new pot, with the oil, butter, and some water; a friend or friends sit in the room with the invalid in whose presence this is taking place. The fish being done to a turn, is removed from the fire; the charmer then visits the four corners of the room, and anoints them with the sauce from the pot. After this a mouthful is given to the sick person. Furthermore, each of the large joints of the invalid are anointed with the sauce. The pot is then put into a hand-basket, the sugar, miska, khol, head and entrails and scales of fish, and water it was washed in, put in the pot with the rest, and four little flags that in the meantime have been made, decorate this mess, which is finally covered with the cloth. The charmer departs as she came, and goes to the seashore, where she deposits her burden in some corner, taking her basket home. Once within her domicile her obligations end, until she is summoned by some one else to perform the same kind offices. The blue and yellow flags represent two of seven sisters, named Lalla Okea and Lalla Myra, guardian female spirits; the red and blue-black, Sidi Hamon and Sidi Memoun el Bakr (of the sea), propitiating spirits.

CHAPTER XXII

I ENTERTAIN LARGELY—THE SHADOW OF CHANGE

At the end of this month, Muley Alarbi and Muley Mohammed came with notabilities from Wazan. There were between five and six hundred people, and the object of their visit was to welcome the Shareef back from his Riff journey. When we heard so many people were coming, the catering question became serious, although it was for three days only. To my surprise, the Shareef suggested that I should manage the whole of the catering, and gave me *carte blanche* to provide all that was necessary. I was not quite certain how to tackle such a large order; however, it had to be done, and I set to work to think out the best way to go about it. There were some ten principal Shorfa, and each required to be served separately, either in their rooms or in the tents which had been assigned to them. Three or four courses went to each meal, and the servants, muleteers, and camp followers required two meals a day. To each Shareef on arrival was sent 12 lbs. of sugar, ½ lb. green tea, and four packets of candles. I divided the men up into companies of twenty, one man in each company being responsible for the remaining nineteen. He was styled M'kaddum, or steward. For example, the dish of couscous is sufficient for five men, so naturally four dishes would be delivered to the M'kaddum; he in turn passed a dish to one of five, who was responsible for the meal being partaken of by the other four. Although at that time I had a very large staff of servants, of necessity I had to have recourse to outside aid; in fact there were rather too many willing hands.

It was a fine sight when the Wazanites entered Tangier, banners flying, plenty of Moorish drums and fifes, and as for powder-play, we heard it a long time before they reached Tangier. The day after their arrival there was powder-play on the Marshan. Men stood on their saddles at full gallop and fired; another passed under his horse, regaining his saddle in time to fire with the rest of his company. The next day they went to the beach and had similar performances. The Shareef entertained the Shorfa at luncheon one day in my house. My drawing and dining room had to be turned out completely; all pictures and photographs put on one side, and some Fez faience I had on the walls also removed, it being the custom of the peasantry to hang up their plates and dishes, so the Shareef's home must not show that style of decoration. Neither the Shareef nor myself ate with them, though we partook of tea, which always precedes a meal on such occasions, and the musicians were present with violins, guitars, &c. The last meal is always distributed late, and as not a single dish could be sent out without my personal inspection, I stood with list in hand and ticketed off the names of the recipients. The night before they left, 2000 loaves of bread were made and given to our departing guests, a custom always followed out on the visit of pilgrims or others when visiting the Zowia. Naturally the number of loaves was in accordance with the numbers. It is styled the Baraka or blessing from Dar de Mana, or House of Surety. Many would take it to their homes to be distributed among the family and eaten with all solemnity, especially by the sick. The Shareef was more than satisfied with the results of my efforts, and the feast is remembered as an epoch-making event at Wazan to this day. It is reckoned thus: such and such a person was born in the year the Señora entertained the six hundred.

Muley Ali and Muley Thammin were now home for their vacations. The latter went to Wazan, and although he had distinguished himself at the Lycée, bringing several prizes, he lent himself to many escapades, and letters of complaint from his half-brothers kept continually arriving. My second son was to join his brother at college, so altogether I had a busy time completing his outfit. The Shareef had despatched Muley Thammin to some friends in Algiers early in September, and I left with my sons on the 24th. At Melilla I saw the Governor and his staff, we also visited the town. After two days in Oran, visiting principally Mohammedan friends, the boys returned to the Lycée, and a permit was accorded to them to visit me every day during my stay. I called on the Governor-General, Monsieur Firman, with both my sons—a delightful visit, for he was one of the most amiable men one could wish to meet. I found the English lady quite willing to take the double charge, and left my boys assured of every care in case of need. Colonel (then) and Mrs. Playfair showed the greatest kindness and interest. Though convinced of the great benefit that would ensue to my children intellectually, the parting was very hard, as I knew six months must elapse before the following Easter vacation when I should see them again. However, I did my best to smother my heart-break; at the same time I could not contemplate happily the quiet house to which I was returning. So I left for Oran, finding a letter from the Shareef asking me to visit Tlemcen on his account. I concluded the mission confided to me, calling also on the General Commanding, meeting also Monsieur and Madame Guerin, the former an artist; I also lunched with them. After a night's journey in the diligence, I reached Oran without any adventure. There I took leave of General Dutries as well as of the British Consul, who accompanied me on board, where I found Monsieur and Madame Gabeau. The former had been attached to our suite when we were in Paris in 1877. He was the chief interpreter to the French Foreign Office and a most learned Arabic scholar. His wife was the eldest daughter of Monsieur Feraud, then France's representative in Morocco. I visited Malaga, in company of Monsieur and Madame Gabeau, and altogether the journey was made pleasanter than I anticipated by the presence of these kind people on board, for I was bound to exert myself, and consequently did not think and worry so much about my boys, as I should have done had I been alone.

The day after my arrival at Tangier it had been arranged that I should join the Shareef at Wazan. My first inquiries were for the promised baggage animals, such having been previously arranged. A letter was handed me from the Shareef, in which he told me to await his return in Tangier. I was extremely puzzled by this change of arrangements, and accordingly I went home. It was one of the saddest days of my life : no husband, no children, such an utter sense of loneliness, such as I had never experienced in my life. My little dog seemed to want to comfort me, and followed me from room to room. All was so desolate, even uncanny, that I threw myself on my bed and wept for hours. My Moorish servants crowded round me and offered all the consolation possible. Oh, that day I shall never forget! Friends were kind, and I dined frequently at the Ferauds' and other places; the boys' letters too were frequent, and such a joy to me. The Shareef prolonged his visit to Wazan this year, and when he returned his demeanour towards me was sadly changed. I had felt it coming on for some time, but the reason I was unable to discover. I felt certain, however, that a certain person whom I will call X. was gaining an undue influence over my husband; for the Shareef lost no opportunity in lauding him, and chiding me for my repugnance towards the man. I don't know why, but I could not appreciate his alleged good qualities, and resented his conduct, which I construed as an effort to use my husband to satisfy his own ambitions.

The true story of X.'s sinister influence and all the sadness it brought me, I reserve for future chapters, more personal and intimate than any I have yet written.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE BEGINNING OF DOMESTIC TROUBLES

The Shareef, as I have remarked, returned from Wazan completely altered in his attitude towards me, but for what reason I could not devise, unless it were the presence of the European, whom I have designated X. For some time previous, this man had been using his influence over my husband in matters with which I was entirely out of sympathy, viz., certain proposals made by him, and communicated to me by my husband. At this time the Shareef's mental powers were not quite what they had been formerly, and the fixed idea that he would be assassinated seemed to obsess him. I often wonder if certain secret and deleterious remedies had been applied to him without his knowledge, or whether he was addicted to the use of any unknown to me. Unfortunately here in Morocco men run great risks at times, and are often fatally injured in mind by pernicious drugs and herbs. It is always the mental balance that becomes affected; in fact the whole nervous system, more or less, becomes gradually involved in decay. From being a high and liberal-minded man, the soul of honour, gifted in fact with all the attributes necessary to a just and honourable career, he began to decline while yet in the prime of life. The first stranger who presented himself, worthy or unworthy, seemed able to gain the Shareef's ear. A letter from the Moorish Government in 1883 first called my attention to the fact that all was not well. Flattered and petted all his life, insults to him were a thing unknown, and on this occasion he took the affair so much to heart that I think if the French protection had not been accorded promptly his health would have suffered.

From time immemorial a certain amount of jealousy has existed between the Sultan and the Wazan families. Rival claims to supremacy as spiritual chief may have had something to do with it, the Government always seeing possible opposition, and the entourage of either side being ever ready to report sayings or doings of either party, very possibly without the shadow of a foundation. This easily causes trouble, for such lively imagination as the Moor possesses is quickly inflamed. The French protection, I had hoped, would have diminished this fear of assassination, and it did for a time, only to be fanned again into life by X., who made proposals of revenge against certain enemies. These views I tried to stifle, for the Shareef had not sufficient stability of character to carry out what would be required of him, and his variations of temperament were such that only disaster was being courted.

But the would-be champion worked upon his weakness, and the Shareef became perfectly infatuated with the man, to my detriment, as I naturally objected to X. taking up so much of my husband's time. The Shareef chid me for being jealous; he would not give me the credit of believing that anxiety on his account was the real cause.

One evening after dinner, I was reading to the Shareef when his factotum, a handsome negro, was announced. My husband asked my permission for him to be admitted, and Mahmoud (such was his name) stated that X. had sent him to fix a private interview at 11 P.M. in my house. The Shareef looked to me for assent, which I gave on certain conditions, namely, that X. should come alone, and not with a mistress of his, who was his shadow. Individuals of that class I would not admit into my house.

Mahmoud, instead of repeating the plausible excuse he was charged with, presented his own version, no doubt with many embellishments of the kind so familiar to the people here. X. was much enraged at being baulked of his intended interview with the Shareef, and possibly vowed vengeance against me. Not so very long after, he carried out his threat with success. The Shareef's weak point, fear of assassination, afforded a ready cover for the scheme. The plan conceived was to engage four Moors, paid for the purpose by X., to take up their positions on the route the Shareef would probably follow in going in the early morning from my house to the town. When the Shareef left, there was a whistling, as he appeared a gun was fired, when he passed a further point a second gun, and so the comedy continued. The Shareef abandoned his accustomed road, and, according to the accounts I received, arrived at his town house more dead than alive from fright, fully believing that now his fears were well founded. Mahmoud was ready to confirm the attempt, and said he knew there were fifty emissaries from the Court, all with a vow to cause the Shareef's death. At first I really thought an attempt had been made, but subsequent versions made me sceptical, though I did not associate the business with X. at the time, and but for hearing the whole plan from a high official, should never have known the real author of the cowardly business. The men engaged had no idea why they were to fire, as Mahmoud had told them it was the Shareef's wish. Consequent on this, the Shareef sent up to me to say that nothing would induce him to live at my house again, as "the shock had struck into his soul." Such were his words. He knew I could not live at the Zowia permanently for various reasons, and invited me to dine daily, until a suitable house was found in town. For four months almost every evening saw me conforming to his wishes. What I could not understand was why he went out riding daily, avoiding only the Marshan where I lived; we were the best of friends, we had not quarrelled. I don't say we never had any bickerings, but a right down quarrel I never had with him down to the time of his death. I went to look at one or two houses, but saw nothing that would console me for parting with my own residence. In November, complaints multiplied with regard to the treatment of our farmers and dependents in the interior, and in December a letter of a most insulting description came from the Court in reply to a letter of remonstrance sent to the Sultan Muley Hassan. This led to our seeking protection from France. Flattered and petted all his life, and believing in his own infallibility, the Shareef seemed to be completely undermined by the reception of this letter, and even when his request for protection was granted, it did not restore his confidence, as I hoped might have been the case.

I am sorry to say that from being such an extraordinarily brave man, he seemed to be verging on cowardice. His mania was taking an acute form, for he would only sleep with a sheathed knife under his pillow and two loaded revolvers on the table by his bedside. Failing to induce him to return to my house, and finding he was not keen on my procuring one in town, I told him that as he could not decide what he wished to do, I must return and look after my children. Though with them in the daytime, I did not like them to be accustomed to my continual absence. He acquiesced, as he usually did in anything I proposed. And so the break came about.[1] Meantime, X. continued to weave his fascination web about him, even going to Wazan and trying his best with Muley Alarbi and Muley

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[1] I spent the summer of 1884 with him as usual in his mountain villa near Tangier, returning after to my own residence on Marshan, and he (without even telling me) to the Zowia in town. Then he commenced a series of messages, sending for me on different pretexts Sometimes after keeping me waiting in his office, he would tell me to return to the children, or perhaps would not see me at all ; and so it went on, until Muley Ali went to school and I made the tour with the children in the Petit Sahara in 1885 at the Shareef's suggestion. In January 1886, on my return I found him still suffering from blood poisoning in the legs, and I was sent for to dress and bandage the wounds. This ended in my accompanying him to Hammam Bougrarah sulphur baths, and a hard time I had there. Fever and delirium, and the assassination mania, were always present. However, he was eventually cured, and we took the Riff journey. Part of this summer I also spent with him in the mountain, and he liked to have his boys with him on his shooting expeditions. It seemed so strange his asking my permission for them to join the hunt. His delight when Muley Ali came for the summer vacation was beyond description ; he was so very proud of him, especially as the scholastic report could not have been better. I took Muley Ahmed to College in 1886 ; the Shareef suggested that on my return from Algiers I should join him at Wazan. I did not go, as the Shareef sent to say the tribes round Wazan were in a turbulent state. I then asked him to return to Marshan, as I was all alone, but he would not, though at last he consented to come sometimes to luncheon or tea. In these visits, in fact all along, he was most cordial in his manners, always the gentleman, and I became more and more puzzled as to what his intentions were; possibly he did not know himself. If I asked him what this extraordinary conduct was to lead to, he would make an excuse and go away, so I ultimately gave up trying to find out, until later circumstances compelled me to take the defensive.

Mohammed to league themselves against me. Muley Mohammed stated to me the insinuations made, namely, that I was a stumbling-block to the welfare of the Wazan family, &c. Finally, in 1886 X. received his *congé*, and then a syndicate of five claimed the Shareef's attention.

In 1887 he went to Paris, ostensibly for another purpose, but really to conclude some business with these people. Only the night before he started did I know I was not to accompany him, for what reason I did not learn at the time, though he excused himself on the ground of expense, and engaged a special interpreter to accompany him. After his return from Paris, I did not see him for some weeks. Being laid up with bronchitis and rheumatism, I could not go out, but he took offence at my not going to the pier to meet him, and the seven persons of his entourage (I did not know them then) made further capital out of the incident.

An attempt to poison me was now made. I received warning too late from a great friend of my husband's, a Moor; his words were, "Don't accept an egg or a walnut from your husband's house during his absence." Whatever poison I took was in a cup of coffee when I went to administer some medicine to a sick servant. I never refused to go to the Zowia in cases of illness, and I never suspected that there was any idea of playing tricks for, during all my married life, old and young professed the greatest affection for me, and at that time I observed no change in their attitude.

Soon after the Shareef's return it came to my knowledge that the syndicate had bought every scrap of property the Shareef possessed in the Empire, in return for an income of £5000 per annum. Further, I learnt that the deed of conveyance was on the eve of being signed, and also that the syndicate in question had no capital. It was near 10 P.M., the Shareef was in the mountain, and a messenger would not be of service. I sent for the head huntsman as being trustworthy, and told him to go to the stables in the mountain at daybreak. The Shareef often went rabbit-shooting very early, but this particular morning he did not. My man, however, remained on the watch, and when the horses were saddled, he preceded them. I told him to say to the Shareef he had come with a message from the Legation, as I knew that would obtain an audience at once. The Shareef had put his foot in the stirrup, when his attention was arrested as I had foreseen. The man then told him he had come from me to inform him that the syndicate had no capital whatever, and that if he persisted in signing the deed of conveyance, I intended to protest at Shrāa, in the interests of his sons at Wazan and our own. The Shareef was much perturbed in his manner, but made no remark, beyond ordering the horses back to the stables. He then went rabbit-shooting. Some time after he sent for me, but never mentioned the subject, neither did I, though he acknowledged to others he was grateful to me.

Later on in the year I found he had sold all the property round my house, which he had given to my boys. The house I live in I had purchased from him some years previously, and he gave the remaining ground to my boys to make the estate complete. The purchaser was Monsieur Jaluzot of Paris, and the sale was effected for him by one of the late syndicate. This was so quietly managed that I did not realise what had been done until too late. My house was supposed to be included, the agent having represented that house and grounds were in the bargain. I had the satisfaction of seeing a party come to take possession, and the Shareef had to state that it was not his to sell, but a smaller house at the side of mine was the house meant. I believe a great deal of parleying took place at the Legation, and 11,000 dollars were paid instead of 12,000.

After my return from taking the children to school, the eccentricities of the Shareef had practically worn out my patience and, certain things coming to my knowledge, compelled me to bring my husband to some terms. Life was not worth living, and even his co-religionists disapproved of his conduct, which was now amounting to neglect. The Moors would have been the first to detect anything that was not perfectly correct, and knew the patience I had shown for the last three years or more. I asked a European of high social standing to see if the Shareef would explain his wishes with regard to me, but he was unsuccessful after several interviews. Then one day he said to his friend, "I wish her to live in Algiers near the children." Twenty-four hours after that he refused to let me go. Then a day or two after that I was at a dinner party, and was presented with a letter saying the children were to be taken away from me. In 1887 I was forced to consult Monsieur Feraud, but the Shareef would give no satisfaction even to him, so I betook myself to a Moorish savant to know exactly where I stood. He and the Kadi held a consultation, and then I had an interview, ending in the Kadi writing a letter to the Shareef. That same evening the Shareef sent for me to read over some papers for him, and asked me to take a small house in town. Convinced beyond doubt that the Shareef was at times not responsible for his actions, my only course was to humour him, for the children's sake. I moved into the little house, but he would not come there. Then he was taken ill again at the end of January, said I must manage all his affairs, and followed that up with a power of attorney. All this bother and excitement made me ill, and bronchitis set in. I was rather seriously unwell for three days, and the Shareef used to come and sit by my bedside every day. "You must not die," he said, "the children cannot do without you." I never saw him weep so much since the children had the whooping-cough, when he used to work himself up to such a state over their illness that I dreaded he would have apoplexy.

I soon recovered, being blessed with an excellent constitution. The Shareef was to start for Hammam Bougrarah *via* Oran, but an east wind held him back. Then he thought he could not go without me, so at the end of February off we went to the sulphur springs, he having a six weeks' illness there, so that no end of attention was required day and night, and I undertook his case practically single-handed. At Easter he proposed we should go to Algiers to see the Lycée. We spent a day or two at Bel Abbes, where the usual demonstrations took place on a grand scale. At Algiers every gun-shop in the town was visited in turn and several purchases made. After a few days the Shareef said he would return to Hammam Bougrarah, and that I was to take the children to Constantine, so the Easter vacation was passed there. I left the children at school and returned to the Shareef. A few days sufficed to finish some building on his newly acquired estate at Hammam Bougrarah; a few days in Oran, and the next saw us back in Tangier. He suggested I should return to Marshan on the pretext that he might come and live with me later.

Ever willing to humour him, I again set my house in order. I had been recommended to use my influence during the journey in trying to persuade the Shareef to make overtures of peace with Muley Hassan in view of the Sultan's approaching visit to Rabat. I succeeded beyond my anticipations, even to discussing the presents that were to be taken, among which was a pair of ivory-handled pistols with gold fittings. The Shareef told me to write, on condition that I would go with him to Rabat and inform Monsieur Feraud of his intentions. The day after the Shareef's arrival he visited the Legation, but, strange to say, never mentioned his intention to visit Rabat. I was invited to go to the Legation and verify my letter, and then when I saw the Shareef I asked him if he had forgotten what he asked to communicate. The Shareef told me he had changed his mind, but that if I was disappointed at not seeing Rabat, he would make arrangements that I should see all that was to be seen. I thanked him, but only wished to go as he desired I should accompany him, otherwise there was no utility in undertaking the journey. I learned that his household, on learning his intentions to visit the Court, were much against such a proceeding, predicting all sorts of inconvenience. On his persisting, several members caused their hands to be tied behind their backs, and with a knife in their mouth prostrated themselves before the Shareef in token of divine supplication not to visit the Court. This supplication is called "El Aahr,"[1] and takes many forms according to circumstances, from the slaughtering of a sheep to sacrificing a horse or camel. No true Moslem will pass over the "The Aahr" without making some effort to assist the supplicant. Hence the Shareef's refusal to make the peace with Muley Hassan.

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[1] I only made use of this supplication once, so to speak, but not by a sacrifice. The Shareef had a very serious dispute with his eldest son, Muley Alarbi, and was sending for him from Wazan to inflict on him a punishment which I considered would show want of dignity on both sides. Finding all argument useless, in a fit of despair of obtaining any consideration whatever, I threw myself at the Shareef's feet, quickly winding my hair around them, and refused to move until I extracted from him the promise of a less severe punishment than personal castigation. At my intervention the Shareef forgave his son, although it was a great loss to himself in many ways.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE PROGRESS OF MY TROUBLES

This summer was full of annoyances, and much labour was spent at the French Legation in arranging affairs. I am afraid Monsieur Feraud became rather sick of the daily complaints that were lodged, all coming indirectly from the Court. The Kaids had their orders naturally, and a semblance of reprimanding them was made when the case was settled. As for the Shareef, his monomania increased with the continued annoyances from Government, and drove him to all sorts of excesses. It was sad to see this clever, upright man, a good husband and a devoted father, with an intelligence far beyond that of most of his co-religionists, taking a downward course and surrendering to influences which no reasoning or persuasion could counteract. Save in his love for Muley Ali and Muley Ahmed, which never changed, he became another person altogether. Towards me he was always most polite, and resented any slight said or imputed by others. One day a cousin of his (one of the seven) remarked upon my remaining in the country. "God forbid that she should do otherwise, and grant her long life with our sons," he cried; so I resigned myself to the new position created, for the children's sake. Scarcely had I made this resolve, when I was sent for (we were now supposed to be separated *à l'aimable*) on a matter of great importance, so getting my horse I rode to the mountain. He came to assist me to dismount, and we went into the summer-house. Several people were there who greeted me warmly. The conversation was general, and I began to wonder what was the cause of my required attendance. People gradually left, and then the Shareef told me that he intended leaving Morocco, and wished to live with me in Oran; consequently I was to sell all the furniture at my house, precede him to Oran when the boys returned to college, take a house and furnish it. Meantime he would go to Wazan and arrange his affairs with his sons there, and join me later in Algeria. I begged a few days for consideration, although he required me to consent then and there. Daily he sent to know my decision. The children were adverse to the change, the more so when their father sent to say the house was also to be sold.

The sale of furniture took place, and to Oran I went, and saw several houses, previously taking the boys for a tour to Tlemcen, Bel Abbes, and Blidah before they re-entered the Lycée. Returning to Oran, a cousin residing at Oran brought me a copy of the *Echo d'Oran*, which stated that the Grand Shareef de Wazan had been assassinated by the Beni Mesara during a hunting trip near Wazan.

A vessel leaving that evening for Tangier took me as passenger. At the ports of call, I could get no confirmation of the telegram; at Gibraltar I was convinced the news was false. I should have telegraphed first, but then, steamers only plied fortnightly between Oran and Tangier, and had the news been true, it would have been prejudicial to my sons to delay. The Shareef came a few days after my arrival, at which he expressed surprise. I told him my reason, and at the same time suggested we should return together. He excused himself on the ground that his affairs were not quite in order, and that he preferred I should be quite installed to receive him. Finding I could do nothing, I returned, but he did not come until December. I had given up all hopes of his joining me, when one night about 1 A.M. I heard a carriage at the door, and then a tremendous knocking. Neither of my servants would go to the door, so putting up the chain I inquired who was my visitor. The voice that replied was familiar to me, being one of the principal guides in Oran. He said that the Commander of the vessel had sent for me, as the Shareef was dangerously ill on board. Though it was a risky thing to do, I immediately made the Moorish woman I had in attendance, dress to go with me, she protesting all the time that some trick was being played. I put on some meat for beef tea, and off I went for a twenty minutes' drive to the Port of Oran in the dead of night. I found the Shareef shut up in his state-room. He assured me Mahmoud wished to poison him, and was in league with some one on board. He had had no food for two days.

Knowing his malady, I did all I could to soothe him while I dressed him, and with assistance put him into the carriage. For several days he was ill, and would not have a doctor. At last I insisted; a slight operation was necessary, and he recovered, when to my great surprise he said he must visit Hammam Bougrarah, and that I was to remain in Oran the fortnight he would be away. I was much struck with the excess of cordiality in the railway carriage as he was leaving. He seemed as though he could not part with me. Again and again he took me in his arms; fortunately there was no other passenger at the time. On starting, he hung from the window until a curve took the train out of sight. He wrote to me from Tlemcen, and sent a messenger from Bel Abbes. I could not imagine why he went there. Then the money he promised me never came, and there was no more news, except from outsiders, that he was at Hammam Bougrarah. No reply to telegrams, but at last one came: "Shareef suddenly decided to return to Tangier; embarked at Nemours; do not follow."

I did not know what to do. Extra expenses incurred by his illness were unpaid, and I did not feel inclined to draw upon my slender purse for his debts. A fortnight passed, when a telegram to the Oran authorities announced I was divorced—a statement I could not credit, because there was no reason for the same, and I knew the Shareef could not pay 40,000 dollars for a mere freak. The Algerian Government officials were more sympathetic, and by order of Monsieur Firman, Governor-General, the sum of 1000 francs was placed at my disposal. After waiting a fortnight to see if any letters would explain, I returned to Tangier to find out if it was really true.

The Shareef, I learned, had contracted a marriage with one of his servants. In a normal state he would never have done so, but I found that ever since his return from Algeria he had been in such a condition that he was practically irresponsible. One morning a deputation was announced. I declined to receive them at first, thinking they were from the Shareef, and I resented interference in my private affairs. It was headed by a relative of the then Basha, with whom were some sons of Sidi Mahommed el Hadj, the patron saint of Tangier, and some notabilities of the town. I went down to them, and after a few preliminaries they stated that it was desired that I should reopen my house and send for my sons to reside with me in Tangier; that the Basha was prepared to provide me with arable land, animals for tilling, and seed if required.

Imagine my surprise at such an offer. I asked for twenty-four hours to consider the matter, for it was impossible to settle with them at a moment's notice. On the face of it, it seemed kindly meant, but what was behind it? I knew the marriage recently contracted by the Shareef gave displeasure to many, in spite of the bride's being one of his own faith. When four of the deputation returned for my reply, I expressed myself as much touched by the kindness offered me, but said at the same time that I could not offend the French Government by removing my sons without pretext from school, and that my anxiety was to give them as good an education as the circumstances permitted, not forgetting the Moslem portion. Regrets were expressed, and they supposed I knew best. I have often thought whether there was some ulterior motive for the visit. Declining to sue for divorce, which Europeans said I should do, I preferred to remain with my boys, in rather an unpleasant position, than trust them to pernicious influences in the future. So I secured all that was my due, refused the Shareef's repeated entreaties for an interview, and returned to Oran.

I was rather seriously ill after all this worry and excitement, but thanks to the kind care of Dr. and Madame Cros, the military doctor to the General Commanding at Oran, I was able after a few weeks to be about again.

The next phase was the Shareef's attempt to put his sons under the guardianship of the French Government, but they did not take it seriously, nor did they countenance a desire expressed that my sons should not see me on their arrival at Oran, to embark for Tangier. I was advised by a Government telegram when the boys would arrive, and met them at the station. A Spahi was there to notify they passed into my care, and another came on board to report they had left with me for Tangier. Through my glasses I noticed the Shareef with a large following at the pier of Tangier; the boat drew alongside, and as I put my foot on the first step, the Shareef assisted me,[1] and kissed me on my forehead before I knew where I was. He walked by my side after welcoming the children; one clung to each arm as I went along. The Shareef was so cordial, he beamed all over, and asked me to go with him to the Zowia to see Muley Mohammed, who was ill there; so we walked side by side, he refusing to ride as I was on foot. As I was not expected, no animal was provided. The son was pleased to see me, and advised me to go to a small house in the mountain in the Shareef's grounds with the boys; and, on his father's returning to the room, he asked me himself, to which I consented, saying I could not separate father and sons. I found a side-saddle on his own horse for me, and his saddle was transferred to one of his attendant's horses. He himself helped me to mount, as was his custom in bygone years. A very nice semi-European dinner was forthcoming, the Shareef partaking of it with us. He stayed so late chatting about various things, that at last I had to remind him we were all very tired. Notwithstanding, he was back again very early next morning, taking the boys out rabbit-shooting before breakfast. Then he asked me to accompany him in his rides, which I did. He agreed to my sons going to England with me, but as usual, at the last moment, he had the excuse that as his health was failing, would I go to Wazan, as he wished the boys to be known there. Whether he expected me to decline I don't know, but he was so delighted that he gave me a silver cup and saucer which I know he valued greatly. My request for separate caravans was granted, and off we went.

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[1] This was the more remarkable, because a Mohammedan never makes any public demonstration towards female members of his family.

At Wazan the people were more than cordial, and I stayed with Muley Mohammed, visiting my husband's relatives, particularly divorcée No. 1. Muley Hassan, the then Sultan of Morocco, meantime arrived in Tangier, and it was suggested that if he was there on our return, my sons should be presented at Court, so the customary offering of garments (jelabs) was purchased and packed in a painted box. The boys' vacation drawing to a close, I started with them to Tangier, but on arriving I found a courier had preceded me saying the proposed visit was not to be made. It was rumoured that the Shareef went earlier that year (1889) to avoid meeting the Sultan, and I think there was more than a grain of truth in it. As usual, I did a lot of doctoring and vaccination at Wazan. Returning to Tangier, I found the place alive with soldiers, such a motley crew, in variegated costumes, and some very forbidding faces. The men mostly lodged under canvas, raided the gardens for fruit and did no end of damage, to the great detriment of the owners who could claim no recompense for the destruction; they were worse than the locusts. From the day of our

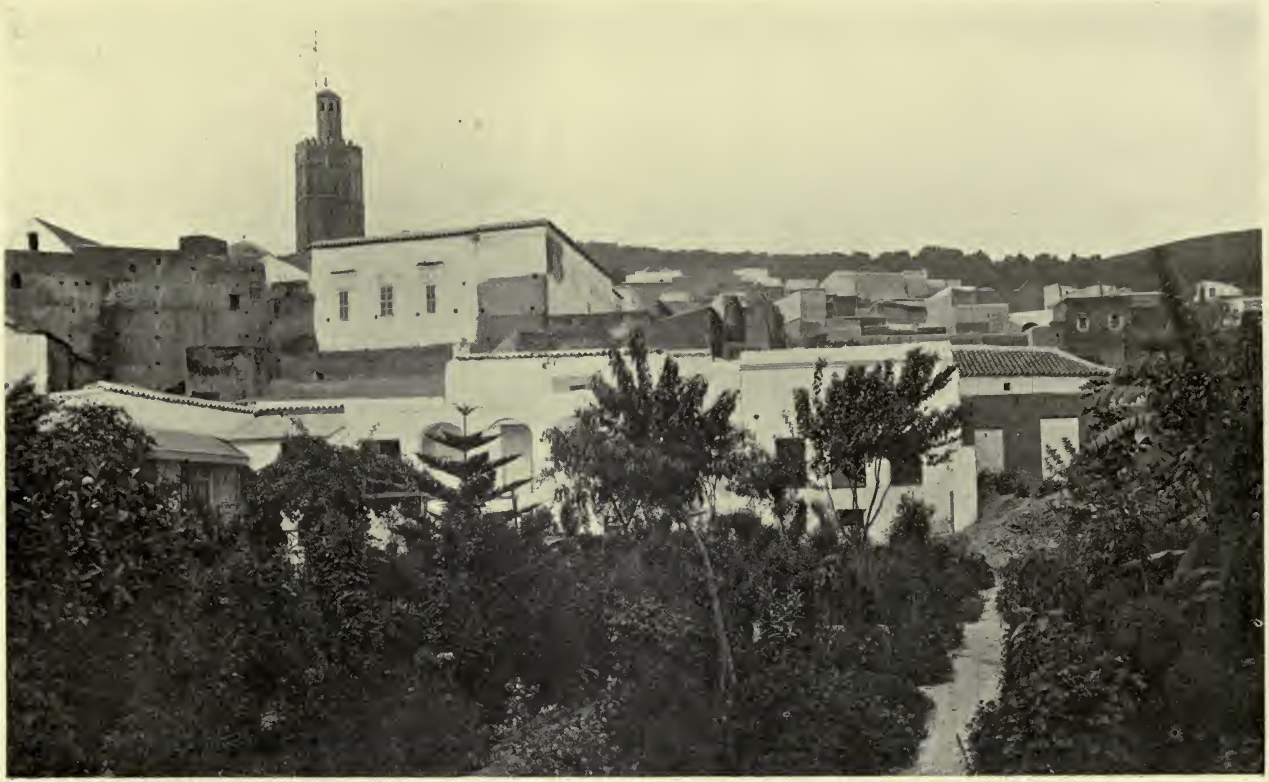

Photo. by H. E. White,

THE GARDEN OF THE GRAND SHAREEF IN WAZAN.

arrival in Tangier the Sultan's musicians performed in front of our house morning and evening. No one was permitted to pass in and out the town by way of the Kasbah during the Sultan's residence there, though no objection was raised to my doing so. The Shareef's nephew, Sidi Mohammed Ben Miki, who always travelled with the Sultan, having been appointed by my husband to the post, which he ought to occupy, came to see me several times. He was annoyed at not being able to take my sons to be presented at Court.

When I embarked, under surveillance by the French authorities here, I was requested not to go to Algiers with the boys. I was perfectly stupefied at all this, and it was beyond my comprehension. On November 26th, I had my first experience of an earthquake. It is not pleasant feeling you are being pitched out of bed when asleep; the second shock, though slight, found me at the piano in the evening. The curious sensation of walking on an inclined plane lasted for two or three days. I was glad when I returned to the normal state in my walks abroad.

I returned to Tangier in December to arrange matters with reference to letting my house. The Shareef was most cordial, but I declined his offer to put me up. Nevertheless he was constantly sending for me; sometimes he would see me, other times keeping me waiting for no end of time, then send and tell me to return next day. I think "the bee in his bonnet" buzzed more strongly than ever. My reason for exercising such an amount of patience was that he was the father of my children, and, after all, a foreigner, with different ideas, manners, and customs to my own. I felt, too, that he was not responsible at times for his actions.

Returning to Oran, the first news I had was that the boys were not to come to me for Christmas, but the Algerian authorities thought differently, and, thanks to Monsieur Firman, the Governor-General, we spent a happy week together. During my stay in Oran the General Commanding and Madame Destries were particularly attentive, and invited me to different kinds of entertainments. Dr. Cros and his wife became real friends; the military and civil society always made me most welcome. As for the Algerian Arabs, they were unremitting in their attention with gifts of all kinds.

CHAPTER XXV

THE ILLNESS OF THE SHAREEF

In February 1890, alarming reports reached me of the Shareef's health; telegrams and letters came almost daily. I hesitated to return, but receiving news that the worst was expected, I telegraphed to the Governor-General at Algiers, who sent me the boys at once. I hurriedly sold up my furniture, determined to reside in Tangier at all cost. I took the children at once to their father, who looked a dying man, found a house just outside the town, my own being occupied, and installed myself and boys, after making shift in the three rooms comprising the Shareef's offices at the Zowia. Muley Mohammed arrived about the same time, and Muley Alarbi a few days after. Muley Mohammed was taken ill, so I had my hands full visiting the two invalids. He, like his father, had little consideration; the inborn selfishness of the race comes out very strongly in illness. Muley Alarbi was dismissed to Wazan because the day after arrival he suggested bringing notaries to his father to secure certain properties as gifts to himself and children. The rage the Shareef fell into over this proposal seemed to have a beneficial effect for the time being. "Do you consider me a dying man, and bereft of my senses?" he said. "Remember you have your brothers, and the law gives equal portions. Aha! you want to inherit from a live man; can't you wait till I'm dead?"

The Shareef left his house suddenly, and was taken in his brougham to a hotel at night. I was in disgrace it seemed, because I would not go and reprimand Muley Alarbi. It was not in my province to do this, so I was not to be informed of the flitting. Nevertheless I was summoned next day. Reverting to the question of Muley Alarbi, I said I would not interfere between him and his son. A relapse ensued, and the Italian medical man said there was no hope, except by change of air and surroundings, and above all freedom from his entourage, he being certain that some treachery was at work.

I was just going to bed when I was requested to go in all haste to the hotel. The Shareef, looking ghastly, told me his intention to leave Tangier, and asked me to find him a nurse speaking Arabic, a secretary, and courier. I did not know what to do, nor where to find these people. Next day I told him I had not been successful, but was still making inquiries. What was to be done? The boys had returned to school and I was free. I struggled with myself to discover the correct course to pursue. Another summons, and then after telling him my failure to find the persons he required, I offered myself as a substitute. I thought the Shareef would throw himself out of bed with excitement. "Will you really take me?" he exclaimed, so it was settled that in four days we should start with two attendants only. I packed for him, and made all arrangements. I had a touching scene with the medical man, who had not known my decision. He presented himself early next morning, and after a few words, threw himself on his knees with his gloved hands in supplication to entreat me to take the Shareef away. I was highly amused at his tragic manner, but honestly he thought the Shareef was being slowly poisoned, and came to see if I could or would help. I thought he would have wrung my hand off when I told him my decision.

It appears that after I left the Shareef he was removed to his house, and on the doctor presenting himself was refused admittance. The next stage was to get the Shareef off. I left him the night before looking really better; I arrived next morning to find an almost inanimate object on the bed. However, I was not to be daunted. I cleared his rooms of superfluous retainers, called in the two men who were going on the journey, and sent for the doctor. Having got my charge safely to bed on board the vessel for Oran, I had time to meditate on what I had done, for I was certain that if a fatal issue were the outcome, it might be unpleasant for me on returning to Tangier. It was the entourage I feared, not the Moors generally, knowing them all to be more or less friendly, though I did not put too much reliance in that, as circumstances alter cases.

At Oran I took the Shareef for a carriage drive, and the journey to Marseilles showed improvement daily. Then came a relapse; the doctor prohibited further travelling. On the Shareef hearing that, he determined to go to Monaco the next day in the *train de luxe.* Being no worse he stayed a day or two, and our departure was postponed for twenty-four hours to engage a travelling medical man. It was fortunate I did, for at Genoa station the Shareef went into a dead faint; he had travelled with little fatigue in an invalid carriage. To this succeeded a state of uncertainty most trying to us all. After two days he insisted on going to Naples by sea. Arriving at Leghorn he wanted to go on shore, but when the carriage was ready, he declined to leave the ship. On learning that some Moors were in the town, he suggested they might be emissaries of Muley Hassan sent to assassinate him. Naples pleased him, but he would not go out anywhere for a drive because the Moorish Special Embassy happened to be there. I did persuade him to sit on the balcony to see the Queen of Italy when she passed the Grand Hotel in her drive. The specialist he was to see, and the Court physician also, came to visit the Shareef by request.

After their departure the Shareef told me nothing would induce him to remain. I was to dismiss the travelling doctor, and he would return to Tangier *via* Gibraltar. Finding there was no boat, he said he would go to Torre del Grego, and see the doctor there to whom the specialist had given him a letter. He was delighted for the first two or three days, but the annoyance from the inhabitants of the village became so great that it brought on the fever again, and the doctor said he must keep in bed.

Directly the doctor had gone, he told me to order him a carriage, and with his two Moorish attendants returned to Naples, leaving me to do the best I could with the baggage. The carriage was to be sent for me. I found him in bed at the hotel in high fever, and later he became delirious. At further consultation the doctors told me that if a little self-control were not exercised a fatal issue might be expected, that heart and other organs were all affected, that two years was the longest time he could live if he followed a normal life, and that evidently some drug was the cause of the malady, but what, the doctors were not prepared to say. Every organ was in a great state of irritation which was not due to excesses alone.

The wonderful recuperative power the Shareef possessed astonished all medical men. He would seem in a dying condition one day, and twenty-four hours after appear convalescent. The doctor suggested a sea journey along the coast to Tunis, where the Shareef now wished to go, so he said he would go to Palermo first.

We had such an awful night on board! The Shareef was in fever and delirium the whole time; it came on suddenly, and his own attendants were too frightened to assist me. Fortunately the French Vice-Consul at Palermo came on board, and with his assistance I managed to get my husband to a hotel, and a medical man sent to me, one whose politeness was not what one would have expected from a gentleman. First he ignored me, and went straight to the invalid, now unconscious; then he turned to me and said, "What have you given that man? what business have you with him? all I can say is that he will die before ten o'clock to-night." I certainly have had experiences, but nothing to equal this insult, and the brusque manner in which he addressed me deprived me of speech. At last I said in a very frigid tone, "Sir, the information you desire can be obtained from Count de Pourtalés, French Consul-General." As he was the only medical man, I was forced to accept his services. On his return two hours later he was more civil, but never apologised.

The Count and Countess de Pourtalés were unremitting in their attention during our stay in Palermo, and as soon as the Shareef could be removed we embarked on a coasting steamer for Tunis. The voyage, though short, strengthened the invalid; he was able to walk a little on deck, and seemed thoroughly to enjoy the trip. Arriving at La Golette, we saw the harbour thronged with Mussulmen; a large boat came alongside, and numerous others crowded around us till the Shareef became quite nervous and fainted right away. He recovered just as we reached the shore, and was carried into the waiting-room, and locked in, for the crowds were immense. I became separated from the rest, and it was some minutes before a gentleman observed my distress and took me to the railway station. I then had difficulty in gaining admittance. After I had taken a short rest and had given the Shareef some beef essence, the officials were in difficulties to get us to the train, to which a saloon carriage had been attached for us. It was a struggle through the masses of people. They did not seem to mind the sticks that were freely used, and when we were ultimately seated, the people hung on to the carriage and climbed the roof. All this excitement delayed the departure some twenty minutes or more. What a slow train, and how heavily packed with human beings! At Tunis the crowds were just as enthusiastic, and I arrived at the house in rather an exhausted state, to say nothing of the disarrangement of my attire. The quarter we were in was crowded from early morning to far into the night with people waiting to be received by the Shareef; this was done in contingents. How he stood all the fatigue is a marvel to me; my feet gave me much trouble from the constant standing, and as the Shareef required so much massage my hands were not much better, being badly swollen. I anticipated a relapse from all the excitement the Shareef went through; a slight rise in temperature was the only result. The meeting with his co-religionists seemed to act as a tonic, for the next day he asked for solid food, of which he had not partaken for weeks. He was recommended to sleep at a saint's place in order to secure complete restoration to health. Two nights at Sidi Bou Said's had a marvellous effect, and from that time he seemed to be really on the mend. Such is faith.

Here I called on my dear friend, Lady Hay Drummond Hay, the lady who visited me on my wedding day, and so ably carried out what she promised me then. Such a hearty welcome from true English friends was a splendid tonic for me. The last six weeks of anxiety had told much, and I regretted to spend so short a time in the lovely old palace and beautiful garden where they resided at Marsa. It was but a peep at them for the sake of "auld lang syne," as my invalid became impatient if I left him for long. The Shareef said he was not equal to visiting the Bey of Tunis, and we saw him once riding to his palace, but too far off to know what he was like. Leaving Tunis in the Bey's saloon attached to the ordinary train, we started for Constantine. A great many people met us, but as the Shareef had asked to have his visit as private as possible, the reception was nothing to what the boys had when I went with them in the spring of 1888. The Shareef seemed to be getting quite himself again, to take interest in his surroundings. He would go for long drives, and found quite an excellent appetite. He constantly told me what he meant to tell his people about my care of him, and I assured him that it was a duty and pleasure combined to have been so far successful in restoring my children's father to health, and that it would be a proud day to me when we arrived at Tangier for his friends to see how well he had become.

The boys joined us at Oran, and returned to Tangier with us for the summer holidays. In Gibraltar Bay he asked what I had decided about our future relations. I replied, "Your friend and nurse as long as I live, for the children's sake." More than that I had now decided I should never be. The boat anchored very early, and before I was awake the Shareef went on shore. The receptions at the pier fell to my sons, and escorted by music and the crowd we reached my hired residence outside the town. The Moors said, "The Señora took away Sidi practically a dying man, and brought back Sidi a live one."

CHAPTER XXVI

NEARING THE END

THE Shareef, to do him justice, was never tired of recounting his experiences during the severe illness, and that but for me, with God's help, he would never have returned to Tangier. It was a consolation that after all he appreciated what had been done for him. I look back sometimes and wonder how I did pull through, single-handed as I was and so hampered on all sides. Two telegrams were received in Tangier announcing his death. Who sent them? It almost seemed as though a system of persecution was being carried out by an unknown hand. With the Shareef it was so very different to what it would have been with a European. The Moors' ideas, manners, and customs cause them to gauge affairs so differently to ours; their imagination is of the wildest, and they rush to conclusions before they have fully realised the subject in hand. The Shareef was but little different from the generality of his co-religionists. All this I took into consideration, and shaped my life so that Mohammedans should have no cause to complain of my treatment of their spiritual chief, infallible as he was in their eyes. At the same time, I took some pains to retain the goodwill of my European friends. Although reproached on several occasions for being "so very Moorish," my plan has succeeded beyond my expectations, for go where I will in any part of the country the Moslems have a warm welcome for me. The Shareef once told me that though my position amongst his co-religionists was good, that it would be superior if "it was written" that I became his widow, and so it has turned out.

I am greeted with strange expressions. "Oh! it is like seeing Sidi again when I see you," said an old man one day with the tears rolling down his face as he covered my hand with respectful kisses. The Shareef expressed a wish that the children should attend the Lycée at Oran, so I returned with them, took them to Bioness and a few other places, as had become my custom, before returning to college. After they were installed at school I went on some business for the Shareef to Tlemcen and Hammam Bougrarah. On my return Muley Ali did not seem well, and I resolved to remain a little longer in Oran. It was very fortunate I did so, for the child had contracted typhoid fever.

For six weeks I nursed him at the Civil Hospital, having entered myself as a private patient also. Abscesses supervened, necessitating a dangerous operation. I had a very anxious time, and he was eventually fastened down in his bed, for no one could hold him in the attacks of delirium. His great idea was to throw himself out of the window. At last I was told to take him home. The assistance and kindness I received from the hospital and Government authorities are beyond praise. My boy has no remembrance of all this, or of the journey home, which happened to take only twenty-four hours. A large steamer was passing, and was requisitioned to drop us at Tangier. But my troubles were not ended. A severe relapse followed, but fortunately a clever American doctor was in Tangier, and to his unremitting attendance I practically owe my child's life.

The Shareef came often to see his son,[1] and seemed much distressed at his condition. One day he brought with him a soi-disant apothecary, who pronounced that the malady was caused by worms, and the two abscesses in the neck from the same cause, and that he could effect a cure in three days. I declined to accept his remedies, and the Shareef said I ought to give the child a chance of being cured. My wishes prevailed nevertheless, but the Shareef remained silent for a week. From October 22 to January 17, 1891, Muley Ali was not pronounced out of danger. All thought of returning to Oran to school was out of the question, and as Muley Ahmed would not remain without his brother, here ended their college career.

In the spring, Muley Ali went to Zemmour with his American medical attendant, and on his return we all went to Wazan, from whence I was to go to Fez with the boys on a vaccination visit. The Shareef was fast declining in health again; he had with him the soi-disant apothecary, who somehow had made himself indispensable to the whole household. The night before starting for Fez my sons and I went to the Sultan's garden. The Shareef was far from well, but nothing more than usual, and he was sitting with several friends in the gallery. Next morning I sent to say we were starting; the answer was that he was asleep. Just when all was ready for us to start, a messenger summoned me to the Shareef, saying it was reported from the house he was dead. I rode off at once, and found the Shareef in practically the same condition as at Palermo—in a raging fever, unconscious and breathing heavily. The apothecary had run away and hidden himself in the garden, fearing the wrath of the Moors if a fatal termination took place. Certainly it was not an enviable position, in Wazan above all places. Ice was out of the question, and having some fly blisters in my medicine chest, I did not hesitate to apply them freely, and obtained the coldest water possible from a deep well. I put hot-water bottles to his feet. After two hours, and plenty of massage into the bargain, such as the doctor had prescribed on the former occasion, the Shareef came round to himself again, though much dazed. After four days' nursing I left for Fez, doing a fair amount of vaccination (about 700 children and adults passed the ordeal), and doctoring generally.

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[1] Whenever the Shareef wished Muley Ali and Muley Ahmed to accompany him to the hunt or otherwise, he always sent Mahmoud to ask my permission formally. Knowing my objection to their remaining out at night, the Shareef never took them out of reach of home, unless I was with them.

The Shareef now left for Tangier, having been invited by the French Government to go on a mission to Tuat. From Tangier he wrote to me to return at once to accompany him, but the swollen rivers and general state of the weather prevented the courier reaching me under a fortnight. I could not leave Fez even if I had been so inclined, for the same reason, but I did so at the first opportunity. I never experienced such a cold and miserable journey, and the rivers caused us much anxiety. At Al K'sar el Kebir, I learnt that the Shareef had started some ten days previously, the apothecary being in attendance as a member of the suite. I had no more news of the Shareef for nearly three months. I only knew he was still in Algiers, and his movements were shadowed in mystery. His sons at Wazan constantly sending to me, to my inquiries I received vague answers, and the Oran press gave all sorts of versions. I wrote to friends in Algiers, but nothing definite was obtained from that source. I could guess what might be the cause.

At length all preparations were made for the journey; a magnificent litter was made, and a painful journey undertaken to Tuat began. The Shareef's state of health did not permit the full accomplishment of a mission he should never have undertaken; he returned in June a mere wreck, and continued to decline. He went to his mountain home for a short time, but as he feared to die there, as it would prohibit his being buried with his mother, he returned to town. He was continually imposing on me a solemn charge to see that he was buried according to his wishes. Whenever he sent for me I went to him. At that time I was residing on Tangier beach at his request, my own house being occupied by Prince and Princess Philippe de Bourbon on a short lease.

Three weeks before my husband's death I was startled out of my sleep, very early in the morning, by hearing his carriage driven up to my door. It was the only one in Tangier then. He was carried into the drawing-room, while my bedstead was quickly brought down to the dining-room for his convenience. He was rather delirious, and begged me not to let him be poisoned, to lock up everything, even the water, and prepare his food myself. Then he fell into a comatose state, and nothing could rouse him. I sent for a doctor, who said he could not account for his state; the only thing to be done was to administer beef essence, and this he would swallow from a teaspoon when I put it into his mouth. Towards afternoon he again revived, but would not hear of seeing a medical man, and I naturally did not tell him one had been summoned. Towards evening he insisted upon being propped up; then he tried to play draughts with Muley Ali and Mannie, and would not part with them until the children could not keep awake any longer. After extracting a promise from them to get up early and go to the mountain to shoot him a wood-pigeon, he let them go. Several people called, but only those who were not of his entourage would he see. He remained awake all night; towards morning he dozed, and I went to take my bath. I had scarcely commenced to dress when I heard a tremendous scuffling downstairs, and found my house invaded by servants and retainers from the Zowia. Poor things, I thought, they are anxious about their lord and master; little did I guess the real cause of this army of women. I heard the Shareef talking, and hastened to take him the coffee I had prepared for him. Then what did I see: a woman dressing the Shareef as quickly as she could, while others held him up on the bed. I asked the meaning of this, and the reply was, "Sidi's orders." He refused the coffee, and I remonstrated with the women on their procedure, but all to no purpose. Presently the carriage came, his men hoisted him in their arms, and he was driven at a furious rate the short distance to the town. When the boys came back and found their father fled, it was piteous to see the children's distress. They went to their father's residence, only to be refused admittance.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF MY HUSBAND

DURING the next three weeks the Shareef's brain seemed to have completely given way. I sent for Muley Mohammed, and had Muley Alarbi, who was in Algeria, summoned. The Shareef lay in practically a comatose state, with an occasional lucid interval. We could not get rid of the apothecary, who was in constant attendance, but three days before his death I asked for medical assistance from the French Legation in the name of the sons. The physician declared the malady to be one of the most peculiar he had ever diagnosed.[1] The whole time I was in constant attendance, going to my house at intervals for a little rest, and to look after my boys' comforts. The Shareef told Muley Alarbi that I was to be guardian to my sons and their interests, and that he expected he and Muley Mohammed would be just towards them. Another time he warned me never to allow the children to go anywhere without me, and another time told Muley Ali and Mannie that in following my advice they would never go wrong.

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[1] I often wonder if a certain herb found in the Riff, which is said to have the power of slowly destroying the vitals of the person to whom it has been given, had been administered secretly to the Shareef. This is done very much, I am told, for revenge, and the process takes years, or months only, according to the amount taken. It was suggested by the Moors themselves that perhaps at some time something of the sort had been done, and my suspicions were strengthened when the several doctors were perplexed as to the real cause of the Shareef's malady. Tartshah is the Riffian appellation of this herb. It is to be found in certain districts of Riff, principally on a high mountain named Djebel el Hammam. It can duly be culled at a certain season, and must show a phosphorescence. I was told by an eye-witness that a certain woman's mother became possessed of this particular herb at the tomb of a saint (Sidi ben Smondi), and that she received from the Riffian who bought it the sum of 50 dollars. I know this, but cannot prove it. My informant died before the Shareef. El Wourka is the local appellation of the above poisonous herb. El Djebel el Hammam means "Pigeon Mountain."

The night before he died, he seemed to enjoy a lucid interval for quite a long time, and after the doctor's visit fell into a deep sleep, so I was advised to go home and get a rest. At 1 A.M. on September 28th, I heard the carriage and a furious knocking. Being half dressed in case of emergencies, I took my sleepy children and hastened to the Zowia. It appears that the Shareef continually asked for me, and then he would say that his mother was beckoning to him. His request was at first treated as the outcome of renewed delirium, but at last Muley Mohammed insisted upon my being summoned. I found the Shareef placed on a mattress on the floor, facing east; his sons, their secretaries, and one or two others were ranged around him. I was given a place immediately by his side. Muley Alarbi said it was useless to speak to him, but Muley Mohammed and his secretary urged me to see if he was still conscious. I called him by his pet name of years ago, "Macduff, Macduff, I have come." His hand seemed to seek something. I placed mine in his, which closed with a convulsive clasp, and he opened his eyes, and murmured "Jitzi el aini" ("Have you come, darling?"). These were the last words he spoke; the end came, and Muley Mohammed's secretary released my hand from the dead man's clasp.

Photo. by Cavilla of Tangier.

His Highness the late Hadj Abdeslam ben Alarbi, Grand Shareef of Wazan.

Immediately the death chamber was closed, and the keys of that and other apartments handed over to me. Downstairs, arrangements were carried out at once for washing and laying out the body, and orders were sent to various carpenters to make the coffin, washing-board, and bier. All was ready in a remarkably short time, and the body was carried down by the sons and a few friends. I was invited to see him when all was finished, but I preferred to remember him as he had been. The death-dirge and shrieking in the house completely unnerved me, and there was no possibility of my escaping the sounds. Muley Mohammed went several times to order the retainers to make less noise, but they seemed to redouble their laments after each remonstrance. I saw some of these mourners afterwards. Hideous they were to behold with their faces terribly scratched, chests and clothes torn, and heads dishevelled.

Although invitations to the funeral were for 1 P.M., Muley Alarbi insisted on the ceremony taking place at 10 A.M., causing it to be remarked that he was afraid his father might come to life again. Certainly I heard some chanting, but little did I know the body was being removed to its last resting-place. The sound of the death-dirge made me think, at first, that another funeral was passing. I rushed to the window, and at that moment saw the bier, covered with flags, on the shoulders of the servants.

Whatever the real cause of this unseemly haste, I could not conjecture, and the only conclusion I came to was that he might have objected to the Legations being represented by their respective Moslem soldiers. It was a mystery I never fathomed. The crowd was so dense that I was told one could have walked from the Zowia to the middle of the town (where Muley Taib's mosque, the place of interment, was situated) on the people's heads, without fear of falling. The procession started amid great difficulties. The four sons were the chief mourners. The dirge echoed and re-echoed for some little time as the populace on all sides joined in. Men sobbed aloud, women became hysterical and tore their hair in the streets, men rushed to re-cover them with the haik (outdoor woman's covering) that had fallen off, people fainted and were with difficulty rescued from being trodden under foot.

At last the little sanctuary mosque was reached, and the coffin placed in the grave, dug in a chamber adjoining the mosque, and facing the chamber where the Shareef's mother was interred. Muley Alarbi was for embalming his father's body and taking it to Wazan. I told him how the late Shareef had made me to promise that his wishes as to his burial-place should be carried out, and my word had weight with the sons. That is the reason why the Grand Shareef's remains are not laid with his forefathers.

The empty bier was seized by the populace and broken up into splinters, these being carried away as mementoes of the great man. The washing-board was claimed, and shared the same fate.

I began to wonder what my lot would be, now I was a widow, but my mind was soon put at rest by the great respect shown me by my late husband's sons, and the public generally.

For months to come, hundreds continued to visit the late Shareef's grave, depositing candles and oil for the lamps in the hands of the special guardian, called M'kaddum. They also laid myrtle and flowers on the grave, or left a handkerchief, belt, or some garment in the chamber in order to obtain a benediction. After a time, the owners would return and take away the garment, and keep it as sacred, perhaps with the instruction of having it buried with them when their time came. No Jew or Christian is permitted to enter the sacred portals, but no objection has ever been raised to my visits. On such occasions I conform to the customs, save in regard to changing my dress.[1] I take incense and flowers when in season, and a huge wax candle, which are all handed to the M'kaddum, who in my presence burns the incense and lights the candle. The burial-place is railed off. Two iron-wrought gates lead to the tomb on one side, and a large window with iron bars occupies the other. The walls of the chamber protect the two other sides. The floor is covered with rich carpets, there are two grandfather clocks, and suspended from the painted ceilings are ostrich eggs, and a rose and white coloured glass chandelier. The walls have mosaic tiles half-way up, and the flooring is of the same. Four little grandsons lie by his side. The grave is surmounted by a wooden structure six feet by three feet, handsomely painted by people in Fez. Its beauty is completely hidden by a pall of crimson and green velvet, embroidered thickly in gold, made by the women of Fez; the top border is about eight inches in width, and verses from the Koran are embroidered thereon. At the foot the dado contains a dedication, also embroidered in letters of gold. Banners of variegated colours in silk are there, above the four rising posts of the structure, which are covered with immense knobs of silver gold-plated. Many Europeans saw this pall in my drawing-room fixed on a wall, for it was entrusted to me by the donors at Fez, two years after my husband's death.

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[1] The customs and manners of widowhood were not conformed to by me, neither was any request made directly or indirectly that I should do so. Neither did I wear the garb of an English widow. For a few months I confined myself to grey costumes, and then to mauve or white.

The entry of this pall into Tangier was a very solemn occasion. It was exhibited in the streets and accompanied by native music and powder-play. Eventually it was deposited in my house until the time the tomb was completed. At each native feast it was taken to the tomb and returned with much ceremony, remaining there seven days more or less. During the week this pall is covered by others less rich, in fact some quite mediocre, that have been presented by worshippers who have presented verbal petitions.

The roof of the tomb is spherical, whitewashed on the outside, and surmounted by three large golden balls. By an extraordinary coincidence, my bedroom window faced this edifice, which had then a flat roof, on the first night I passed in Tangier in 1872, when I lived for a fortnight at the Hôtel de France, kept by the father of the present owner of the Villa de France Hôtel in Tangier. It was then Muley Taib's mosque, where my husband sometimes worshipped, and where he visited his mother's tomb on Fridays. At that time I never saw him, but destiny made me follow him, for my friends hired a property adjoining his in the mountain. His house was in a valley, while I was on a cliff. Walking up and down this terrace, I little dreamed I had an observer, later to be my husband, amongst the fruit-trees below. Three times in all did the Shareef propose formally; twice I refused him, but I felt so irresistibly drawn towards the man. And I may say in all sincerity that I have never regretted the step I took, in spite of many sad times in latter years.

CHAPTER XXVIII

HOW I TOOK MY SONS TO THE MOORISH COURT: SOME STRANGE DREAMS

On the return of the mourners, the trying ceremony of receiving condolences from the populace had to be gone through. We all sat on divans arranged round the late Shareef's office, my place being with the sons. The people came in batches, and all used the same formula: "The blessings of God be upon your head, such is written for us all. God give you strength to support the loss which is mine as well as yours." The same sentence so often repeated seems to deaden the hearing, and after an hour or two of the same, one replies quite automatically.

I returned to my house for a rest, only to find women awaiting me for the same purposes. I stayed some time with them—women's visits are always prolonged—and then appointed my housekeeper and another as my deputies, for I could not endure further fatigue. The evening prayers were said round the new-made grave, and Tolba were never absent night or day for the first three days, nor have the lights been extinguished entirely even down to the present day, 1911.

The first act Muley Alarbi did was to legalise his dead father's wishes, by making me guardian of my sons, and then he proceeded to the partition of the late Shareef's estate. I preceded the sons and their secretaries to the private apartments. Whatever was under lock and key was opened by me: then commenced a distribution of effects, the price put upon each article being noted. If two sons fixed their fancy on any single article, lots were drawn, two small pieces of wood of different lengths being provided for the purpose. Muley Alarbi was fairly correct in these matters, though he and Muley Mohammed were not always of the same mind. The things missing included eighteen carpets, which were seen laid out on the roof to be aired, some few days before the death. Muley Alarbi refused to make inquiries, and said God and Muley Abdullah es-Shareef would punish the delinquents. Possibly they have been so punished without my knowledge.

The Tangier estate having been divided before notaries public, a legal list of each person's new acquisitions was made out. It was now thought that my presence in Wazan was necessary, and subsequent events proved that my advisers were right. My present position did not seem to prohibit the journey, and my sons were old enough to see that no harm befell me. Then, too, I had every confidence in the Moors, and the continued deference paid to me in every way gave me the necessary courage. We all started together, each having a caravan under personal control, with tents, cooks, &c., so that though we camped at night in the same village no one was dependent on the other. Several notabilities of Tangier accompanied us for the whole or part of the journey, and the usual crowds went various stages outside the town. *En route* there was no particular demonstration, beyond condolences from every one who passed.

Before we set out, the keys of certain boxes were handed to me by notaries public, the notaries affixing their seals to the boxes, which in turn were to be opened at Wazan in presence of all by notaries public of that town. Muley Alarbi being an early riser, took the road some time before we were ready. Muley Mohammed was the last to get his caravan under way.

The second day out my boys remained with their half-brother, Muley Mohammed. I was going along leisurely when my attention was arrested by a white patch in the plain and a hurrying to and fro of men and animals. Through my glasses it looked like a large sheet spread, and a possible accident presented itself to my mind, so spurring my horse and sending to the boys to follow me, I soon arrived at the spot, to see the principal deed-box stove in and the contents spread on the ground to dry. On making inquiries as to the meaning of this catastrophe, my informant said the mule had kicked the box into a well. By this time my sons with their brother came up, and rated the muleteers for their carelessness, saying that he could not accept their version of the accident. The documents were gathered up and placed in the hood of a *burnous*, which was folded and tied over the whole. The chief muleteer wished me to take charge of same, and give it to Muley Alarbi. Naturally I refused, and reached the village we were to encamp in for the night, finding Muley Alarbi already settled. He called for me and my sons to partake of luncheon with him, but Muley Mohammed would not see him, and begged us to go to his tent. However, I went to Muley Alarbi, explained all that had taken place, and excused myself about luncheon, having picnicked on the road. He was very much annoyed about the incident, and pressed me to put the documents with my things. I assured him they were in good keeping. What was I to do? I must keep in with my stepsons. Muley Mohammed still held aloof from his brother, and at 2 A.M. sent to say he was starting, and wished Muley Ali and Muley Ahmed to accompany him. At 6 A.M. I started. Even then Muley Alarbi had far outdistanced me; at last he made a halt, and sent a horseman back to say he was waiting for me. He rode by my side without referring to the regrettable incident. For the remainder of the journey the two brothers never met.

Muley Mohammed reached Wazan some few hours before I did with Muley Alarbi and my own sons. My caravan never fared so well as on this journey, the two brothers vieing with each other as to who should pay the most attention to their younger brothers' camp. I always had so much food in hand, that the villagers partook of many a meal from our over-supplied table.

The same deference as before was paid to me by the Wazanites, and the family just as affectionate. Naturally I gained confidence in my new rôle. At a meeting for private family affairs, several things did not appeal to me in the sense I thought they should; so asking permission to make an observation, I addressed myself to the Kadi who was presiding. Would he kindly inform me if the discussion had for basis El Shrāa de Nebbi (Koranic law) or Wazan law applicable to Wazan only. Having a slight knowledge of the former, I could follow, but being ignorant of the latter I was at a loss to understand it. I may add that my late husband's nephew[1] had primed me as to what should be done, and told me that my possible ignorance on certain points might be prejudicial to my sons' interests. The Kadi looked at me, and silence reigned for a few minutes, broken by Muley Alarbi saying they were tired, and the present séance ended. The Kadi never forgave me, and avoided me ever after. In subsequent visits I never saw him again; nevertheless, I obtained the revision of the lists of property, and had the errors rectified. The Kadi asked the nephew's secretary what I knew about Shrāa, and was told that being English it was possible I knew more than he did, for all English girls are educated, and that Sidi—God bless his soul—perfected me in what he found wanting. Possibly I was accredited with more knowledge than I really possessed. Muley Alarbi was averse from making a journey to Fez to condole with the Sultan, but Muley Mohammed and the Shorfa, male and female, especially the late Shareef's mother and nephew, were most anxious that a custom borrowed from time immemorial should be observed. They induced me to approach Muley Alarbi on the subject.

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[1] My late husband's nephew was the one who rendered me so much assistance in securing the rights due to my sons.

It was a difficult task, and after a certain amount of persuasion he communicated to the Shorfa his intention not to abandon the custom, and that he expected me to go with his half-brothers. It was thought elsewhere that my presence would be detrimental to Muley Alarbi's prestige. He was, or seemed to be, extremely annoyed by the letter notifying the same, and gave it to me to read, or rather my secretary did for me. Business affairs being terminated, there was now no real reason for my remaining in Wazan. I refused to allow the boys to go to Fez without me, so made my plans accordingly. During this visit, Muley Mohammed was untiring in his efforts to persuade me to pass part of every year in Wazan. On my consenting, he said he would build a house for me in European style, and furnish it to my taste, and that a piano would not be forgotten. It was generous of him in the extreme, but I preferred to be a casual visitor, especially as I was not versed in intrigues, which are rife in that part of the world. My sons renounced spontaneously any participation as regards the upkeep of the Zowia, and they also elected to be non-residents of Wazan. We knew the Tangier Zowia would have to be maintained out of our private income, and responsibility for expenses elsewhere, over which we could have no control, considering the distance, prompted our decision.

The Zowia at Wazan is fairly rich; many properties are bequeathed to the Shorfa for the sole benefit of the institution, which is called El Habbous. Pilgrims from all parts of the Empire flock thither, and never come empty-handed. Bullocks, sheep, cereals, candles, henna, and various other things are brought, not forgetting cash. These offerings are called El Ziara.

I awaited the elder son's return from Fez. He was much delayed at the start, and then at Fez they had to wait ten days before being received in audience by the late Muley Hassan, then Sultan of Morocco. In March I arranged for my sons to go to the Court at Fez, and though a few difficulties were thrown in my way, I started three days after the day originally fixed. The necessity of this journey was not for condolence alone, but to obtain the renewal of valuable concessions from the Crown, with regard to certain lands granted to the House of Wazan some generations back on their relinquishing certain hereditary rights on the Treasury. These documents have to be renewed on the death or change of Sultan, otherwise they are null and

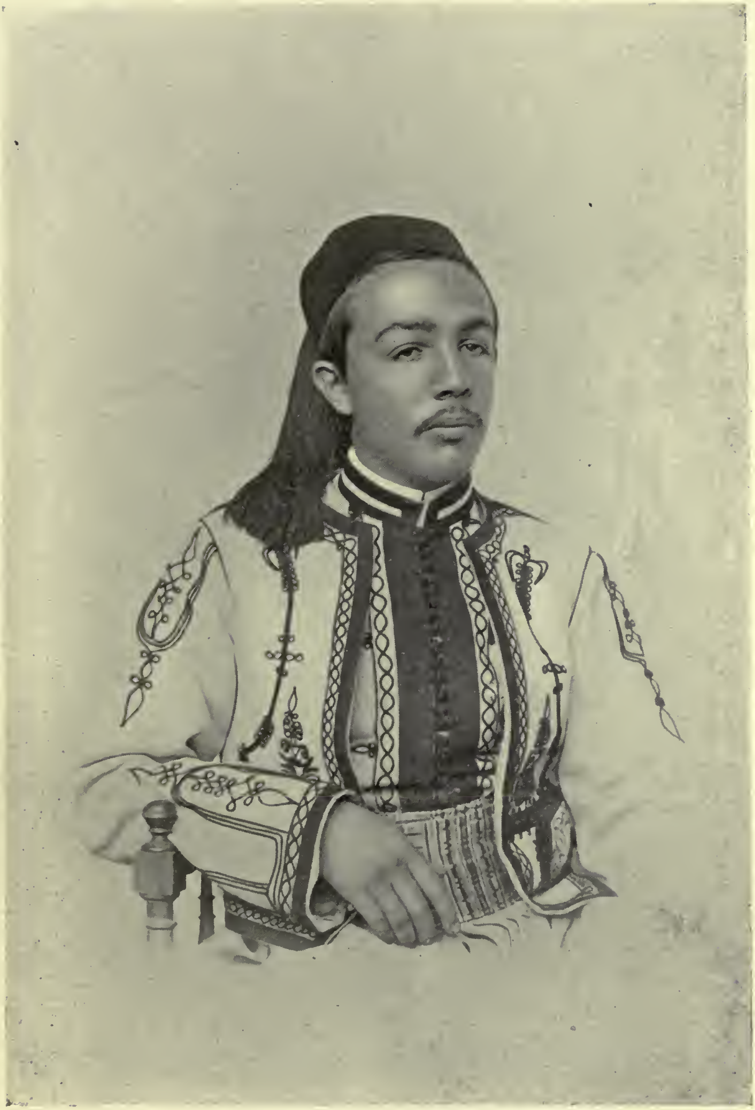


Photo. by Hell & Co., Tangier

MULEY AHMED BEN ABDESLAM, SHAREEF OF WAZAN (1898)

void, and preference is given when they are applied for personally. Naturally my anxiety was that my sons should retain the share they had inherited from their father, by renewal of El Dakr, as it is designated in Arabic. I think this was one of the most enjoyable visits I ever made to Fez. I suppose the goodwill of Muley Hassan reflected on the people. I arrived on a Tuesday afternoon, and the next day a command came from the Court for an audience fixed for 8 A.M. on Thursday morning. At first we thought there might be some error in the day, as the late Muley Hassan made it a rule never to receive on Thursdays, because he devoted the whole of that day to the study of the works of "Sidi el Boukari." My boys went in Court costume, everything new and white, accompanied by a large suite consisting of relations, friends, and secretaries, all mounted on richly caparisoned horses and mules, and with quite a small army of retainers on foot. In the meantime I was on tenter-hooks, not knowing exactly what sort of a reception was in store for them, notwithstanding that the unusual day was a good augury. But I need not have worried myself. The reception was the most cordial possible. Half rising from his seat, Muley Hassan placed my sons on either side of him. After the usual salutations had been exchanged, and the formal condolence offered on either side, Muley Hassan said he grieved with them over the loss of their father; at the same time he would be a father to them, and that they were to take care of their mother. After inquiries as to what languages they spoke, the Sultan requested them to speak English together before him. I am afraid the essay was not a great success, for the boys were too shy to say much.

I visited much among the Moslem population and vaccinated as long as my lymph lasted, but though I did revert to the arm-to-arm method, I was nervous about transmitting another disease in providing the cure for one. Of visitors, too, we had plenty, principally of the sterner sex, many of whom were Shorfa, originally from Wazan; these are always styled cousins, when a Shareef is a Wazani, though he may be very far removed from the present generation. While I was chatting with one of these Shorfa about my late husband, he said to me, "Thank God, you had a difference with my cousin Sidi el Hadj Abdeslam." I must have shown that I resented this remark rather strongly, though I was silent, for I was completely taken aback by such a sudden and uncalled-for remark. Recovering my mental equilibrium, however, I inquired why he referred to the past in that way, and said that he hurt me. "Well, to be explicit, the day he died there would have been a double funeral, if you had continued to adore Sidi in the same manner as early years. I repeat, thank God that Muley Ali and Muley Ahmed have their mother left." This Shareef often came to Tangier on a visit of months' duration. My husband held him in high esteem, and being a high-principled and well-educated man, his society was agreeable. There were others equally learned, and I was amazed at the broad view they took of life in general.

If in those days such a thing had been known in Morocco as the Young Turkish party, with such men as I came across, we might have developed a Young Moorish party.

I also learned of a remarkable dream, dreamt by the M'kaddum (custodian) of Muley Dris, patron saint of Fez. All Moors, I may remark, place great faith in dreams. I have often known women, and even men, to consult Tolba (priests or educated men) on the subject of this or that dream, placing the most implicit faith in the interpretation. Dreaming of a saint implies the necessity of a pilgrimage to his grave, to sacrifice according to your means, or light a candle at the shrine. Should extraordinary circumstances prevent the dreamer undertaking the journey, a deputy can be sent. My husband was once on the point of sending me with Muley Ali, who was to sacrifice a bull for him at the shrine of Muley Abdeslam ben M'sheesh, near Tangier. I could not approach the shrine, or even on the territory of the saint, so finding the child would have to be away a night from my care, the idea was abandoned as far as I was concerned, and others went in our stead. The M'kaddum of Muley Dris had a vision one night at the tomb. The following is an account of it, which I give to the best of my advantage. He dreamt that he was attending the fêtes of Tolba on the borders of the Fez river, an affluent of the Sebou river:—

"The height of our festivity was arrested by the sudden appearance of the ever-venerated Sheik and Saint of holy memory, Sidi el Hadj Alarbi, in our midst. The multitude hastened to do homage to our honoured guest, who announced the arrival of his son Abdeslam with his bride. Immediately was heard in the distance the feet of many horses, which drew nearer and nearer, and presently appeared in our midst the much revered Sidi Hadj Abdeslam, and by his side, also on horseback, the Roumia (European) his wife. We all fell to do homage to him, when Sidi el Hadj Alarbi commanded us to do homage to the Roumia also, which we did. And I awoke to find I had seen a holy vision. Praise God for all things."

Yet another I can relate, which I have had translated from a book written by a Wazan Shareef residing at Rabat, also a doctor of law. It is entitled "The Vision of Sidi Abdallah ben Amed, Tuummi, Wazani, Zeroni, Doctor of Law (Alam)."

"Before leaving Zeroni there was much conversation about the possibility of my Sheik and Spiritual Chief, lord and master, contracting an alliance with a European. Knowing his sympathies with European customs, one had become accustomed to his ways of thinking and acting, but certainly not to the extent of taking to wife a Roumia (European). The constant rumours worried me much, and at last I determined to set out for Fez, for the purpose of visiting the holy shrine of Muley Dris, hoping thereby to obtain some inspiration to enable me to understand what was passing in the life of my much beloved Sheik. Arriving at Fez, the then Sultan, Sidi Mohammed ben Abdurrhaman, engaged me in long conversations on the subject of this projected marriage. In the sacred writings, which I searched, there was no prohibition to such an alliance. I then carried out my intention of visiting the holy shrine of Muley Dris, to commune with him in spirit. Having made my ablutions and recited my prayers, I sat down to ponder and to seek inspiration on the subject so near to my heart. I fell asleep, and dreamed I was in Tangier, on the borders of the blue sea, and watching a vessel thereon. Presently I perceived a large gathering as it were of people, but on closer scrutiny, I observed that it consisted of all the holy saints of past and present. Those from the East were evidently discussing with those from the West some momentous question to which neither side could find an acceptable conclusion. Ultimately it was suggested that lots should be drawn to decide upon which side the onus of the discussion should fall. The subject of this was not revealed to me, and I could only learn that it was a heavy responsibility to be borne, both sides professing their inability to sustain its weight. The casting of lots being agreed to, two small sticks of unequal length were produced, and the lot fell to the holy Western Saints to bear the burden. So overwhelmed were they with the great responsibility thrust on them, that the arrival of Sidi el Hadj Abdeslam el Wazani in their midst was unperceived, until he saluted each one by name. After the exchange of the usual salutations, he inquired the cause of their dilemma, and upon learning the same, begged them one and all to trouble themselves no more upon the subject, of which I, the dreamer, was ignorant. Sidi el Hadj Abdeslam, ever ready to take other people's burdens on himself, announced to this holy assemblage of Saints from the East and the West that he would be responsible for all they choose to impose upon him, upon which the holy assembly were aghast, as one clause in the compact, whatever the body of the same contained, had not been communicated. 'Tell me, I pray you,' said my Sheik, 'the whole of this secret compact between you, which I accept, even before it falls from your lips.' Said one, 'It involves the bearer of this heavy burden to marry a Roumia.' 'Even that I will do,' said my beloved Sheik and master, Sidi el Hadj Abdeslam; 'allow me to make but one condition regarding this proposed marriage, to which this holy assemblage of Saints must be sponsors.' 'Speak, Sidi; we can acquiesce in your desire before you put it to us, so name the one favour you require from us all.' Whereupon Sidi el Hadj Abdeslam asked to be assured that the Roumia he was to take to wife should bear him two sons, the first to be named Ali, after Sidi Ali ben Ahmed, of glorious memory, and the second, Ahmed, after Sidi Ahmed ben Taibe of revered memory. 'Such shall it be, by God's blessing,' replied the assembled holy Saints from East and West. At this particular moment in my vision, I saw a carriage come in the midst of all the holy Saints; in it was seated a young girl dressed in European costume. The sun, as it were, shone on her right cheek, and the moonbeams played on her left cheek, and behind her were two tall candlesticks of pure gold. She was fair to look upon, and in my heart of hearts I inquired whether this young girl would accept our creed of Islam. Still debating this subject in my mind, I looked up at her, to see her beckoning to me with her finger. I rose, as it were, and went to her; she leaned forward until her mouth was on a level with my ear and whispered——

"At this moment I awoke from my slumber and found myself in the most holy shrine of Muley Dris in the city of Fez."

I am told that the reference to sun and moon meant that I was worthy to be the Shareef's bride; the two golden candlesticks represented the two sons stipulated for by the Shareef. A child is often called a golden lamp, as a term of endearment, especially if a baby Shareef. I have also in my possession a kind of certificate from a doctor of law (Alam) residing in Tangier, who assured me that many years ago he met Sidi Abdullah ben Ahmed, and heard him relate his vision to some assembled guests. The dream took place in about 1872, the Moslem date being 1287 or 1288.

I thought it more prudent to keep out of ceremonies of every kind, when an entertainment was offered at any house. But I was never forgotten; my sons went surrounded by the Tuats and others, chants being sung as they went along. Then, when they were fairly under way, I would also start to join them at the house, arriving practically at the same time as they did, with my own personal retainers. For some years previously I had known Lalla R'kia, Muley Abdul Aziz's mother, through the intermediary of one of her retainers, who used to come to Tangier to make purchases of different articles. Tama, for such was her name, never failed to come and see me, the bearer of the most friendly messages from the ex-Sultan's mother. On this occasion I was not forgotten, and presents and messages passed between us. We never met, I having always avoided going to Court for various reasons put forward by my husband.

On leaving Fez we went to Wazan, and everywhere congratulations were given on our successful visit. Muley Mohammed was most enthusiastic, and the powder-play on entering Wazan was fast and furious. All Wazan turned out; the native music with banners from the different Saint Houses, headed by those of Muley Abdallah Shareef, the "zahrits" from hundreds of women's throats was a greeting of a most impressive character, especially when hundreds of Tolba chanted together as with one voice.

Wazan looked very pretty in the bright sunlight, and the sides of Bou Allul were still green, the town so white and cosy on the side where Wazan is built. To walk in the gardens and gather juicy green figs is a pleasure, the month of June finding them at the height of perfection. Naturally I visited all members of my late husband's family, to find the warmth of welcome had not diminished. Go where I would, to me it was a great personal gratification. I have never known the sense of fear in my adopted country, and would travel anywhere to-day with the sense of greatest security.

CHAPTER XXIX

ANOTHER VISIT TO EUROPE

In the autumn of this year, 1893, the French Government again renewed its kind offer to give Muley Ali a course at the cavalry school at Saumur. Personally I did not hesitate for a moment, but then I had to sound the people all round, to see if such a step would be prejudicial to my son's prestige. This took time, but the verdict was favourable, and by December I was prepared to start. At Marseilles the Prefect's carriage was sent for us, and on board we were received by a secretary and another official, and by them escorted to the hotel, where charming apartments had been retained. Even our servants were lodged most sumptuously. After remaining a week, during which time the sights of the town were duly visited—we went to theatre or opera every night—we started for Saumur. But what a journey without a break, except when the change of carriage was necessary! Every two or three hours some gentlemen presented themselves to inquire as to our welfare, and if the foot-warmers were chilled they were promptly replaced by hot ones. Nevertheless, I never remember feeling so pinched by cold as on that twenty-four-hour journey. Near Narbonne the ground and trees were covered with snow. It was a splendid panorama that extended for miles over this very flat country. I saw it at sunrise; the icicles sparkled like so many chains of diamonds looped on to the trees. Although our carriage was reserved, at this town an old gentleman entered. The guard soon appeared to remove the intruder, but upon his representing that he was only going to the next station, I was asked if I had any objection. This was the only time we had a companion traveller. On our arrival at Saumur, more officials came to receive us, and to escort us to the hotel, which certainly did not equal the one at Marseilles. Still it was very comfortable and the beds excellent; naturally the table was the same; one never expects anything else in France. The cold was intense, the fires seemed to throw out no heat; and being on the borders of the river Loire, made one more sensitive to this extreme of climate. I was not prepared for such a great difference, or for so long a stay as circumstances compelled me to make.

I went to see the Cadets, and also wonderful performances by some of the officers: such feats of horsemanship I had never witnessed. Apartments had to be found for Muley Ali, who was to remain with his valet. We then paid a visit to Paris by invitation of the Government. While there we went to the Grand Opera, and a different theatre every night, and during the day visited museums and picture galleries, shopping, &c. An invitation to the Quai d'Orsay to discuss my son's interests appeared at the first a formidable undertaking, and I felt at the outset that I would give anything if I could have a deputy. Monsieur S. O., I think, was rather amused at my apparent nervousness, and it was his extreme affability that caused me to summon up courage for the, what I thought, trying ordeal. But I need not have permitted my imagination to run away with me to such an extent, for on being conducted into the huge salon, I was immediately reassured by the genial manner of two gentlemen present, the one having been presented by the other. I soon recognised Monsieur Hanotaux, the other Monsieur M., a distinguished linguist. The greeting of Monsieur Hanotaux dispelled any misgivings I might have had, and it flashed across me how uselessly I had tormented myself on the subject of this momentous visit.

Muley Ali being well versed in the French language, and I knowing something of the language, the intermediary of an interpreter was not required. I fancy my grammatical errors must have hurt the ear of the learned and accomplished historian then Minister for Foreign Affairs. If such was the case, he betrayed no sign of it in the half-hour interview accorded me. Muley Ali, too, shy at first, eventually recovered himself, and conversation towards the end was much less of an effort, and I came away with the impression that Ministers are extremely nice people to meet, and that it is more trying to walk down a grand staircase, surrounded by lackeys and reflected by huge mirrors, than to meet a dozen Ministers, provided they are all like Monsieur Hanotaux.

Muley Ali was away ten months, and came home enchanted with his sojourn at Saumur. Every month reports were sent to the Legation in Tangier, and more than once Monsieur de Monbel congratulated me on having a son of such exemplary conduct, supplementing the comments on one occasion with the remark, "If I had sons I would like them to take yours as a model of what a young man should be. I congratulate you on your methods of training."

I think more credit was given me than I deserve.

My sons' strong sense of right and wrong from childhood required no great efforts on my part; I had no system. We were always the greatest friends, nothing was ever hidden from me, I was consulted always upon all subjects, and am so still even to this day. Although my sons are married men with families, my wishes are almost invariably regarded. Their father never even suggested his wishes with regard to them from the day of their birth to the day of his death. He remained a spectator, if I may so explain it.

In Paris I saw Sarah Bernhardt. What a wonderful actress!—I was spell-bound. The only things that distressed me were the extraordinarily natural shrieks she used. The first time I heard her, I really thought something had gone amiss. M. Mounet-Sully was incomparable; no wonder the theatre is packed to overflowing when he appears. Paris is the most fascinating of cities, and one could spend a few months there most enjoyably, but as a permanent residence there, or even in London, I fear I could not accustom myself to these cities. I am always so happy to return to my adopted country, though this causes my friends to exclaim that I have become very Moorish. I cannot agree, as my life, or rather my mode of living, has ever been European, and my sense of duty to those who place so much confidence in me compels me to remain in their midst as long as I can.

In 1895 Muley Ali elected to accept an honorary appointment in the 2nd Chasseurs d'Afrique, and was in garrison at Tlemcen and Mecheria to study the intricacies of military life. On the whole I think he found it agreeable, for he had some intention of rejoining later on, though he did not carry out the idea. During his residence at Tlemcen, I paid him a visit, and took a small house in a garden outside the town. I met many of the officers and their wives, and altogether had a pleasant time. The greater number of my visitors were Arabs, who upon learning Muley Ali was domiciled there, came to do homage, many travelling from long distances. Muley Ahmed had left Tangier for Fez, Brunes, Taza, and Oujhda, meaning to end his tour in the Riff Mountains, so I thought I would go to Oujhda and spend a few days to see how he was progressing on this journey. I took the diligence from Tlemcen to Marnia, where I found him waiting for me with a litter swung between two mules. I had not brought my side-saddle, and the heat being so great it was thought better to avail myself of the litter than of the pack-saddle, which it was my intention to use. The Commandant and several officers, to say nothing of the crowds of Europeans, came to meet me, the last, I suppose out of curiosity to see the mode of conveyance, and naturally any amount of Arabs were there, many having accompanied my son from the Beni Snassen tribe on horses caparisoned with all the colours of the rainbow. I entered my palanquin of painted green and white, upholstered in stone-coloured material with dark crimson flowers in a trailing pattern, a mattress, covered with a spotless sheet, and pillows with silken covers, over which were muslin ones. There were doors on either side, and muslin curtains looped or drawn, according to fancy. The Moorish lady who takes her journey in this fashion is locked in; the European shuts up one side only, and reads, chats, or sleeps, as the mule in front trots along; the side mule takes the hind shafts. The motion is not unpleasant on level ground, but on zigzag, stony tracks, and up and down hill, is not quite a sedative to the nerves. Then what troubles me is the shouting of the muleteers or the sudden shunting of the litter, as sometimes the snake-like roads or rather tracks will send the litter out of the perpendicular. There is no fear of a somersault, but the impression that there will be one is there all the same. After a day's travelling these troubles are no longer noticed.

I remained a few days in Oujhda, visiting, and being invited by old acquaintances, particularly by the Beni Snassen tribe, who are mostly Taibians (Wazan sect), and returned as I went, except that my son, Muley Ahmed, accompanied me only part of the way. Being a day late in Marnia, I missed a dinner at the Commandant's to which I was invited. Violent toothache detained me, so the ice-pudding which had been specially prepared had melted before my arrival. I remained a day or two to enable me to visit our estate at Hammam Bougrarah, and to my detriment, for I became infected with malaria, for the first time in my life, and was some days in bed when I returned to Tlemcen. The heat at Marnia was remarkable for a couple of days: people fell exhausted in every direction.

Muley Ali now left with his regiment for Mecheria, and I returned to Tangier to await Muley Ahmed's arrival from the Riff. Such an ovation as he received took us all by surprise. Fortunately a European friend was able to photograph the procession when it was mounting one of the inclines to the Marshan.

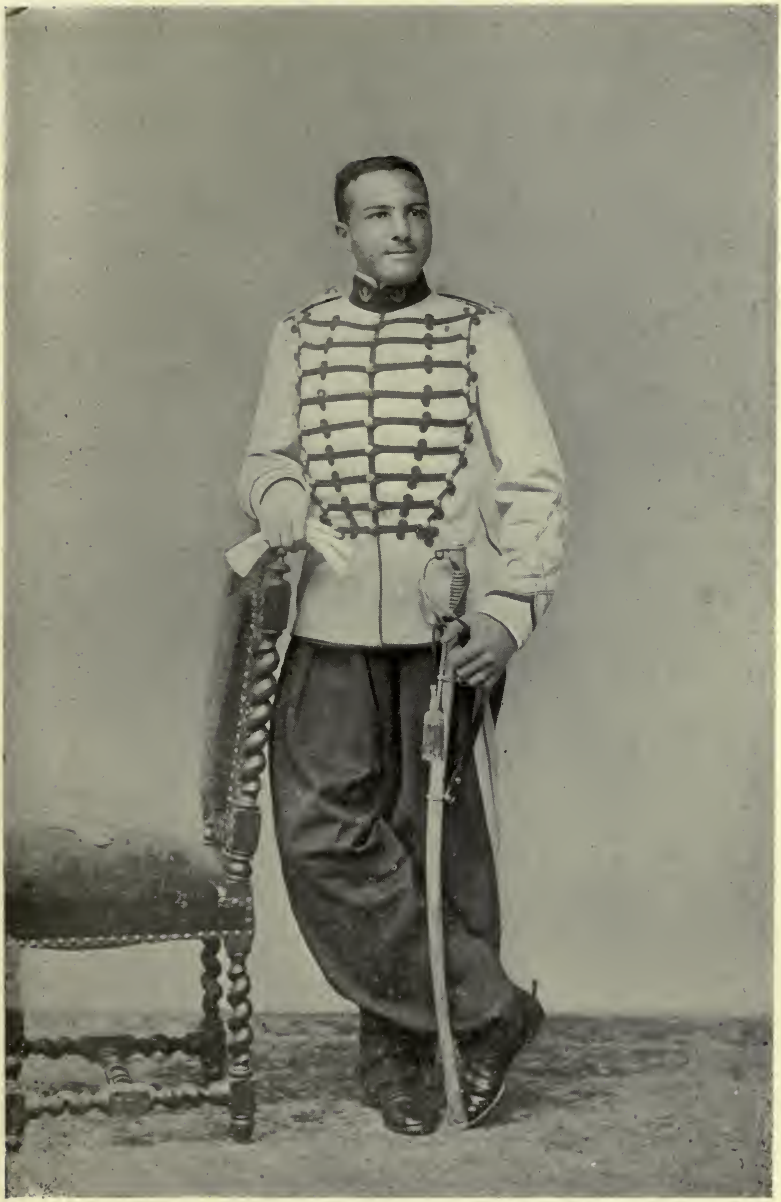
CHAPTER XXX

THE MARRIAGE OF MY SONS

MULEY ALI'S time was up in the 2nd Chasseurs d'Afrique in 1897, and thoughts of procuring him a suitable wife was the next undertaking—no very enviable task, for she had to be good-looking, to bear a name uncommon in the country, and to possess several virtues. In fact I did not know where to look for the young lady required. Suddenly it occurred to me that, on my visits to Tetuan, I had been attracted by a rather fair-haired baby. Later I knew her as a toddling little girl with fair complexion and hair, and again I remembered her uncommon appellation, Schems-ed-dah, or "the break of dawn." So planning a shooting expedition Tetuan way, I could, on pretext of resting, visit them without arousing the suspicion of her family. Otherwise, if the object of my visit had been known, the young Shareefa would not have been present.

I took with me a lady friend who was an artist, and she unperceived made a rough sketch of the young girl, while I engaged her in conversation. Three visits sufficed for us, my son and I, to come to a decision, and I then formally demanded the young lady's hand in marriage for my eldest son, from the Shareef Sid Ahmed ben Thaumi, a descendant of Muley Thaumi of Wazan. Although my little ruse had succeeded, I was terribly anxious about the results. I suppose a Moorish mother does not experience the qualms that I did, and many a bad night I passed, especially as the weddings drew near, uncertain as to whether I had been fortunate in my choice of partners for life for my two boys. I will only add that I hope every mother may be as fortunate as I have been in the possession of daughters-in-law. I think if I had given the least encouragement to Muley Ali, he would have preferred a European; at the same time he knew that such a course would be prejudicial to his prestige, which was not equal to his father's—a prestige which no one has obtained since his death, and in my opinion, never will. Locally the sons may be influential, but throughout the length and breadth of Morocco (I may be wrong) the extreme veneration for the Grand Shareef of Wazan is on the wane. Muley Alarbi succeeded his father, being the eldest son, nevertheless he made no particular stir in the Mohammedan world up to the time of his death. His son Muley Taib seems to have fewer adherents still, my sons enjoying quite as great a prestige, if not more than he does. In procession my sons take precedence of Muley Taib, my son Muley Ali being now the senior member of the Wazan family.

During the wedding celebrations, Wazan had the aspect of a huge canvas city; the smell of sulphur was overwhelming day and night for over a week, from continual firing, in spite of the quantity of scented wood burnt in incense-burners all over the town. The din of the native music of fifes and drums never ceased, and in the houses, the violin and guitar, "er rebub," a miniature basso, and tambourine would be heard in the male quarters, or in the female, the derbouga with



MULEY ALI BEN ABDESLAM, SHAREEF OF WAZAN, AS AN OFFICER IN THE FRENCH ARMY (1904)

hand-clapping accompaniment, and harsh voices that were not the most pleasing music-makers. A troupe from Fez were better performers; though uneducated, the rhythm is more pleasing to the ear. There was dancing also at night-feasts; one woman was really clever in balancing a tea-tray with teapot, cups, and saucers on the head, while the body was in contortions. Another gave a kind of acrobatic performance—she must certainly have enjoyed great muscular pliability—and some dances had been better left out of the programme.

I may, however, say a word about the bridegroom's "unbelting." Muley Ali was introduced first by his principal groomsmen, and they had to cover him with my veil or haik which I wore for the occasion. He passed out at the opposite side to which he entered three times. The first time I removed his belt, and the third time tied a calico belt round his waist called "El Kuffal"; that being done, the same ceremony was gone through for Muley Ahmed; all the time the music clanged and the women uttered "zahrits" to their heart's content. Then all the visitors came to me to offer congratulations, the processions re-formed, and the bridegroom's departure announced by tremendous volleys from the matchlocks, while the drums, one would think, could not remain intact much longer. I quickly threw off my Moorish garb, and made a rush to the terrace just in time to see the two winding down the inclines toward the tomb of Muley Abdullah es-Shareef. Here evening prayer was held, and they

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[1] "El Kuffal" is the piece of calico used to prevent the steam escaping from the edges of the iron pot, when meat or chicken is being cooked for couscous. In olden times, this Kuffal really was used; to-day a new piece of calico is used, supposed to represent peace and plenty to the new household, and to keep off the evil eye.

returned to their temporary home with same ceremony, the night being spent in tea-drinking, music, and a sumptuous repast.

The brides were waiting for me, and the question was how to get me to them. Electing to go to the second bride first, I was surrounded by some stout negresses, having previously veiled myself to escape notice. Half lifted, half on foot, I reached the door of the house. The problem was how to get in; I was wedged in by the crowd, my attendants using their elbows and fists vigorously. A slight advantage being gained, I found myself lifted bodily and landed in the patio or hall, before I had time to realise where I was. Forthwith I was conducted to the bride's chamber, but was not allowed to see her. The tea-drinking was going forward, and when I was discovered the welcomes were so hearty, that for a time it was positively painful. At last I was given the seat of honour, and the unbelting of the bride was performed by her relatives, the belt being taken off by two young married women, who have been married but once. The garments are left flowing until the eighth day after marriage.

The afternoon or the evening of the unbelting of the bride, there is observed another little custom, the origin of which I could not penetrate. It consists in the women taking in a basket to a certain well the refuse from the wheat-cleaning used for the wedding. The men follow in the distance with powder-play and music. The women carry banners of various colours, of which I counted over a hundred. A well-dressed negress poises on her head a basket containing the wheat refuse. In the basket are buried a pearl necklace, a gold bracelet, and an egg, the supposed offering to the guardian spirit of the spring. A great deal of dancing and singing and "zahrits" follow, then the refuse is thrown into the well after removing the pearl necklace and bracelet, which are given back to their owners on the return of the party. A meal is partaken of, and there is tea-drinking round the well before leaving.

I never reached Bride No. 1 until all the guests had departed, for the simple reason that the crowd of women where I was prevented any thought of exit until the banquet was at an end, and even when I did go, veiled and with innumerable lighted candles, it was no easy task. Tetuan brides are also not to be seen before marriage, but an exception was made in my favour as I had known her from babyhood, and also she was a stranger to the Wazan Shorfa, which made it rather more embarrassing for her, her mother not being present and only two sisters-in-law being there in place.

The next day was the Day of Amaryha, or the real wedding day, when as a rule the bride is conveyed at night in a gaily-covered litter on the back of a mule to her husband's house. In the case of brides of my late husband's house a travelling litter slung between two mules is used. I was given the key of the litter to unlock, and after saluting my new daughter-in-law, she was lifted out by gaily-dressed slaves, and carried across the patio or hall to the marriage-chamber, amidst an indescribable din from musicians and "zahrits" of the women inside the house, and music and powder-play outside.

For seven days after the wedding the bridegroom assumes the title of Muley es-Sultan, and as such is addressed or spoken of as a general rule. The next ceremony of importance is the belting of the newly-married couples on the eighth day. To the bridegroom's there are few or no ceremonies attached, but the bride's belting is more important, as from this day she is in full control of her household. At Wazan the customs are slightly different to those of Tangier, and again at Fez not precisely the same lines are followed. At Wazan the cheeks should be painted (in the form of a triangle) a very deep damask-rose colour, and here and there round this little dots of black, white, and blue paint. Then a lace-work pattern in a kind of Indian ink is traced from near the temple down to the jawbone, one-sixth of an inch wide. The same appears from the centre of the under-lip down the centre of the chin. A small design is traced between the eyebrows, which are also well defined with Indian ink and much lengthened, the eyes are heavily laden with khol, and the corners slightly extended, the lips painted a bright vermilion, and the gums stained with walnut juice. All this put on to a complexion which has been previously washed with powder and water allowed to dry on, gives a most grotesque appearance to the person who has to submit to the custom. In the case of my two daughters-in-law I had sufficient influence, backed by my sons, to induce the several families to forego this disfiguration, and a reasonable amount of rouge and powder with a few beauty spots from the Indian ink reed gave the happiest results. A piece of walnut bark is chewed in order to whiten the teeth, which it does to a remarkable degree. The treatment of hands and feet I have described elsewhere at length. Patterns of lace-work are drawn on the backs of the same, and the sandal is simulated on the foot; the Indian ink dots also form a pattern alongside the henna patterned on foot or hand. The head is next dressed; a large red crape scarf is placed over the white cotton handkerchief which first covers the hair, the ends of the scarf, heavily laden with gold thread, hang down the back, some four or five silk handkerchiefs follow, so arranged that a line of each is observed across the brow; the top or last handkerchief is twisted so that the fluffy fringe is perfectly loose and takes off the otherwise hard appearance of this headdress.

The bride reached me with one hundred followers of all ranks. I sat in a native arm-chair with my feet on silk cushions. Musicians and Shorfa were with me. The bride, who came from another room, took my hands and kissed each in succession, then my forehead, and placed her gift in my lap. I was then assisted out of my chair, and placed my daughter-in-law in my seat, at the same time giving a return present. I was provided with a seat at her side. Tea-drinking and music ended the function, the meaning of which was that I yielded up my authority over my son's household to his wife. The same ceremony was repeated for my second son's wife. It was a trying and tiring experience, probably unique for an Englishwoman. Nothing was omitted in all the ceremonies of the honours and respect that the Moors would have shown to a lady of their own persuasion and family. Never, wherever I have visited in Morocco, has the vestige of a slight been offered me. This was the grand finale of the wedding festivities.

The next thing to be thought of was the return journey to Tangier, and the despatch of goods and chattels was forthwith commenced. Settlements of account were a difficult matter because of the different value of money at Wazan and Tangier; for although I had provided what I thought would be sufficient, I found the supplement much higher than I had anticipated, not having made allowance for such a large concourse of people and animals. During half the time, practically, ten oxen, fifty sheep, and two hundred and fifty chickens were required for daily consumption, and for five days seven saffas[1] of barley were given out for the guests and animals. A large chest of tea from England was of great assistance, so too some ten sacks of sugar, but these did not carry me through; and as for candles, which play a prominent part in all festivities, there was simply a demand at all hours for anything from one to six packets as the case might be. Every afternoon I used to go to a large room I had turned into a store for candles, sugar, and tea alone, and with my list in hand of the Kaids and principal guests give out so much according to the retinue with this or that personage. Those who elected to cook their own food were provided with it in the raw state, and butter and oil would be included in this dole or "mouna" as it is styled. But for the late Muley Mohammed's wife and her army of cooks, and willing hands, I might have fared badly. There was an absence of all method in dealing with such a number of people, and although I had a regular corps of organisers divided and subdivided, people lost their heads, and had to be constantly recalled to the duties they had promised to perform. Then there are those who try to impose by getting a double "mouna," especially in the store, not realising, I suppose, that all was entered as it went out. I had four helpers, otherwise I could not have managed; they were invaluable, and they knew if the application for this or that Kaid's "mouna" was legitimate or not. We also took the precaution to put down the name of the person by whom so much had been sent to this house or tent as the case might be. However, no hitch occurred, and I settled up to every one's satisfaction.

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[1] A saffa represents 60 almuds, and an almud weighs about 64 lbs.

Later the fetes were quoted as having been a great historical event; it was said that Sidi el Hadj Abdeslam, had he been alive, would have been quite satisfied with such complete marriage festivities for his two youngest sons.

CHAPTER XXXI

I REVISIT ENGLAND

Thoughts of Tangier now occupied us. Muley Ali's bride was to be taken to her new home, while Muley Ahmed with his bride elected to remain a few weeks longer in Wazan, but it was quite six months before they announced their return. Meanwhile all was pushed forward for our journey, and although a first caravan went with effects, our camp was tremendous. The bride went in a litter, locked in with a travelling companion. It was a comfortable conveyance upholstered well, and no hard corners to bump one's head against like so many Moorish litters. This one was originally made for me by my sons. On arrival at the camping-ground for the night, a place is selected for one or two tents, and the litter is placed where the marquee is to be raised over it. This is very quickly accomplished, the servants laying the carpets, and otherwise furnishing the tent. A large canvas wall, called Al-frag, surrounds the whole at a short distance, making the place quite private. No indiscreet eye can penetrate the interior. The occupant is now free to move about as she may wish; her slaves and attendants are also within the enclosure. When starting, she regains her litter, the marquee is half raised, and the mules are easily hitched on, and the start is made for the next halting-place for the night. The powder-play, "zahrits" from the women, and native music accompany the departure, and a gift of some kind, generally a cow, is brought when starting.

At one place we were much amused at the antics of a baby camel. The harder the men beat the drums, the more she frisked and played. She came with the villagers to meet us in the first instance. I might have been an old acquaintance, for she hovered round my tent after having tasted a piece of bread and also a piece of sugar for the first time in her young life. Next morning, on the camp being raised, the little camel was the first to join the procession; reaching the boundaries of same, the men called her back, but she was deaf to their entreaties, no one could catch her; eventually she was purchased and presented to the bride.

Tangier was eventually reached; the usual ceremonies, so often related, were most noisy, and El-haimo, as we named the camel, caused much amusement, for on arriving at our house, she too wished to be received. She walked about the garden at will, and once got wedged in the passage to the kitchen. When she was older, she also roamed at will on the plateau near my house called the Marshan, people feeding her with bread. At last she had to be sent away to the country as she would run after Europeans, thinking every one had bread for her. She is now a mother of three, and still enjoys music, attending village festivities uninvited in the neighbourhood, if she is not tethered. When she comes to Tangier, she makes for the front door and raises the knocker with her nose, and will not be induced to leave without her dole. She did not come to Tangier for two years, but her memory had not failed her.

Muley Ali's bride was met at the door of my house (his own was not ready then) by women carrying milk in a basin. As she entered another basin with flour and keys was presented; the place was filled with women, musicians and all. Next day the newly-married couple went to their own house, and here a repetition of marriage festivities on a small scale took place, the ladies of Tangier coming to call on the bride. I believe much comment was caused by her unpainted appearance on this occasion, but being seconded by my son, I was able to break through the disfiguring custom of centuries as far as my daughters-in-law are concerned.

In June Muley Ahmed returned to Tangier with his bride, the same ceremonies being observed as when his brother had arrived, the only difference being that he took up his residence at his late father's house in town. Thirteen months after marriage a little son was born to them, but he only remained four months in this world: he was a bonnie baby, but convulsions were destined to cut off his young life. In 1901 Muley Ali's son arrived. Great fêtes took place, Tangier society honoured me with their presence; many American ladies, visitors at the moment to Tangier, were present, and were most enthusiastic over all they saw. Although circulation was difficult on the name-day, the staircases being as much crowded with guests as the rooms, I was able to offer a tea in European fashion in a large marquee raised in the garden for the purpose. It was surprising how many ladies took for choice the Moorish tea, that is black or green tea flavoured with mint or other herbs, and brewed with the sugar. The Moorish sweets and pastry seemed also to meet with approval. The sudden illness of Muley Ahmed's son, soon to be followed by his death, unnerved us all; his father was very ill in consequence for some time after, and this caused me the greatest anxiety. I became so run down that I was ordered away for complete change of air and scene. I decided to go to England, which I had not visited for twenty-five years. Muley Ahmed took me to Gibraltar and put me on board the P. & O. boat. For many reasons I was delighted to go, for others I was sorry I had taken this step. Everything on arrival seemed so changed, to me people looked different, their mode of speech was foreign to me. Every one seemed as though they were rushing hither and thither for dear life's sake; the constant traffic unnerved me. It seemed a case of hurry from morning to night. For a few days I felt a stranger in a strange land.

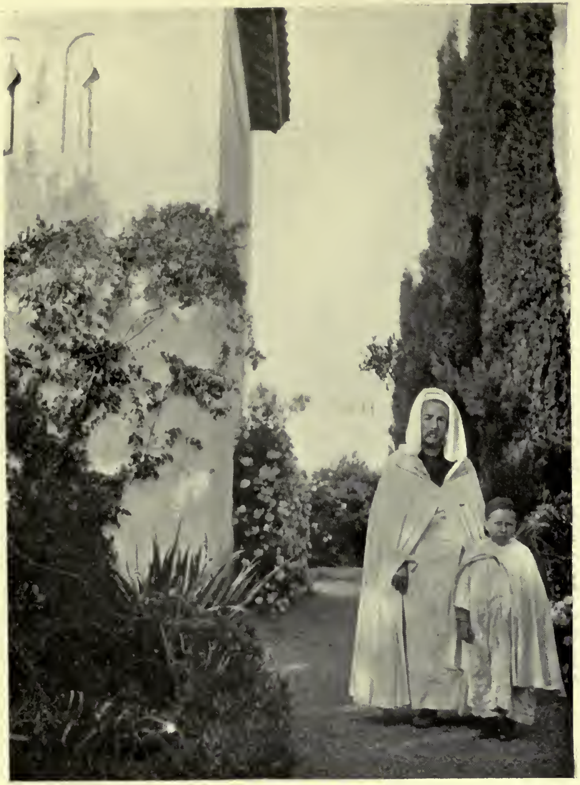
It was decided that I should go to Matlock for a cure, and there I remained three weeks. Although I received every kindness at the Hydro, I could not thoroughly enjoy myself. I was amused one evening to hear a lecture on Morocco. My late husband was referred to—so, too, were my two sons and their mother: no one was aware of my connection with Tangier, consequently I escaped any questioning on the subject. A few days later an American gentleman asked me for some stamps for his collection, having seen the post-mark on my correspondence. He told me that in 1875 he was in Gibraltar and wished to go to Tangier, but was advised to refrain from visiting the land of cut-throats. Did I know Tangier? I replied in the affirmative, and suggested that he had been given a wrong impression. "I found that out too late," he replied, "on board the P. & O. steamer: a lady with a little girl was on board, and now I come to think of it," he said, "she was not unlike you in appearance.

It could not have been you, though, because this was twenty-six years ago. Excuse me, but what a remarkable resemblance." He went on to recount how this lady's daughter had married some Moorish chieftain or Pope or something of that sort: could I tell him if this poor misguided creature was still alive? I promised to make inquiries and give him the information he required by letter when I forwarded the stamps I had promised him. Before leaving England I kept my promise. Needless to say that the lady this American met was my mother returning from Tangier with my youngest sister after the birth of my eldest son Muley Ali. I found nearly all old friends and acquaintances scattered in different parts of the world, my home as I knew it was gone, my father, once Governor of the Surrey County Gaol, was dead, the gaol pulled down, and the site converted into recreation grounds by the Charity Commissioners. What a benefit to the children of that over-populated neighbourhood! Lord Meath came in communication with my father about the removal of the bodies of murderers, buried within the prison, which had to be removed to another resting-place. These being the perquisites of the Governor certain negotiations were entailed. Lord Meath did not know at the time that Mr. Keene was my father, though I had the pleasure of knowing him and that most charitable of ladies, Lady Meath, in Tangier, where her kindness alleviates the lot of many a poor sick Moorish woman to this day. After a holiday of three months I returned with far different impressions of my native land, than I had hitherto treasured up. My impressions were pleasant in a way, but I could not eradicate a feeling that something was missing. I suppose I expected to take up the thread of existence where I left it, which naturally was an impossibility in every sense of the word, but the impression remained all the same. Neither did I realise until this journey how different my mode of life is to the generality of Europeans, yet I have preserved to an extraordinary extent the manners and customs habitual to an Englishwoman, and I have trained numbers to respect them, so that many of the natives do to the best of their ability. I still try to meet them as far as it is possible in their manners and customs, and in all the years I have lived in Morocco, we have never clashed, so deferential are they to my wishes.

Numerous children born to my sons augmented the family. Muley Ahmed had been unfortunate in losing four sons. But one child, delicate from birth, has lived to be a strong, healthy boy, of the wiry class, and there is a delightful little daughter. Muley Ali has four daughters and one son, having lost the other at the age of five months. The European layette I provide for each newcomer seems to be much appreciated by the young mothers, and they profit by all European comforts in their hour of need. Noise is the only thing I cannot prevent, and strange to say it seems to have no ill effect, though to a European it would be distracting. Directly the birth is announced, drums, fifes, tom-toms, "zahrits," and a hand-clapping accompaniment take place. Even if in the dead of night the Shorfa always resort to this expression of joy, and so it continues more or less until the name-day, when if possible the revellers' energies are redoubled. Up to the age of three years the little ones wear European clothing throughout, after that the native dress, but the underclothing is always European. The nurseries, too, are run on the same lines. The little girls learn to read and write English and to do needlework, the little boys have a Moorish tutor, and come to class with the English governess daily. I encourage them to converse with me in English as much as possible; the boys are particularly advanced in the language. Naturally, I have to consider the mother's wishes as to native manners and customs. Nevertheless I do pretty much as I desire where the children are concerned, taking care not to hurt their susceptibilities knowingly, never forgetting that the parents have a prior right over their children, though they all practically live with me, sleeping and taking their meals in European fashion.

The children of the Wazan family at Wazan have adopted pinafores, and often wear European shoes and socks, their parents having seen them worn by the little ones at Tangier. At Tetuan this mode is becoming very general among the upper classes now, especially in my daughter-in-law's family. The bathing of infants from birth has also been adopted there.

Wazan Shareefas have now for the first time received a foreign education. Very few learn to read and write Arabic, but the example I have given by teaching the little ones here has acted as a stimulus in Wazan, some dozen or more little girls now being instructed in Arabic. In Fez, years ago, I met two Shareefas so well educated that they made quite a handsome income by copying MS. for the notaries and others requiring such work. The late Sultan Muley Hassan had also a very clever woman at his Court, Lalla Mamouna, who conducted much of the Sultan's correspondence. A woman named Kana was Kaidess over a tribe in Zemmour for years. It was the best-governed tribe in the province. She dressed as a man, and was extremely clever at powder-play.



Muley Ahmed and his nephew, Muley Hasan.

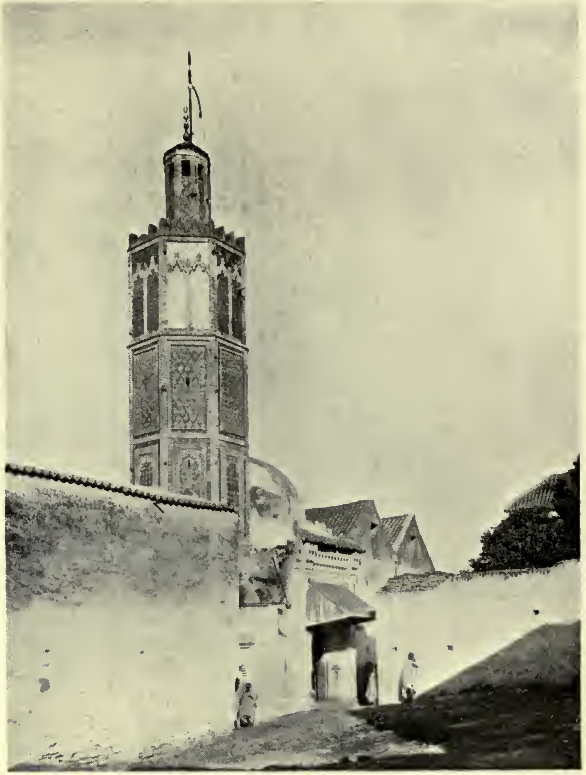


Photo. by H. E. White.

The Mosque of the Grand Shareef in Wazan.

CHAPTER XXXII

THESE LATTER DAYS

If a child is sick or has a tumble or a scratch, the case must be brought to "Mamma." I am their confidante and peacemaker on all occasions. For the moment their own mother is a secondary consideration, for it is always "Go to your mamma" they hear from her, whatever the circumstance. By the natives generally I am considered an authority on infants. Many a little sufferer is brought to me, often ill from use of impure feeding-bottles. The natives are very careless about these. The tube ones I have almost banished, for in inexperienced hands their use means early death to the baby. Sometimes I have quite a list of babies, whose food I regulate, according to age. I have my doubts as to whether my suggestions are all carried out, but still the status of the baby is much ameliorated, and infant mortality considerably reduced by comparison with thirty years ago.

When smallpox came it decimated whole families; one woman lost twelve children, another ten, and so it went on, from one disease or another. To-day 50 per cent. of the population will consult a medical man or lady, and here the good work of the missionaries is most noticeable. The effort to convert is a great error of judgment; it cannot be done, unless the converts be removed to a country beyond the fury of their co-religionists. Perhaps in the near future, when education and civilisation have penetrated, these kind people may have more success from labour which now involves great loss of time and needless expense. If all the sums expended could be used for medical work the benefit would be enormous. The ignorance, especially among the women, is deplorable. They follow the routine of their religion automatically, but ninety-nine out of a hundred have no theological knowledge beyond what they pick up from their fathers, brothers, or husbands. Yet they are regular in their prayers, particular in the prescribed ablutions, and tenacious of keeping the great and trying fast of Ramadan. Fasting thirty days is most trying to nursing mothers; even the expectant mother is not completely exonerated from this trial of faith, whereby one and all seek to obtain remission of sins from God through the intercession of His prophet Mohammed.

If by any accident fasting is interrupted after the day of fast has commenced, the fast must be "paid back" before the next Ramadan, according to the number of days that have been polluted in this holy month. Europeans are most sceptical as to whether the fast is so religiously kept as reported. I can testify that having passed through some forty Ramadans or fasting months in the midst of Mohammedans of all classes, I have never known any one shirk this religious obligation voluntarily. Even in cases of sickness, where due license is given, the patient will refuse to take medicine or nourishment within the prescribed hours of fasting, Even habitual drunkards and kieff smokers refrain from following up their habits. Strong drink or anything containing alcohol is prohibited three months in the year to those who have accustomed themselves to their use, that is to say two months before Ramadan and during that month. Naturally a man who is tenacious of the precepts of his religion would not use any scents of European manufacture, neither would he wear a gold ring or carry a watch and chain of same metal, or wear clothes with gold thread embroideries when at devotions.

A woman can never be over-adorned, and does not remove any of her jewellery or embroideries in the hour of prayer. Both male and female cover the head in the act of praying, the former with the hood of his jelab (a garment something like a *burnous*, only sewn up in front), and the woman arranges a very broad muslin scarf, or large towel, over her head, almost hiding her face.

Similar ablutions are ordered for the two sexes. The prayer-carpet must be strictly sheltered from all pollutions, and religiously put away after use until it is again required. Prayers must be recited by the worshipper bare-footed, and the rosary used after to repeat a word or sentence the votary has vowed to repeat daily for a long or short period, until he thinks fit to change it for some other petition to God. If a person prays where passers-by are frequent, a pail of water is generally placed in front during prayer, and at the conclusion the pail is removed.

With regard to the Koran, that is always kept in a silken or fine muslin handkerchief. Ablutions take place before touching the sacred volume, which is venerated as being the very essence of God. Many of the precepts are of the finest: if followed out, how happy the people would be. But alas! Islam in theory and Islam in practice differ greatly. The conservatism of the Islamic faith bars all progress, and must account for the general standstill of centuries.

One fine morning in June 1903, my second son, Muley Ahmed, came to me announcing that Mr. Walter B. Harris, *Times* correspondent, had been captured by some mountaineers in Angera, and asked what was to be done to release our friend of many years' standing. Muley Ahmed asked me to write to Sir Arthur Nicolson to say he was ready to use his good offices, if Sir Arthur should require the same. In the interval we sent scouts to locate the district where the unfortunate captive might be detained and, if possible, to be assured of the real cause of the kidnapping. There is no doubt that Raisuli was the instigator, though it suited his purpose to profess complete ignorance of the outrage. Sir Arthur worked hard day and night with the Court and local authorities. Muley Ahmed was almost daily backwards and forwards to Angera. News would arrive; off would go Muley Ahmed to see if he could get favourable terms. Even a ransom was offered, but the tribesmen were far too proud to accept it. Once or twice a murder was contemplated, but my son was able to convince the captors that such a course would be highly detrimental to the ends they had in view. Several times the expected release was frustrated, even after the Government had promised to release certain prisoners; this being the price demanded for Mr. Harris. Three long, weary weeks passed, and at last the Government prisoners, sixteen in number, were collected in Tangier by the local authorities from the several prisons on the coast. Very wretched was the place of confinement of the captive *Times* correspondent. I believe the mutilated body of a man bathed in blood was his first discovery in the dungeon-like hut. This was fortunately removed a few hours later for burial, nevertheless the habitation was very creepy-crawly with every description of live-stock, and of course insanitary in the extreme. My son could not get near him, and was unaware for some days of Mr. Harris's terrible plight. Fortunately for the prisoner, he had always been on excellent terms with many of the tribesmen for years, and these relations served him in good stead, many remembering the numerous little kindnesses received at his hands. Communication by correspondence was almost immediately established, and this in a measure facilitated negotiations which required any amount of ingenuity and tact during the time of the imprisonment at Zenat, Raisuli's stronghold. Eventually, by a ruse, Mr. Harris was handed over to the Angera tribe. In the middle of the night our friend was hoisted on to the back of a mule and taken a six hours' journey to Sheik Duas' village, situated on a high and rocky eminence, where he was kept twelve days while negotiations were completed between the British Legation and the local Government authorities.

Muley Ahmed left Tangier early on July 4th for Angera, to be present at a meeting of the Angera tribes to discuss the pros and cons of release, many desiring to retain the Britisher, although they knew the sixteen prisoners were already in Tangier, waiting for their liberty. Fortunately Muley Ahmed's influence prevailed, and the next morning Mr. Harris was on the way to Tangier. An attempt was contemplated by another tribe to re-arrest Mr. Harris *en route*, but, as they were outnumbered by his escort, the idea was abandoned at the last moment. Just on the borders of the Angera districts, the sixteen prisoners were to be found, after a communication had been sent to Sir Arthur that Mr. Harris was released. There was no official exchange of prisoners. Four gentlemen, headed by Lord Cranley, son of the Earl of Onslow, represented the British Legation. The Moorish prisoners went to their several homes, and Muley Ahmed with Mr. Harris started for the British Legation in Tangier, nearing which a large crowd of Europeans and Moors had collected.

The motley crowd soon closed round the horseman and his escort, the Spaniards being particularly hearty in their cheering and cries of "Bravo, Muley Ahmed! bien hecho, Muley Ahmed!" It was only when Mr. Harris and my son reached the British Legation that the enormous crowds dispersed. Since my sons' marriages, I have ceased travelling about the country as formerly, and spend my time teaching my daughters-in-law (apt pupils) my methods of housekeeping.

CHAPTER XXXIII

LAST WORDS

On the occasion of the Princess Marie Louise of Schleswig-Holstein's visit to Tangier, I had the honour of preparing a Moorish fête for her. I was assisted by my daughters-in-law. The patio, or centre hall, of Muley Ali's house lent itself to floral decoration in the most charming manner, the work being undertaken by an English nurseryman, whose exquisite taste shown was the admiration of all. My daughters arrayed themselves in handsome native dress, and were laden with jewels, rows of pearls being predominant. A few of the principal English ladies were invited. The Princess arrived with her lady-in-waiting, and accompanied by Lady Nicolson, the then British Representative's wife. She was received at the chief entrance by my two sons and a numerous suite; they escorted the royal party to the second entrance, or house proper, where the musicians (women) were posted in lines each side of the corridor. Coloured candles, incense-burners, and orange and rose-water sprinklers were freely used, and carried by gaily-dressed women and slaves, who walked backwards to the door of the reception room, where I stood, in European attire, with my two daughters-in-law. Lady Nicolson presented us to our royal guest, who was conducted to a slightly raised daïs (facing the doorway), covered with a handsome panther-skin. After her Highness was seated the English visitors were presented to the Princess. Dancing and singing took place in the patio among the flowers, tea being served in the meantime both in Moorish and English manner to our visitors. The children were brought in by their respective nurses, and duly admired; the little boys and girls are rather good-looking, and what is more, sociably inclined. I experienced some pride in exhibiting my little grandchildren.

A move was then made to traverse the short distance across the garden to my house, amidst excessively noisy demonstrations, consisting of derbougas (tom-toms), tambourines, accompanied by hand-clapping, and "zahrits" (the joy-cry). While the Princess was in my house, some of the women procured a lot of flowers, and strewed them on the path to be traversed when the Princess took her leave, this time from my principal entrance. The same ceremonies took place on the royal departure as on arrival, my sons being present. Sir Arthur and Lady Nicolson kindly invited me to dine at the British Legation on the following day. After dinner, I had a memorable conversation on the resources of Moorish women in times of sickness. I explained to her Highness the exceedingly primitive methods in vogue among the Moslem population, how many lives were lost for want of a little professional aid at the commencement of many maladies. And as for nursing the sick, the ignorance on the most trivial matter was deplorable. I pointed out that what is really required is a non-sectarian hospital, containing a maternity ward, with a general dispensary attached, to be conducted by a lady doctor and female staff; that would indeed be a boon to this country. I wish I could see my way to start one, though it would be difficult, notwithstanding I have promises of considerable financial aid from America.

Two years after Mr. Harris's sequestration by Raisuli, this noted bandit made a second raid, the victims being Mr. Tom Perdicaris and his step-son, Mr. Varley. The first intimation I received was the violent ringing of the telephone bell about 10 P.M. A voice I did not at first recognise asked hurriedly for my sons. As ill-luck would have it they were away for a hunting expedition in Angera, at a short distance from Ceuta. I could scarcely credit what Mr. Varley related to me, how Raisuli forcibly entered the house and made Mr. Perdicaris and himself prisoners. At once I despatched a courier to my sons, with a letter asking them to come in all haste, but being some forty miles away it took a day or two before they arrived.

At first it was doubtful where the captives were, but in less than twenty-four hours they were located at Taradoutz in the Beni Aroz Mountains, quite fourteen hours' distance (by mule) from Tangier. Mr. Perdicaris from a long residence in this country had won the respect and admiration of all classes of Moors, and was a real friend in need of them, while his wife seconded him in so many charitable efforts. Muley Ali elected to go to the aid of his mother's friends. I had known Mr. Perdicaris since 1898. Muley Ali started with a small escort for Raisuli's stronghold after certain preliminary diplomatic arrangements had been arrived at and completed. Arriving at Taradoutz, he found Mr. Perdicaris and Mr. Varley in most insanitary quarters, a miserable hut not over five feet high. Both gentlemen were under lock and key, with guards armed to the teeth surrounding the cottage. There was not even a mattress for them to rest upon.

This state of affairs was promptly altered, the captives being transferred to a tent pitched in the vicinity of that belonging to my son. Necessaries, too, arrived from Tangier, and the servants, who had been forced to follow their master, made life more endurable, especially when once a regular system of communication was established.

At first all letters came to me, though eventually the couriers were enabled to convey them to their several destinations. Mr. Perdicaris's able pen has described his compulsory incarceration so vividly that it would be superfluous for me to go into details. My son remained thirty-seven days a voluntary prisoner, and my second son conveyed the ransom, with an escort of thirty armed men, and personally handed over to Raisuli the sum he demanded for the release of the two captives. To this day Muley Ali is subject at times to much annoyance from Raisuli, but indirectly and through those in office under him. His cruelties to the poor people since he has been made Kaid over a vast region are more than sad. The widow and orphan do not escape, any more than the numbers of men who die in prison, either from hunger or the effects of the lash. I was told by the Ministers that Muley Ali's letters were veritable despatches, and both Governments interested acknowledged my two sons' services most handsomely.

Muley Ahmed er-Raisuli is a Shareef by birth, and closely connected with the Wazan family. He is a clever, fairly well-educated man, of rather handsome appearance; his age now is about thirty-eight years. In his youth choosing companions of the lowest class, he soon adopted their course of life, and naturally was involved in many affairs most discreditable to an ordinary man, much more so to a Shareef.

In the summer of 1907 I promised to join Muley Ali, then in Algeria, to enable my two little grandsons to see some civilised town, and to travel over the railway; it had been a long promise I had made the little boys. I had taken passages, luggage was at the wharf, and was trying to induce the children to eat something before starting, when Muley Ahmed, my son, came in hurriedly and told me that in consequence of Sir Harry Maclean being kidnapped by Raisuli, he had been officially requested to postpone his journey. I could not go alone, so the baggage was brought back. Eventually it was decided that my son's good offices would not be required, though it was then too late for us to start on our journey, Muley Ali having left Algeria. Later on in this year I made a tour in Spain with Miss Drummond Hay, visiting Granada for the first time. The Alhambra and all its beauties have been described so often by literary experts, that I will only add that a proposed sojourn of three days ended in a twelve days' visit, and even then I left with many regrets.

At the Reina Cristina Hotel when passing through Algeciras, at the next table in the dining-room were some Americans. I little thought at the time that in a week or two they would be found stranded in Tetuan, their chartered steamer having been driven away by a violent hurricane. The road to Angera being insecure, an overland journey was prohibitive, but for the presence of my son, Muley Ali, who was on the point of leaving for Tangier. The lady of the party evidently thought it necessary to adopt native costume, and if I remember her husband did the same. Their conception of the dress was far from a happy one, nor were the animals they procured likely to induce comfort on a thirty-mile ride. A few miles out Muley Ali provided them with comfortable mounts, and enabled them to embark at Tangier for Gib just in time to catch the American boat. About the same time two British naval officers were detained near Ceuta by the notorious Valiente. Negotiations had almost terminated in a satisfactory manner, when Valiente refused to deliver up the prisoners except to my son, Muley Ahmed, who left Tangier in a British man-o'-war, and within a few hours brought the late captives to Tangier, and finally handed them over to the British Consul-General.

In 1909 H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg visited Tangier. In conjunction with Lady Kirby Green, widow of a late British Minister in Tangier, and Miss Drummond Hay, daughter of the late Sir John Drummond Hay, also a late British Minister in Tangier, we received a command to go to the British Legation. Mr. Lister (now Sir Reginald) conducted us to the salon, and we were duly presented to H.R.H. At first I think we were all very shy, but the extreme affability of the Princess soon put us at our ease, especially when a desire was expressed to know the inner life of a Moorish household, and I think I absorbed the greater part of the time, which extended to more than half-an-hour. Miss Minnie Cochrane was the lady-in-waiting at that period, a most charming and fascinating person: we remained a short time to converse with her after the Princess had retired. In the hall of the Legation we signed the visiting list, with remembrances of a very charming and memorable reception.

In October 1910 twins were presented to Muley Ali by his wife; gunpowder-play always celebrates the birth of a Shareef or Shareefa, and here were two Shareefs.

Proctor & Co., Croydon.

EMILY SHAREEFA OF WAZAN IN 1910.

There was prohibition of this kind of demonstration except on most rare occasions, on account of Raisuli's depredations. We were all startled to hear the usual volley; no one had thought to inform the Government authorities, so there was general commotion all round. However, when it became known, no further objection was made, and a noisy fête took place, which certainly was equal to that of birth celebrations in honour of the first grandson's arrival.

Here I end my story, trusting that my friends of both continents have not been bored by the perusal of the foregoing pages. I claim no literary merit, and by special request have I written these experiences of my twofold life. I do not advise any one to follow in my footsteps, at the same time I have not a single regret, and hope that my forty years' residence among the Moors may reflect some benign influence on the future.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX I.—SAYINGS AND SUPERSTITIONS AMONG THE MOORS

MEN and women alike of all classes, but the women particularly, believe these sayings :—

The last rains in May, called El Nisan, contain untold blessings. The walls of the house should be sprinkled with the water, the head should be washed with it to promote a luxurious growth. Mix flour with rain water and preserve it as leaven, for plenty.

In the first month of the year, El Ashor, it is unlucky to purchase a broom; the same holds good for the month of May, O.S. If necessity compels such a purchase the broom must be brought into the house over the wall, and not through the doorway.

It is unlucky to sweep out the kitchen before lighting the morning fire.

It is unlucky to sweep out a room after 3 P.M.

Where children are, leaven must never be given to a neighbour after 3 P.M., or the children will contract pustules round their mouths.

Do not lend garments in which you have sewn charms for preservation of your own health to a childless woman, or you will fall ill and so will the person to whom you lent the clothes.

Children under two months old must not have their laundry out of doors after 3 P.M., otherwise they will cry all night.

A woman of Beni M'sara (near Wazan) coming into your house must spit on your infant in arms, or the child will fall ill.

On the day of birth, a knife, salt, and miniature loaf are placed under the child's pillow. The child is covered with a pair of its father's drawers to prevent it being changed by evil spirits.

A woman who has had the misfortune to lose all her children except the first one at birth, takes a sieve and rolls it behind this surviving child, whom she burns on the heel with a spoon-handle every time another child is born, so that its brother or sister may live.

The dinner-table must not be washed at night, lest evil spirits attack the inmates of the house.

Never uncover a dish of any kind without asking a blessing ("Bismillah").

The earth being supported on the horns of a white ox, a change of horns causes an earthquake.

In the early morn on the first day of Spring, cull herbs of all kinds, asking a wish to be granted with each sprig as gathered. The wishes may be good or bad.

Sufferers from the evil eye should procure a broad bean containing five pods. These pods should be dried and powdered and enclosed in a silver case which represents in embossed work the five beans. Women and children also wear this kind of amulet on their belt cords.

No one should go to bed on Ansara Day (a fête no doubt akin to St. John's Day), nor should needle-work be done. Bonfires must be lighted, all fruits in season partaken of, and those who possess a garden must make presents of fruit to their friends. Native music is played at intervals during the festival. Jumping over the bonfire brings a happy year.

It always rains on 13th April (1st April O.S.), because March and April quarrelled about an extra day. March won and obtained thirty-one days for his month, and April always weeps for her lost day.

It is most unlucky to shave or cut hair on a Wednesday.

It is most unlucky to start on a Tuesday for a long journey or to commence any big undertaking on that day; thereby disaster is courted.

A sure cure for witchcraft of all kinds is the following:—Take the leg of a chameleon, seven needles, a piece of steel, fashouk (a kind of gum), a small piece of myrtle root, and seven leaves of the same plant, sew all into a cloth bag, and wear night and day as an amulet. No harm from man or devil can befall any one who wears this constantly.

Jumping at sunrise and sunset induces pains in back and loins.

Never measure a young girl's hair with the hand; it arrests the growth.

Never eat while another looks on; ill-luck will befal you for a year.

Never refuse milk, or anything sweet when offered; or a cushion when seated. The last is a great discourtesy, even if the cushion be not required.

If in doubt as to whether your food is bewitched, take a steel knife and cross the dish with it. Danger is thus averted.

The person who breaks bread for a meal, will age before the others who are sitting round the table.

The breaking of crockery takes away an ill-turn that might have been done to the owner. In the Shareef's house the servants were always ready with "God preserve the life of Sidi" when there was a smash, thinking that quite sufficient apology for great carelessness.

In certain Arab districts a woman is supposed to hypnotise the cows of her neighbours with such success that at milking-time only the poorest milk is obtained from them. This she does by going in a nude state in the dead of night among the animals and reciting certain maledictions on the people she wishes to injure. It is also possible that after this visit the whole of the encampment will find no milk worth churning. To remedy this state of affairs, a black cow must be sought surreptitiously. When such is found, a few hairs must be taken from between the horns, and the same from between the shoulder and top of tail. Now go to the cow or cows that are bewitched, and collect your churn, or skim, and other milking utensils near a fire on which you must place the black cow's hair. The smoke will break the spell. Incantations must not be forgotten during the process. All this must take place in the dead of night. Next morning the milk will be better than ever, and there will be plenty of butter next churning-day.

Twitching of the eyelid portends advent of strangers.

Lip-quivering means an unexpected visit from relation or friend.

Itching of the cheek means a pleasant surprise.

Dreaming of teeth falling out, means that there is a death to be announced.

Itching at the top of the nose has the same meaning.

Itching between ear and nose presages annoyance.

An itching right eyebrow means that people are talking ill-naturedly, the left eyebrow means that praise is being spoken.

If the top of the chin itches, your next dish of meat will be greasy.

Right hand itching indicates money to be received; left hand itching denotes that you will pay an unexpected account.

Side of foot itching tells that you are going to a house for the first time on a visit.

Buy mixed incense on the first day of Ashor (first day of lunar year) to keep off the evil eye and evil spirits for the ensuing year.

Three brides of the same date must not meet for forty days; if they do the consequences are that one or other will be divorced in the like period.

If a young mother meets another young mother before the children are forty days old, it will be fatal to one of the babies.

A bride-elect must not use a looking-glass for five days before marriage. Three days after the wedding she must first see her face reflected in a basin of oil. By doing so she remains beautiful for ever.

A bride and bridegroom may not eat chicken during the first seven days of marriage, otherwise there will be bickerings all their lives.

If a wedding takes place in extraordinarily wet weather, the bride-elect and bridegroom, the former with her eyes covered, must laugh in a looking-glass. Fine weather for a time may possibly be the result.

No one must sit in a doorway to eat; scandal will be propagated with reference to those who do so.

A bride on arrival at her new home must be presented with a basin of milk and half a date. The same ceremony is observed for the bridegroom to promote peace. Afterwards the bride's hand is immersed in a basin of flour, in which a key has been buried. This is done for plenty, and the seizure of the key, which is that of her domicile, means she becomes mistress of her house.

Newly-married couples must vie with each other to be the first to do the other some service. Generally the bridegroom is the most alert; if the bride succeeds in being first, then she will rule the man all their married life.

If a candle gutters when a woman is in labour, a girl may be expected; a steady light presages the advent of a boy.

Don't comb your hair at night, and on Wednesdays avoid doing so or it will fall out and never be replenished.

Two sisters must avoid combing their hair in the same room at the same time, or they will quarrel desperately.

Don't eat standing, or drink either, otherwise you will stand all your life.

Do not permit children under a year to drink water, or their guardian spirit will forsake them.

Accidental spilling of milk or oil portends good luck.

Clothes washed on Tuesday, Saturday, and the last Wednesday of the month never come out properly cleansed.

It is most unlucky to repair garments on a Monday or after 3 P.M. on any day.

Never awaken a person suddenly. Time must be taken to enable the spirit to return to the body,

Be careful not to put clothes on inside out on Friday, as it is God's day.

A girl who has had no offer of marriage, although all her friends of her age are married, is taken to a female saint's tomb near the sea, where ninety-nine measures of sea-water, from a small wheat measure, are poured on her head, to break the spell. Within a month she will have offers of marriage.

It is unlucky to take an infant from its mother's bed, or show it to outsiders before the name-day. Friends who attend for the first bath can then see it for the first time. After dressing the babe, the midwife takes it to the middle of the house, while salt is strewn before her. She then presents the child to the four points of the compass, mentioning them as she does so. This custom is to ensure long life and avert the evil eye.

Some children are not properly bathed until the completion of one year. The child is then taken to the public bath, accompanied by friends carrying lighted candles. Cries of "Zahrits" rise continually, as salt is sprinkled on the ground traversed. The child's shirt must be left in the bath-house to prevent illness.

On the first seven days after a birth no sweepings must be taken out of the room, but must remain hidden under a divan. On the evening preceding the name-day, while the mother is in the Hamman, or steam-bath, the sweepings are collected in a basket, over which, before it is taken from the room, the child in the arms of the midwife or another is passed three times, with an incantation to the effect that none of the child's luck may be swept away.

If a baby's hair is combed before it is a year old, large teeth will be the result.

If a person labours under an evil spell, procure a lizard, kill, dry and powder it and burn incense.

The saying is that the first ten days of Ramadan the body feeds on the flesh, the second ten days the bones contribute to the nourishment of the body, and the third ten days the blood must yield its quota to the same end. Consequently at the end of the thirty days, the whole of the human frame has been chastened.

Never blow out a candle, but fan or pinch it out. It is illegal, as the sparks might cause fire, and you might also blow into the face of your guardian spirit.

In handing a pair of scissors to another person, place them on the back of the hand, or beside the person who has made the request; otherwise violent quarrelling will take place in the household.

Always present the two palms upwards to receive a gift of food, either in large or small quantities.

The fêtes observed in the Mohammedan year (lunar Calendar) are the Ashor, or first month; then the Mulood, third month; Ergim the seventh month, a day of intercession; another fast day occurs on the eighth month, called Sharban; the ninth month, Ramadan, for the great fast of thirty days; the Aid Schrir fêtes, tenth month; and the Aid-el-Kebir, twelfth month, for sacrifice. There are several other non-compulsory feasting days during the year, and every year sees them less observed.

With reference to the Ashor, this may be regarded as a children's fête at the commencement. It is New Year's Day, and on the market-place round about, acrobats, story-tellers, and sweetmeat-vendors are to be found. Toys of native manufacture are disappearing and are being replaced by European ones, though the doll's bride-box or litter can still be obtained in some towns. Tom-toms gaily painted are found in profusion, and the higher class generally supply every female member of the household with one. The children often have quite a number given by relatives and friends. The poorest person will manage to obtain some new garment, if only a cotton handkerchief, but the gentry are more lavish, and dress their household gaily. From the tenth, no one is supposed to wash, shave, or change linen. Shorfa must be very particular about this.

The custom of mourning the death of the Prophet Mohammed is almost a thing of the past. Fêtes of all descriptions in this month of Ashor are dispensed with, and the musician's instruments are likewise dumb at this epoch

The next fête to be celebrated is the birth of Mohammed on the twelfth of the Mulood. Visits are paid to friends, the country people arrive in their thousands to have a good time with their town relations, and to witness the processions to the several saints' houses and tombs, where an ox or a sheep is sacrificed. The eighteenth of the month is most prolific in sacrifices, and the patron saint of Tangier, Sidi Mohammed el Hadj, is the recipient of more offerings, as it is here the children are taken on the nineteenth, to be circumcised. Each child is given a piece of meat and some sweets to take home after the ceremony. The higher classes generally do not avail themselves of public circumcision, the rite taking place within the precincts of the house, at a convenient date. On the twentieth, the Aissowi and Hammadashas come in procession from Mequinez for the former, and from Zarhoun for the latter. Of late years these respective sanctuaries have not been reached, in consequence of the unsettled state of the country, so in Tangier adherents of these sects have been obliged to content themselves with visiting saints' tombs near at hand, and making the same formal entry as is customary on the longer journey. People of all nationalities flock to see them. I witnessed horrible sights once during my residence in Tangier, and am not anxious to repeat the experience.

The first full moon in July sees the procession of the faithful starting from the beach about 4 P.M. for the shrine of Muley Abdeslam ben M'Sheesh (an ancestor of the Wazan family) situated in the Ben Aros Mountains, a spur of which is called the Hill of Muley Abdeslam. The pilgrimage to this saint's tomb ranks as second to that of Mecca. The outfit of some of the pilgrims is grotesque, the little donkeys laden with kitchen utensils, and apologies for tent-poles and awnings, the women with bundles on their backs which may represent either a baby or the family larder for the next two or three days, provisions not being easily obtainable *en route.* The better-class Moor will be mounted on his well-groomed mule, and any lady or ladies of his household may also accompany him or join later in the day. The ladies are mounted also on mules with scarlet saddles. They ride astride closely enveloped in cloth *burnouses,* the face covered with a white handkerchief, coming from the neck to the tip of the nose, and another meets this one from the top of the head, just permitting the eyes to be used. The hood of the *burnous* is brought over the head, low on to the forehead, and a silken cord wound round and round outside the hood to keep all secure. The start is made with music and banners, and no attempt at order is possible or considered necessary. People generally return in straggling groups on the fifth day from departure, others will elect to visit certain saints' tombs in and near Tetuan before returning home.

Another fast occurs in the month of Egrim, the seventh month, entitled El Monharadj. On this day the prophet Mohammed remained standing on one leg for twenty-four hours before God, pleading for the remission of Islam's sins. The first Thursday in this month is also a fasting day. Sharban, eighth month, also has two days set apart for fasting, then comes the general fast of Ramadan, from which no one can be exempt, except for the most legitimate excuse, such as severe illness, a long journey, and various maladies incident to women. The pregnant woman is also pardoned, nevertheless she never takes advantage of the indulgence unless circumstances compel her to break her fast. Not one hour is abated, and before the next Ramadan every lost day must be repaid by a day of fasting chosen at your own convenience. The penalty of failure is to give freedom to a slave, and to observe two months' fasting in succession after the general fast. By some it is said that every missing day counts as one month, thus two days incompleted before next Ramadan would involve two months fast. The Aid Schrir, or tenth month, is celebrated with much pomp, and for seven days one is permitted to enjoy life again if the liver and digestive organs do not rebel, as is often the case, for be it remembered that for the last thirty days no food or water has passed the lips from the first streak of dawn to sunset, and the nights have been made lively by drums and guitars from 1 A.M. to dawn. The first act to be performed on breaking the fast of Ramadan is to dole out to the poor two handfuls of wheat for every person who is supplied with bread from your household—children, slaves, servants, and naturally the master and mistress all contribute their dole, which is provided by the master of the house. It takes from eight to ten almuds of sixty-four pounds each for our households in Tangier. Such poor persons personally known or recommended come to the house, and some food is placed in a basket on the steps of the big mosque to be given to the most worthy. It is called El Fetrah, or breaking of the fast. The quantity each poor person receives is from six to eight pounds, and by visiting different houses they amass a considerable quantity.

The next month, Beni-el-Aid, or between the feast, is the eleventh month, and has no particular fasts, and those who owe days to Ramadan commence, if so disposed, to pay the debt or debts. The Aid-el-Kebir, or big feast, otherwise the feast of rams, closes the lunar year, being the twelfth month. On the tenth of this month, every household, rich or poor, sacrifices a ram or he-goat, the former for preference. When either is unobtainable a cock or a camel is permitted, though I believe resort is never made to either. At my house and my sons' residences from fifty to sixty rams are killed on this day, and we give away quite that number among friends and the poor and needy. The sacrifice, unless purchased with your own means, has not the same merit as that given to you. Provided your purse admits of the expense, the head of the household must purchase at least one sheep or he-goat: if that is an impossibility, the rich generally help the poor to procure the sacrifice. As in all other things, people are not half so generous in this respect as they were some twenty years ago towards their poor co-religionists. If the sacrifice is not procurable on the first day it is permissible to slaughter on the second and third days. This sacrifice is to commemorate the offering up of Isaac[1] by his father Abraham. The pilgrims from all parts of the world meet at Djebel Arafa on this date and sacrifice, this constituting part of the ceremonies entailed to permit the pilgrim to assume the title El Hadj (pilgrim), when returning from Mecca. Alms-giving at this time is very much on the decline; in fact in the month of "Ashor," a tenth part of possessions, which is compulsory, is not nearly so conscientiously distributed to-day as it was when I first came to Morocco.

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[1] Or Ishmael.

People will wonder what becomes of all the meat of the sacrifices. The servants and slaves and all attached to a large household are allowed to have as much as they desire the first two days. If you have any European friends it is permitted to send them a joint. A lady once remarked to me that the very idea of eating sacrificial meat was most repugnant to her, and that she never permitted her Mohammedan servants to dress or cook the same on her premises. I have come across other persons of this opinion.

On the second day is the children's feast. Their parents generally provide them with miniature pots and pans, and give them the wherewithal to cook sundry pieces of meat as it pleases them. They invite their little friends, and take as their model the entertainment offered by their elders to their friends. The tea-tray with its accessories and tom-toms, or more likely the gramophone—now pretty general throughout Morocco—are in evidence. It used to be the musical box that relieved the eternal tom-tomming, but the cabinet gramophone is no longer a stranger. Although an elderly person takes charge of the little cooks, a few burnt fingers do appear sometimes, to say nothing of clothes splashed with grease in spite of the native towels adjusted as a precaution.

How they do enjoy this feast, and what mixtures they do produce, and when half-a-dozen grandchildren request you "only to taste," it is at the least trying, for they consider that no dish of theirs has been excelled by any grown-up cook. Naturally I do my best to give satisfaction all round.

On the third day the remainder of the meat has to be disposed of. It is cut off the bone, steeped in brine, flavoured with spices, oil, and vinegar, and after twenty-four hours soaking, is hung up on lines to dry in the sun. The meat, so hung, is continually turned over. After two or three days exposure the whole has to be examined piece by piece, to be sure no fly or other insect has paid a visit. The next process is to cut the whole up into pieces of three or four inches long, while a suitable amount of suet and oil is melting in a large cauldron. When this is thoroughly boiled, throw in the meat and keep stirring and boiling until the water that has been added evaporates. The meat when cooked is placed in stone jars and the liquid fat poured on it. Next day further fat from the remains is heated up. When cold the jars are hermetically sealed and put away for further use, when a small quantity with couscous and vegetables makes a nutritious meal appreciated by all classes. Every year the higher classes prepare from two to ten oxen for winter use in the same manner. It is called "El jolleah."

APPENDIX II.—DIVORCE

With regard to divorce, it is not so easy to obtain as Europeans generally suppose. There must be some legitimate cause, according to Mohammedan law, though to-day a few dollars to officials works wonders. Bribery is the curse of the law-courts, and is ruining the country from end to end. Disobedience to a husband in receiving a certain visitor after the husband has prohibited her from doing so, renders the woman liable to divorce.

My husband divorced one of his former wives, some time before I came to Morocco, for the latter reason. The first time the Shareef reinstated her, but soon she forgot and the lady visitor resumed her visits, which resulted in complete divorce. If the husband has taken an alien to his household surroundings, he must divorce his wife, but even then he can reinstate her immediately by stating the case to two notaries and adding a sum of money to the original *dot.* A widow can re-marry three months, ten days and a half after the death of her husband, providing she is not *enceinte.* A divorcée follows the same law, and a man wishing to marry his mistress must not see her for the above prescribed time, and must then draw up a marriage contract, or as the marriage contracts are called. When the Kadi is doubtful in certain marital cases, he orders the couple to reside with some neighbours who are to decide what is the real cause of dispute, and report accordingly to him. Not long ago, I had a woman here, who had quarrelled with her husband. It was her second time of entering Sanctuary for the same cause. I was successful in making the peace, but this time was to be a failure. Outside pressure was of no avail. By stratagem, I brought them together to hear their woes, and after vainly entreating them to be friends, it was agreed to go to law. The real cause of the trouble was that after twenty-three years of married life the husband had two years previously taken another wife, but was not living with her in the same house. No. 1 felt slighted upon a question of the day's marketing and declared that No. 2 had been more favoured; hence the foundation of the unpleasantness. The couple went to the Kadi with friends, and a Sanctuary agent joined the woman's party, the rule being that she is to be considered under protection until the completion of her suit. Arriving near the market-place, the man bought some grapes and tomatoes, which he offered to his wife, whereupon to the astonishment of all she kissed his hand and at the same time he kissed the top of her veiled head, and instead of going to the Kadi, both went to their home, and every one else returned to their several duties.

Another case may be of interest. A widow in easy circumstances, with four children, took a second husband, and in the marriage contract promised to respect and aid in developing the little property left by the father of the children. For a time all went well. The mother discovered that some rents were missing, and requested the husband for them to purchase clothes for the children. He replied by giving her a sound thrashing, and she came to me covered with blood. The Basha imprisoned him for assault, but on a substantial bribe being forthcoming, the man was released, upon which the woman and children took Sanctuary. This necessitated a case of Shrāa (suit at law) for restoration of property, &c. In spite of bribery on the part of the husband he forgot his manners one day before the Kadi, and for contempt of Court was ordered five hundred lashes, and was imprisoned for a month before any one made any effort to bring about his release, which was obtained by monetary presents to the Basha and his acolytes. Again he appeared before the Kadi for restitution of property. He would not divorce the woman, and she refuses to live with him again until he has made restitution. That may take years; she cannot under the circumstances re-marry, but he is a free agent in that respect. Hence his revenge. It is unusual for a woman to sue for divorce under any circumstances. She sees the risk of being non-suited at the outset of the case from most causes. The husband's reply would be that he values every hair on her head at one hundred dollars apiece, and she must pay him this as the price of her release from the marriage-tie. Naturally he places her beyond the possibility of paying the compensation, and divorce is not granted. I have known people divorce for a monetary consideration. A poor Shareef was married to a public musician. They cordially hated one another, but neither would mention divorce. However, friends of the woman and admirers of her musical talent, such as it was, subscribed a sum of one hundred and fifty dollars, and approaching the distracted husband suggested that for a monetary consideration he should release his wife from the bond of matrimony. He said his consolation price was a thousand dollars. A handkerchief containing the hundred and fifty dollars was pressed into his hand, whereupon accompanied by friends he went to the notaries and the desired document was sent to the woman.

APPENDIX III.—SANCTUARIES

People often ask me of what utility Sanctuary is. It is fortunate that in my childhood I heard the pros and cons of prison life discussed, for unconsciously I was learning some details of cases with which I have to deal. Murder, robbery, real or suspected, come within my range, to say nothing of assaults. What is done? The case is inquired into by agents, and if there is no doubt that the person taking Sanctuary has committed the offence, he is handed over to the authorities, with recommendation to mercy, which means the five hundred lashes and upwards usually awarded are not to be inflicted. When it is morally certain that murder was premeditated, then a simple handing over takes place. *Bona fide* thieves seldom come, but the relatives will torment one with their wailings and prayers for days together, for intercession with a Legation or Moorish authorities in hope of obtaining mitigation of fine and sentence. Assaults between husband and wife, or family quarrels, in a minor degree can more often than not be arranged amicably. I have heard, times without number, married couples declaring that nothing would induce them to live together, and begging an agent to accompany them to the Kadi to sue for divorce. I try to soothe the wounded feelings of both sides, and recommend them to wait twenty-four hours. I insist on even a longer time where little children would be the sufferers by the parents separating. Sometimes this is a very difficult matter, especially as one is dealing with such a race, so hot-blooded and of such lively imagination. In nine cases out of ten a reconciliation takes place. In case of a suspect, an agent is employed to prove the person's innocence or otherwise. No case can be passed over, however trivial.

A man wishes to marry a refugee; the girl may or may not have been in the Sanctuary some time. It would be incorrect not to give her a night's fête before sending her to her husband in the litter customary when the bride is a virgin, or if a widow or divorcée, on foot accompanied by women.

Requests to contribute in cash or kind to a poor family's newborn infant's name-day must never be refused, nor must a contribution towards the cost of burial of the needy. This latter is not general, as even the very poor object to a Government or charity interment. Sometimes a stranger dying on the premises would be buried by Sanctuary funds, if insufficient was found upon the dead body to pay expenses. In any case the agents assist in all preparations and accompany the deceased to his last resting-place. This is a mere outline of the workings of the Sanctuary; a whole volume might be written of all that takes place daily—consultations on every subject, legal, medical, purchase of property, all have to be noticed in turn. Renegades are not numerous, and even if they are undesirable, the custom of centuries does not permit us to dismiss them. As a rule they are a lazy lot, and expect to live on the fat of the land, and to have consideration shown them above the other men and women of the Sanctuary. To maintain all these customs comes rather trying at times. My sons, who have renounced voluntarily participation in the direction of the Sanctuary (fairly well endowed) at Wazan, provide all expenses from their private means in order to keep up the prestige of the family.

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